for men who should know better

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back in the bunker with the good doctor

bez with man utd
and skeletor must score!

zimmer of the gods
page & plant in istanbul

road to nowhere
a pilgrimage too far

jamaican sex
pensioners rut to reggae

donna air
oxygen, nitrogen, woman

eddie irvine
accidental hero

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Saw me old mate Dave.
Always wondered why he never liked football.

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JOURNEY

SERIOUSLY CASUAL

EDITOR'S LETTER

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So there I was, sitting round the office wondering where I could fit another sofa when the bosses ring up and say, 'Derek old chap, what plans have you got for the 50th issue?' The answer, 'Produce it from a chateau in France with doubled salaries for all' didn't go down as well as expected, so we had to think of something else. So we want everybody to have a massive piss-up party on us. Next issue, on top of the greatest writing and pictures money can't buy, there'll be free beer, free chocolate, free party toys, money off the best music, videos, games and books around and, if you're lucky, there'll be a 50 quid note in your copy. Unless we nick them all first.

But all that's a month away. This month we sent the speccy bloke to see Ulrika and get her pissed, sent the hairy bloke to see if he could relive Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and make any sense of it, sent the Welsh bloke off to see Led Zep legends Page and Plant with an instruction not to come back without autographs and sent the work experience bloke off to get some tea. So far he's the only one who's come back. So settle in, lock the door and get on with it.

Cheers

DEREK HARBINSON
editor

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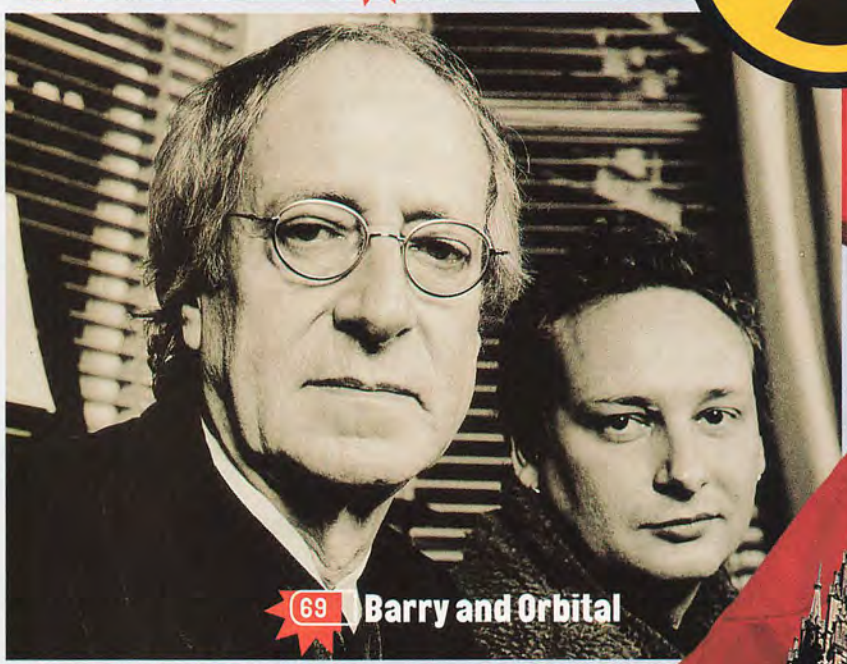

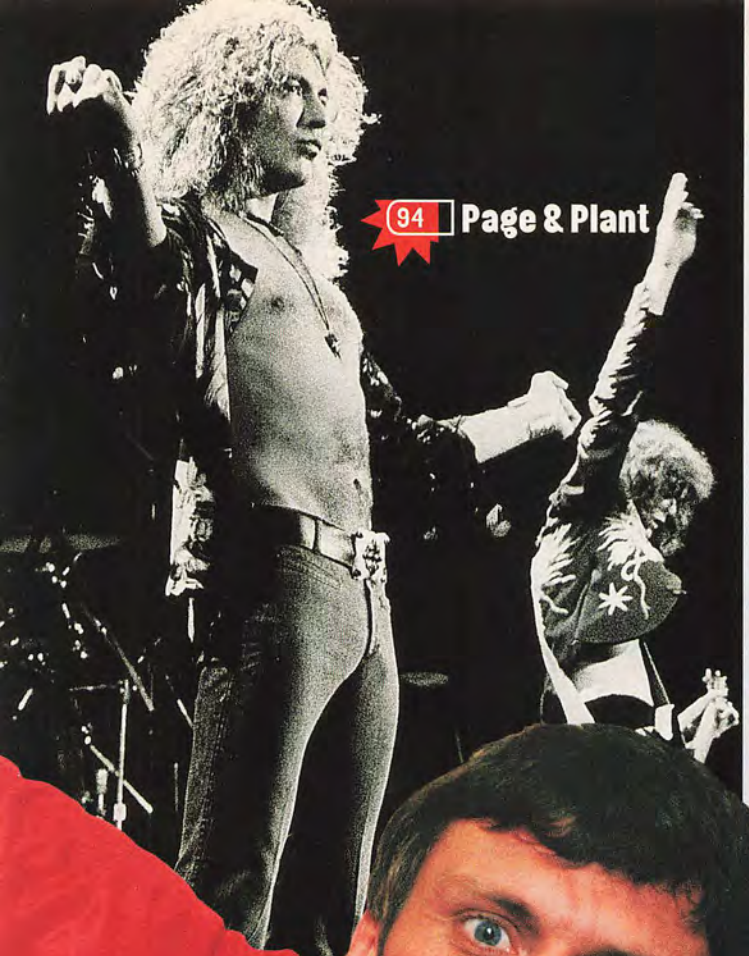

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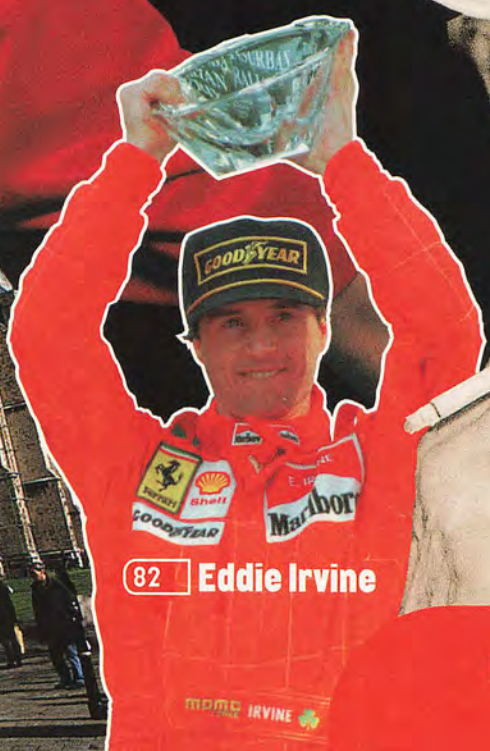

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Meet The Contributors
Chief sub-editor Chris Burke, who is currently undergoing a sociological experiment by living as Meat Loaf for a year in an east London commune

issue 49 MAY 1998

Cover photo of Ulrika Jonsson by John Stoddart
hair by Mel at Franco's, make-up by Gary Cockerill, styling by Marcella Martinelli

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Strong words, Softly Spoken

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a fragrance for a man or a woman

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FASTER FASTER FASTER FASTER

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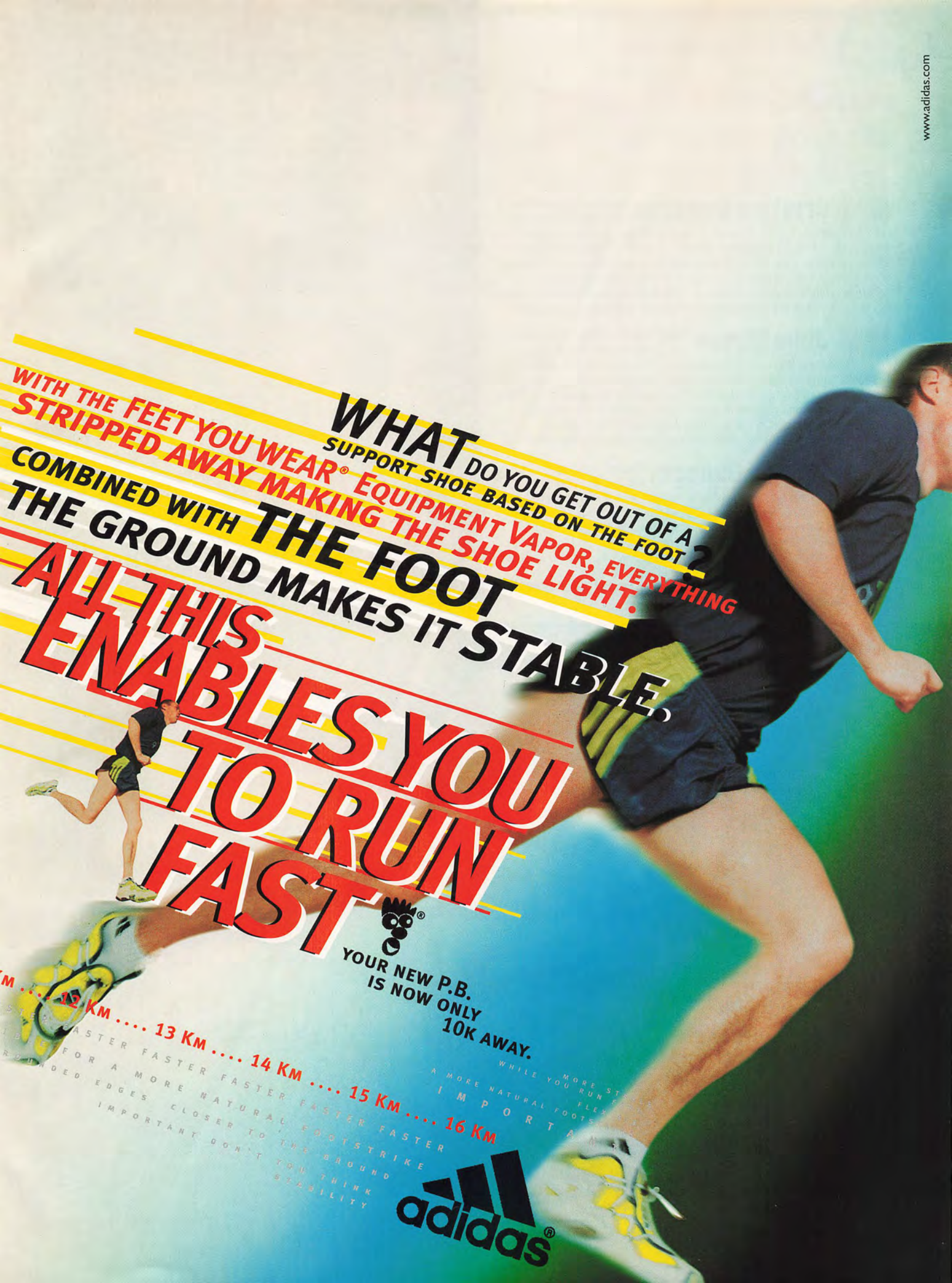
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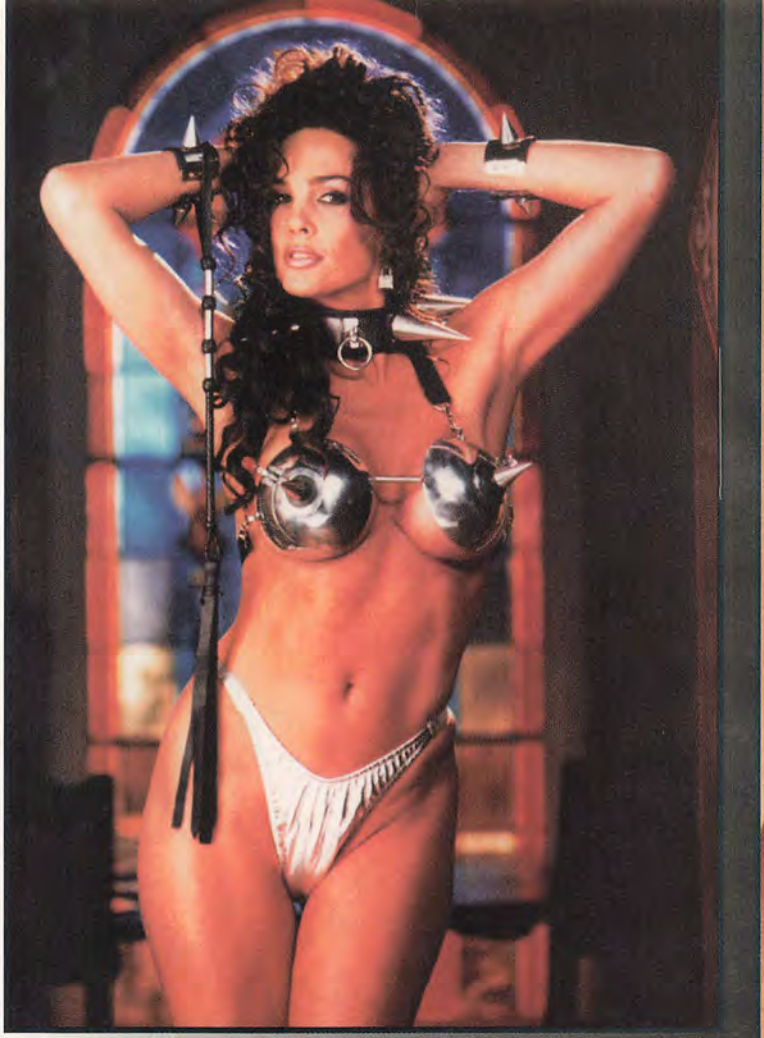
You can pull them up and put that away, mate. This lot aren't interested...



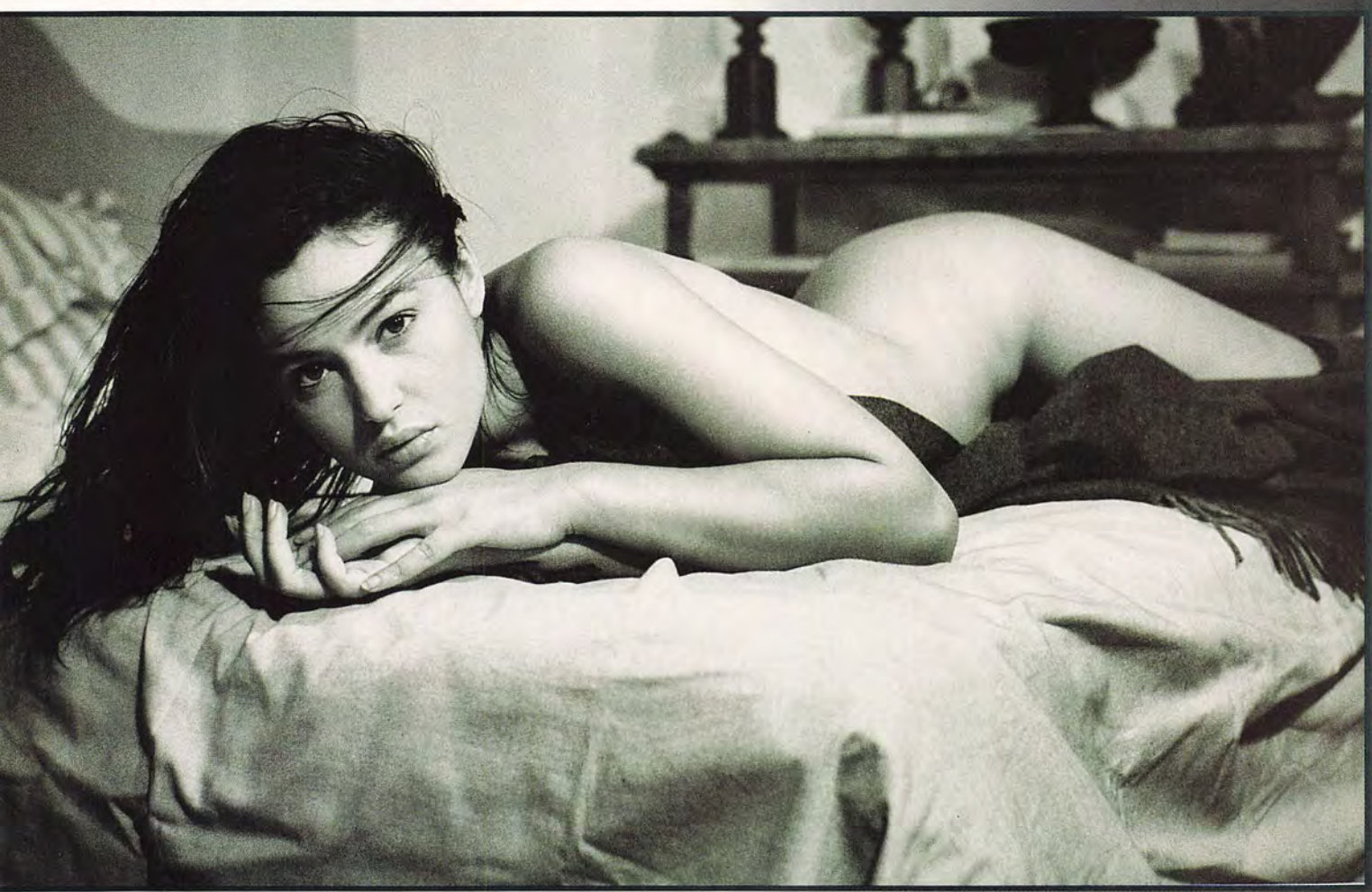
Cristina Bonazza (opposite page) When Cristina visits her local pub the men often shout "Bonanza! Bonanza! Show us your thoughts!" Her usual retort is, "It's Bonazza, actually. And I am empty." Undaunted, each man places a bucket at the far end of the room and takes it in turn to stare at them. "We imagine our thoughts on poultry are filling her cavernous mind," says a merry maker. "The buckets in some way replicate her head. It's what she would want." Unemployment is high in this area.

Julia Strain (right) The odd thing to note here is that Julia's nipples are actually shaped like her gothic metallic breastplate. "I should know," says Dwight Braintree from Cheetham Hill, "I designed her oppressive brassiere. At first I tried cardboard but her moisture meant my work would be fruitless. Then I tried aluminium and your uncle became Bob. Fuck knows where her pathetic dog collar's from." Since this picture was taken, Julia has obtained a permit to startle irate pensioners from their slumber. Woof!

Monica Bellucci (below) Nothing will budge Ms Bellucci from her bed. Qualified scientists have tried enticing her with artistic Formica tiling, but the Italian fails to stir from her loyal 13-tog duvet. Once, a team of basset hound pups with spoons welded to their gonads attempted to prise her away by yelping for help at her in 14 different languages. But to no avail. No, it seems the man who tames Monica Bellucci will be in some way a god of all men. A human yet to be born. Or he will work at Argos.

Send your nominations to World Of Women, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

PHOTOS: TDR; WENN



rogue

platinum rogues

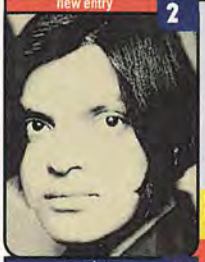
The Premier League of bad behaviour: high rollers and low life

new entry **1**

Newcastle bosses

Newcastle United chairman Freddie Shepherd and his vice chairman Doug Hall – both married men – were caught out mouthing off in a Spanish brothel by a *News of the Screws* undercover reporter. They slammed hero boss Keegan for winning nothing and also attacked striker Alan Shearer: "He's boring, we call him Mary Poppins." They finished off their onslaught by saying that, "Newcastle girls are all dogs", and knocking loyal fans for spending 50 quid on replica club shirts, laughing: "They're made in Asia, £5 a go."

new entry **2**



Cornershop

Mild-mannered frontman Tjinder Singh recently joined the ranks of rock'n'roll's hard men when he tore apart his Bristol hotel room causing £500 of damage. A student preparing to do a phone interview with Tjinder after the incident was told, "The hotel room is a mess. Don't be surprised if the police come and arrest me." A police spokesman said: "It was a dispute between the band and the hotel. We did attend, but nobody was arrested or charged." It's not known if the kerfuffle started after the maids refused to provide Singh with 'a bosom for a pillow.'

re-entry **3**

Mark Morrison

'The baddest boy in pop' was picked up by police upon arriving back at Heathrow Airport after skipping bail and fleeing to the West Indies. He pleaded guilty at Marylebone Magistrates Court after missing his first hearing back in January – that followed his getting pinched for allegedly having a truncheon under the driver's seat of his BMW. It's rumoured that he was planning to help save police time and unnecessary overtime bills by hitting himself.

new entry **4**

Hairdryer heist

Two robbers decided to hold up a bus in rural Brazil and thought they could compensate for their lack of firearms by using a hairdryer. Leaping aboard waving their not-so-lethal weapon, they screamed at the driver and passengers to hit the deck. But one regular commuter wasn't having any of it and whipped out a real shooter – killing one of the would-be heisters and seriously wounding the other. Whether he shouted, "Faça o meu dia, punks!" (loosely translated as "Make my day, punks!") remains unclear.

new entry **5**

Rude road

Besthorpe Parish Council has enraged the residents of Sluts Hole Lane by refusing to rename their road. The council recently put up a brand new sign, while council clerk Tony Bradstreet said that 'slut' didn't have to mean a loose woman. Apparently other dictionary definitions of the word include dirty woman, untidy woman, kitchen maid or female dog. The council is already said to be pushing ahead with plans for a new road to be named "Old Girl's Shit Pipe Mews".

new entry **6**

Alan Shearer

The Newcastle United striker and team-mate Keith Gillespie came to blows after a night on the sauce in Dublin. A witness claimed Shearer hit out as the pair rowed outside a restaurant: "Gillespie fell and cracked his head on the floor. He was out cold. There was blood all over the pavement." Gillespie had to spend 24 hours under observation in hospital. Another witness claimed the pair were rowing about Gillespie's passing. Presumably, Shearer countered by showing the Northern Ireland winger how to get his crosses in.

new entry **7**

Party pensioner

Hell-raising pensioner Willi Schidrowski was recently kicked out of his old peoples' home in Berlin for causing mayhem and keeping the other residents awake. His love of raucous all-night parties led to him being dubbed 'Wild Willi' by local police officers. "First Willi and his women start bawling," said a fellow resident. "Then all the neighbours start banging on the walls and pipes." But the mischievous 67-year-old claims that he's just enjoying life. "I can never say no to a nice game of cards or chess – or a nice woman or a bottle of beer," he said.

new entry **8**

School teacher

Schoolteacher Gary Robinson landed himself in court for allegedly handing a lit spliff to three of his pupils during a coast-to-coast charity bike ride. One of the boys, known only as Boy A, said in court: "We all sat down by a lake and Mr Robinson appeared with Hippy Paul. Paul said, 'Do you want one now or wait until later?' Mr Robinson said, 'Do one now'." Robinson has denied the allegations.

new entry **9**

Eton rumbled

Two well-heeled sixth formers from Britain's top nobs school have been expelled for smoking cannabis. Foolishly, the pair were nicked by drug squad officers after sparking up outside Windsor nick. A police spokesman said: "For supposedly intelligent boys they did not pick the cleverest place to smoke cannabis." Too true – you have to go to prison for that.

new entry **10**

Amateur preacher paramotor drama

Computer software salesman John Holme nearly came a cropper when his paramotor (a motorised glider) was caught by the wind and he was almost impaled on a birdtable in a small housing estate. Holmes was planning to preach God's word through a megaphone when he was blown out of control. He was later fined £1,050 and ordered to pay £250 costs. Holme later said: "I wanted the paramotor so I could preach with a megaphone. I thought that maybe if they heard this voice booming out from the sky they would think it was God."

new entry **11**

Bagpipe man

A worker sacked from an aircraft factory in Toronto refused to leave quietly. Instead, the Scottish technician put on a kilt, hoisted himself high on a crane and brought the factory to a standstill for three hours playing the bagpipes. "My Scots blood made me do it," he said. That and lager.

key:

romp, mad, ruck, bird, food, ill, nice tits, singer, plane trouble, marriage, book thrown, footy, bus, booze, coupla nicker, education, car trouble, damage, Funeral, shocker, High jinx, leg, shooter, drug testing, alien, rozzers

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new entry **12**

Dopes squad

NYPD narcotics officers have broken into so many wrong addresses during busts that the police department has had to set up a 24-hour repair service for damaged doors and smashed windows. In a recent incident, cops were fired upon when they stormed a suspected Bronx crack den. The frightened occupant was later found to be an innocent tenant thinking he was being burgled. The dopey cops had apparently cocked up their pre-raid reconnaissance mission and wrongly identified the apartment.

new entry **13**

Cock up bungle

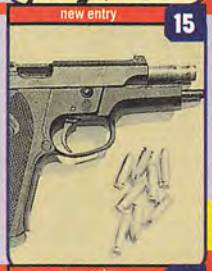
Fed up with his wife nagging him about his lack of penetration in the box, German engineer Georg Kolbe paid a Danish surgeon £5,500 to lengthen his manhood. But, after coming to in a Berlin hotel after the op, Kolbe found that his four-incher was even shorter than before. Furious, he sued and got his money back plus £14,000 in damages. "It was short and crooked," said the 43-year-old father of three, aware that there may be a woman walking around his neighbourhood with a very peculiar nose job.

new entry **14**

Rioting rozzers

Metropolitan Police officers, summoned to a pitched battle outside a popular East London strip club, were "staggered" to find that the seven pissed-up men breaching the peace were in fact colleagues from the City of London force. Things got so out of hand that reinforcements and dog handlers were called in to subdue the rioting rozzers, who were carted off to the cells to sober up. "They're all good coppers but the drink got the better of them," said one Met PC, standing on top of a bus stop with his pants round his ankles.

new entry **15**



Sex shooters

Tired of her drunken husband Charles falling into bed in the middle of the night, Elaine Pope decided to shoot him in the chest. Charles, however, was so drunk that he remained asleep, and it was only later when he awoke to demand sex that he realised he had a life-threatening chest wound. Elaine duly pointed out that if they were to have a shag, he may want to get his chest patched up first. The Ohio housewife now faces an attempted murder rap whilst Charles is filing for divorce.

new entry **16**

Aged porn baron

A 75-year-old man recently appeared in the dock after a vigilant postmaster lifted the lid on his mail-order porn business. Concerned about the flood of brown paper packages passing through his sorting office, the Royal Mail man tipped off police, who traced the traffic to a house in Great Yarmouth. A court heard how great-grandad Harry Silkstone was supplementing his pension with a "very efficient" trade in dirty videos worth around £375,000. Silkstone admitted the charges and was jailed for four weeks.

new entry **17**

Old bag man

"Is your husband asleep already? You might want to relax in the staff room..." Just one of the crap chat-up lines used by an Italian night porter who reckons to have bedded 8,000 female guests in a Venice hotel. Syrup-tongued superstud Umberto Billo was sacked from his job for being too tired to carry luggage but later won £3,000 at a hearing, claiming that his nine years of sexploits filled empty rooms. Billo now carries a gun to protect him from jealous husbands and boasts: "Never have I failed. And they always had orgasms."

COMPILED BY PHIL ROBINSON AND NIALL HAMPTON

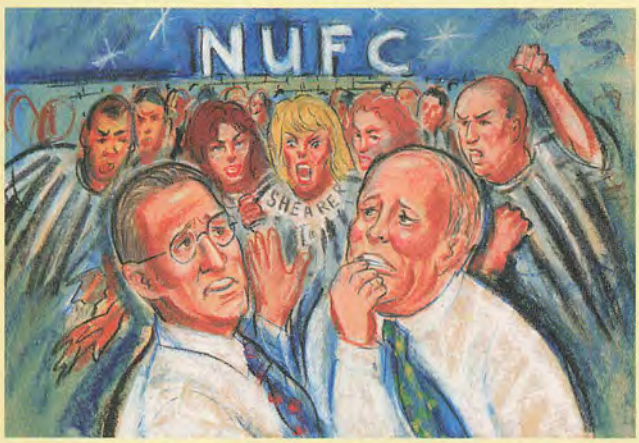
rogues *illustrated*

1 Newcastle bosses

A visual guide to this month's top story

In Spain, the directors enjoy a night out and get stuck into the spirit of things following another hard day's work as servants of Newcastle United. Perhaps it looked something like this.

Next, the married men visit an establishment and charm the locals with tales about their beloved team – unaware that an undercover reporter is somehow noting their every word.



The two millionaires arrive back in Newcastle to be met by massed ranks of livid Geordies. Were the pair to confront the fans directly, it would probably look something like this.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PRISCILLA COLEMAN

GET STUCK INTO UPLOADED'S INTERACTIVE ROGUES ON THE INTERNET AT
HTTP://WWW.UPLOADED.COM/SITE/PERVS/ROGBULL.HTML

come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Four reverse gears

Found this pic whilst on my travels in Italy. Still can't work out if it's a drink or the criteria needed to play in their national side (except for that nice Mr Vialli – oh, and that Baresi bloke, he was hard as nails). Be good.
Locke, Christchurch.

Like... er... we may not exist, man

Loved your piece about space/time and it's nice to see that you can cope with the mind warping concept that space is infinite and can have no size. Full marks too for getting to grips with the fact that infinity is not ever expanding (I liked your jam-jar analogy) as expansion is relative, i.e. one finite size and then another relative or comparatively bigger finite size, expansion is a finite concept. Why is it then that you can't seem to get to grips with the simple concept of infinity? That's easy! You are still half asleep and under the delusion that anything finite exists as a permanent physical entity. In fact all we deem finite is illusion and I hope you don't start banging things and saying that they are real because you can see and feel them, that's so fucking lame. Hypnotism may give a clue as to how it's done. Through this medium the power of your mind can create the illusion of something that is not there that you can see and touch! Add to this the fact that reality is actually experienced within the mind and not out in the world somewhere, ie your eye is a camera and your optic nerve is a wire that sends a signal to your brain where the image is visualised within your psyche. Then add also the concept of pain from a phantom limb and you might – if your brains aren't clouded by booze, drugs, thighs, money or football – see that the conscious mind is all. All existence can be likened to One Infinite Omni-mind where the sophisticated, interactive illusion of all existence... (*to be continued in the next life*).
Take it easy sleepwalkers.
Steve, Hayes, Middlesex

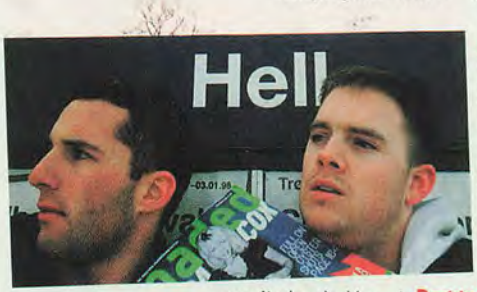
Mad Hedgie

Here is a picture of a Hedgehog on re-entry to the Earth's atmosphere.
Paul Stockley, Nantsworth, Glocs

The Devil's spawn

Our mothers warned us where we'd end up if we kept reading shit like **loaded**. Still, Satan quite likes the mag and was wondering if we could sort him out.
Jeremy and Dean's tormented souls, Exeter

Apparently loaded is very big down there



Jammy git

Why don't you do a feature on Shanine Linton, surely the horniest woman on the planet? While you are at it, you could lower the price of the magazine to 5p, and give away free pots of jam.
Oliver (my little pony), e-mail

Doggy riot

In reference to Steve Green's letter (April '98).There is no fucking way Ben Marshall should apologise for saying the Staff is potentially lethal with small babies, attacking prams and the like. I own two Staffs and every fucking night there is nothing they like more than to go out and attack prams. Disposing of the remains of at least seven prams every morning from my front garden is no fucking laughing matter. I thank Ben Marshall for finally bringing this to your readers' attention. I only wish Ben could have warned me before I bought the pram-killing cunts.
Garth Hanna, Co. Antrim
PS I am wanking as I write this.

Have no fun 1

So it's time for the Let's Legalise Cannabis circus to roll into town again is it? The same old arguments are trooped out that it's non-addictive, less harmful than tobacco, has the opposite effects to alcohol and is, like hey, so mellow, man, that it can even help people suffering from things like MS! Though the law will not stop people doing what they really want to do, the fact that it is illegal might make some stop and think. For at the end of the day, the real problem with cannabis, cigarettes and alcohol is that they're probably not so bad in their own right. But because of their accessibility are merely a first step in a road that's going one way, and that's down!
Mike Goddard, Hants

pornalikes

Could this be Pauline Quirke in her new television series *Birds Without A Feather*?
Jon Ward and Paul Rolfe. Hull.

Some pictures of Bev Callard (Liz McDonald of the Street fame) doing exercises on her work-out video. I'm surprised it's not Number One in the video charts.
Prince Claude Nobneck of Sheffield.

You can say what you want but Sharleen out of Texas definitely likes a creamy head on her capuccino
James, Camarthen

Robert Carlyle, going the full monty in his bid for an Oscar.
Geordie and Stu

Good Work Fella!

Big mates of **loaded** this month:

Builders, for knocking down walls and making our office big enough for everyone to have a chair. Good Work Fellas!

Schott, for giving the poorly dressed editor a pair of top trousers for his so-called 'work trip' to Australia. Good Work Fellas!

Virgin Atlantic for changing flight reservations at the last minute, thus allowing our man another day in bed. Good Work Fellas!

The minicab driver who kindly took the editor home even after aforementioned boss tragically fell over in the street bashing his nose up and then chucked up two saveloys and chips in the back of the cab. Good Work Fella!

Bunch Of Arse!

Things that keep changing their name. First it was Marathon to Snickers, now it's Opal Fruits to bloody Starburst. And Coco Krispies/Coco Pops/Choco Krispies. Make up your fucking mind. And what about Special K? They kept the name but completely changed the cereal! Bunch Of inconsistent Euro-convergent Arse!

Jon Wilde's landlord telling him to stop breathing as that was causing the damp in his flat. Bunch Of Damp Arse!

Comedy Nation on BBC2. Surely the most useless and pathetic attempt at television comedy ever. If shame were still a fatal illness, all involved would now be dead. Get it off now. Bunch of arse!

The airline rep at Luton airport who accused a member of our team of being drunk, of all things, and then started pushing him. When retaliation was offered the man countered, "Touch me again and I'll have you arrested." The fiasco ended with the rep running round the tarmac like a girl while our man pursued him shouting, "Arrest me then, I could do with a decent cup of tea," in the face of universal disinterest from the airport constabulary. Just what you need after a nine hour flight. Bunch Of Arse!

Put the Boots in

This was delivered to my door today. Office Pest's been at it again. Fuckin' mental.
Grak, Grak.
Steve,
Cardiff

Have no fun 2

You and the other cretinous poseurs might think it's pretty cool to smoke. But I can assure you for a non-smoker like myself it's agony. Coming home stinking like a dustbin just because steaming twats like your staff love a fag.
And what's worse, if it isn't the secondary smoke that will kill then the smoker's breath will. As the saying goes, 'someone have a word, he's been suckin on a turd!'
Michelle Norkett may be the best thing since sliced bread but her gob reeks like the most puerile pungent dustbin you've ever smelled. Still think it's cool eh? Well I like a good bevvy or two but I don't piss in your face, so keep your cancerous filth away from me, turd gobs! Start thinking instead of posing!
Gary Crowe, Herts

Bum rap guvna

I would like to congratulate you on the quality of your magazine. I was slopping out the other day when I realised I had run out of bog roll. I was in dire straits bursting for a moan on the throne. So I ripped 'Bush Tucker Man' from your March issue. I was surprised to to discover the texture of your magazine is better than the bog roll in here. So I've still got 180 pages of quality bunch of arse-wiping material left.
Grum, HMP Perth, Scotland

Noodle bad

What the hell is this!? I opened **loaded** for my monthly fix of great articles and find this! "Yo, I'm the bomb so bite me" and "Bite my noodles." Call me old-fashioned, but keep that absolute prat out of such a good quality mag.
John, Isle Of Man

Noodle good

Ka-noodler... what a total twat... what total brilliance! I know, I've fucking been there! I too had Tim Westwood-inspired tramlines shaved into my hair when Vanilla was 'bustin' it'. I strutted all the way home, but the image was shattered when my Dad said I looked like a wanker. But believe me, it's funny as fuck when you look back. I'm fightin' the cause in ma 'hood of downtown Norwich nowadays.

By the coach load

An accent that sounds even worse littered with 'homie-speak' than a Coventry one. Arm owtar ear.
Doktor Hoo

Jambo spambo

I never understood why you hired Irvine Welsh on the back of an over-hyped film and, in light of the March issue, I have decided he is a prick:
a) Albert Kidd played for Dundee not Dundee Utd; b) My team Hearts have scored 56 goals in 25 games. Hibs have scored 29; c) Like all Hibees, Welsh dwells on a game from 25 years ago making him just as bad as youse fucking English still going on about the World Cup.
Enjoy relegation,
Irvine.
Scott, Edinburgh

Funny what you can get in a supermarket these days

Insurance! Pah!

Has anyone noticed how much that crap Lombard Direct advert has been on the telly. You know, the one where some tosser sits on his kid's toy and starts talking a load of crap about insurance. No one cares!! Why don't you PISS OFF and tell someone else about crap insurance.
Robert King, Northampton

Tit boy pointing

I have been reading **loaded** since Oct '96 and I think it's great. Could you print this picture of me in Tenerife as it would make my school chums sick with envy.
Clive Archer, Wickford, Essex

A cuckold corresponds

Just look at what my girlfriend picked up at Tesco's ! I said to her, "Yeah, so what have you been up to then?" And she just laughed!!!
Charlie Adams, Stoke-On-Trent

A professor writes

With regard to your letter concerning Ian Brown's comments on Tim Burgess and the Charlatans, describing them as 'piss poor'. The Charlatans, excellent as they are, will never attain such an aura as the Roses did, which is where you and I stop agreeing, you ignorant Cockney bastard.
1) The Stone Roses were the greatest band ever, so to state that *The Second Coming* was shit proves you're a Cockney twat; 2) Brown's from Timperley and not Charlton you ignorant Cockney fuck; 3) Here in Manchester we keep things nice and tight and we are cool as fuck, and you're just a jealous soft Cockney wanker. Now why don't you you just fuck off and rot, you ignorant waste of your dad's cum.
MJB, Manchester

Dear Sirs

In an otherwise technically accurate description of 'The Dog', I was alarmed and outraged to read of your totally false and potentially libellous assertion that "dog dirt is considered good luck in British Colombia". It is in fact bear dirt, or as we call it Grizzly Shit, that is considered a token of good luck!
Merv Jefferies, British Columbia

Greatest Living Englishman

No.46 Stanley Unwin

PHOTO: MOVIE STORE/ PICTURE FRAME COURTESY OF HERBERT JOHNSON

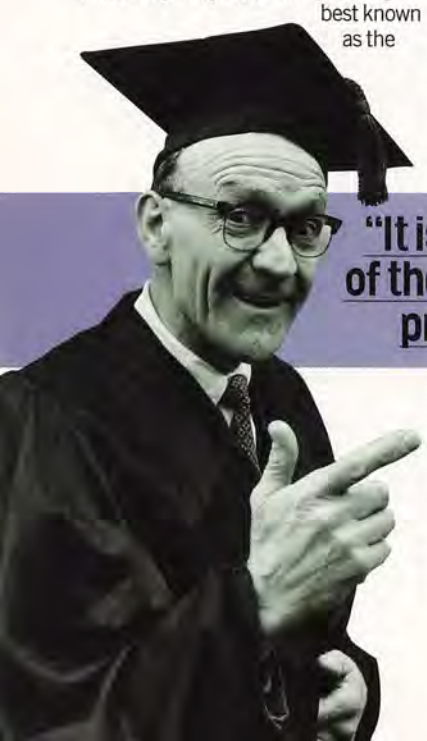
Coming on like a cross between a spindly old village fete vicar and an eccentric amateur boffin working out of a shed in his back garden, 'professor' Stanley Unwin has, over 40 years, proved himself to be a word-throttling bollock-talker of the first order. As British as bicycle clips, he's Edward Lear meets Spike Milligan with the pair the worse for half of lager shandy. "To put it single, it would appear I have this poetic fundamold humourlode which somehow strikes the trigger-off in the mind of the human bean who has a concept for it. Do you imagine?" See what I mean. Total tit about arse. Clearly the Clodfather of Berk. The Goons, Kenneth Williams, John Lennon, Vivian Stanshall, Monty Python and Vic and Bob all owe a debt to this mild-mannered ex-BBC sound technician who turned to showbiz in the '50s after following general Patton around with primitive recording gear during the war.

Luckily some producer overheard him testing out some new sound gear in his garbled twatspeak. "Colly Teskers. One, two, throo, form and Fido," and he was off. These days they'd have just ticked him off for doing crack on the premises.

Soon enough his eccentric brew of drivelised gibberish was in big demand. TV, Film and Radio all wanted a slice of the man who talked cobblers. Norman Wisdom cast him as the town clerk in the otherwise knackered *Press For Time*, then Disney had him up for the Chancellor in *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* ("Yebbers! A car floaty in the heavenly. Oh yes,"). He's probably best known as the demented old berk who drives Sid James up the wall in *Carry On Regardless* ("Don't tell me to shout my cakeload, mate,"), until Kenneth Williams, playing a smug linguist, steps in to translate.

In 1960 he recorded his own album *Rotatey Diskers With Unwin* (now available on CD) before an invited audience. Addressing every subject known to man, he successfully makes a pig's ear of the lot of 'em.

With the dawn of hippydom, Stan proved himself cheaper than drugs, providing the psychedelic back-chat between the tracks on the Small Faces' *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake* album. Soon enough he'd got himself a reputation as the king of whimsy, working with Spike Milligan, Jimmy Tarbuck, Tommy Cooper and Ken Dodd, and rolled out to bemuse punters whenever something technical needed explaining.



"It is a beauty to the eyebold of the symmetry of the sweet protrudey female booser"

In 1969 he did 13 episodes of a post *Joe 90* Gerry Anderson puppet series called *Secret Service*. Unwin plays a parish priest who shrinks his gardener assistant Matthew down to a sixth of his normal size and carries him around in a suitcase, and together they arse about solving bizarre crimes. Those who've seen the show report it to be the weirdest children's telly programme ever made. Real people and puppets are thrown together with mental camera angles and weird perspectives; the whole caboodle liberally sprinkled with Unwin's acid-addled fractured English. Not surprisingly, Lew Grade, who was unable to understand a word, told them to "stop it immediately". Stan kept kept himself busy doing TV and radio ads for beer, mints, honey, Pirelli car tyres and, more recently, Kiss FM and Ronnie Scott's jazz club.

He likes a bit of jazz music, does Stan. Something he had in common with his old pal Bertrand Russell, top philosopher and a right old sourpuss by all accounts. In fact Stan reckons a lot of jazz musicians understand what he's on about better than he does. As a treat he wrote an entire history of music for them.

"The free form emerged in the '70s with a frenetty metzoff. It made bebop a languid sound of light Sunday orchestral by parison. Though not quite cuffalo teedy sound with two ploplumpers with the vicar, oh no. However all this, the '60s pewkered forth a farrago of perslodes in the musey-world. Beatloaders of Polly Carton, who with Lennontones gabe forth Leverpuddly tunes of joy with Ringold or drummage: The Rolly-stokers expressy fine haploaad with Jagloads of mike in the lebbers swing'n'jump huffalodown the stage and Willy Wymold of course lead guitar and plucky, the King, Elvy Presloaders, bent kneeclabber all rocky jailhouses too. In the sunshine of your snarl. Deep Joy."

In a rare, intelligible episode, he declared, "I love England. I love the word English and I love and believe in English even though I play around with it." The "abstragger" elements which came together to make Unwinese are highly unlikely. They included having a finger blown off by electricity ("ruined me as a violinist"), a father who was a practical joker and compulsive gambler, and a mother who was a bit of a malaproper. She probably started little Stan off on his wobbly way wordwise by declaring once, "I fallopped in front of a tram and grazed my knee-clabbers."

His passions, he says, are communication, language ("rhymiscan with brain usage"), comic theory and the "philosoftly" of life. He's keen on the ladies too. "Ah yes, it is a beauty to the eyebold of the symmetry of the sweet protrudey female booser. Which is a lot better than saying 'large round protrudey titty-lodes', I think."

Unwin's humour is as rich as caviar. Small doses only. Not everyone can be bothered. "My wife prefers Tommy Cooper," he says.

The secret with Unwinese, according to Stan, is not to listen too closely. You pick up the drift without understanding the words. "It's mostly rubbish with a bit of sense behind it," he says. Still ticking over nicely at 87, he recently recorded with wacky dance band Wubble U, and there's plans for a slot on a Tyne Tees TV music show called *Dr Rock* this spring. In his spare time he relaxes with a cup of Cocoaload in front of *Countdown* and *Fifteen To One*, brewing up ideas. "The brainboker is still rotating and maybe a few things will pop out if I live long enough. One thing I'd like to do before I pop off is realise the connection between instinct and reason." He'll get no help from Tarbuck on that one. Deep joy Geniusbloke. Cheerfold!

MICK BUNNAGE

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TRIPPING YARNS

drugs news

Losing the plod

In the Indonesian capital of Jakarta, three members of the military police were fired after drug tests revealed they'd been taking ecstacy. Forty-five other members were also being questioned after some bright spark shifted the random testing to Monday mornings, reasoning that if you're gonna pop a pill you're more likely to do it at the weekend.

Officials now plan to target the third Tuesday of every month when the stationery delivery offloads a case of felt pens and Tipp-Ex.

Blow for civilisation

Seems like the World Health Organisation have been hiding information from everyone. Namely the documents examining the benefits of marijuana. Someone in the WHO doesn't want the fact that it may be of some medical use to become public knowledge. This WHO is not to be confused with Roger Daltrey's gang who were down the arcade playing pinball when we rang for a comment.

Upside down your head

The Gravity Bong is a new design currently popular with our continental counterparts. As with most smoking devices the instructions for use usually need engineering degrees to understand them. As the name suggests you first have to hang upside down by your ankles wearing protective mittens (supplied). A friend inserts one end of a flexible nylon tube up your nose and down into the left lung. Then they poke you sharply in the kidneys with a fish slice. Gravity does the rest. The resulting sensation is said to be akin to communion with the divine being.

Consumer report

The yanks spent over $40 billion on illegal drugs in 1997. Read it again, that's *billion*! A bit of a poor show on 1988 's figure which totalled $91.4 billion. The majority goes on Cocaine – $38 billion in 1995. In the same year marijuana spending was $7 billion. Makes you want to open an all-night garage, doesn't it?

Dead head

Marijuana plants caused the death of a 31-year-old German man. His body was found at the bottom of his three-storey house in Bonn along with a pair of scissors. After searching his house, a window box full of cannabis plants was discovered hanging at an odd angle. Reaching out the window to nip a few fronds he'd lost his balance and fallen. Stupid arse!

PIERS TOWNLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS: DOGGER

Come again

sex news

Puritans vs porn

The sex industry may be one of America's biggest moneyspinners but the moral majority are stepping up their efforts to shaft it.

This month, the state of Wisconsin implements a five per cent 'pornography tax' on adult entertainment services and products to help fund domestic abuse shelters – similar to that proposed in California last year, but defeated by Ron Jeremy and friends.

Those in Wisconsin due to suffer from the tax have branded it absurd and "probably unconstitutional". Elsewhere, the mayor of New York, Rudolph Giuliani, recently received a setback in his efforts to push sex shops, strip clubs and porno theatres into industrial wastelands on the fringes of the city. A federal judge suspended the enforcing of a 1996 law which bans such outlets from operating within 500 feet of schools, residences and places of worship.

Sex industry workers in the Big Apple have enlisted top legal advice to help fight Giuliani's threat to their livelihoods, which they believe could put 85 per cent of them out of business. And leave politicians with lots of free time in the evenings.

Mother's ruin

Former porn queen Cicciolina recently lost a bitter custody battle with her ex-husband, erotic artist Jeff Koons. A Rome court ruled that Cicciolina (Italian for "little cuddly one", quite obviously) was an unfit parent to five-year-old Ludwig. For some reason, they cited her lifestyle as being "too permissive" and claimed that she was incapable of guiding his future development "in a correct manner".

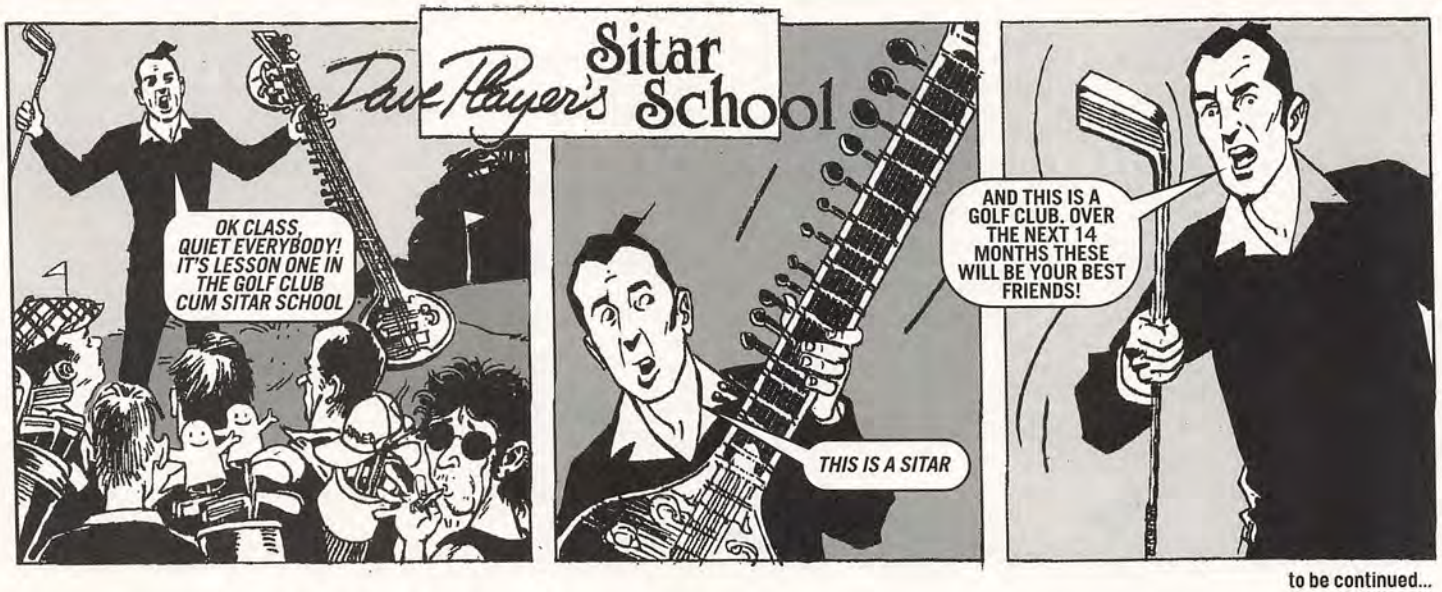
Put out to stud

The current trend in American porn favouring mature and modestly-endowed performers seems to be spreading to Europe faster than the clap. Last month, Italian paper *Il Messaggero* reported that an 83-year-old pensioner had just been signed up to appear in a blue movie.

Randy Nilo Silvi, somewhat unbelievably spotted by a talent scout whilst in a Rome nightclub with his grandson, is now looking forward to steamy group sex scenes with "beautiful young girls".

The octogenarian swordsman works out every day and uses an exercise bike to keep himself trim. "It will be a pleasure," he said. Whether the old fella's got the stamina to star in films like *Wrinkled Cockateer Parts 1* and *2* remains to be seen, but he has sired six children.

NIALL HAMPTON


Dave Player's Sitar School
OK CLASS, QUIET EVERYBODY! IT'S LESSON ONE IN THE GOLF CLUB CUM SITAR SCHOOL
THIS IS A SITAR
AND THIS IS A GOLF CLUB. OVER THE NEXT 14 MONTHS THESE WILL BE YOUR BEST FRIENDS!

to be continued...

HOWARD MARKS

HOWARD GETS TROLLEYED WITH SOME TROLLEY DOLLIES

"Are you smoking that wacky baccy here?" I was on a flight to Madrid, on my way to Palma de Mallorca. Usually I don't bother to take much dope with me when I'm visiting Spain – just enough for a few joints in the airport shithouse in case the plane's delayed. England to Europe is not a profitable smuggling route. There's more stuff available there than here, and it's cheaper. But we are at war with the Men of Straw, and as Drug Enforcer I am officially required always to have some dope in my pocket. I have to remain totally bustable every minute of every day, everywhere I go. If I were ever caught without I would be duty bound to bust myself and commit hara-kiri with a vaporiser.

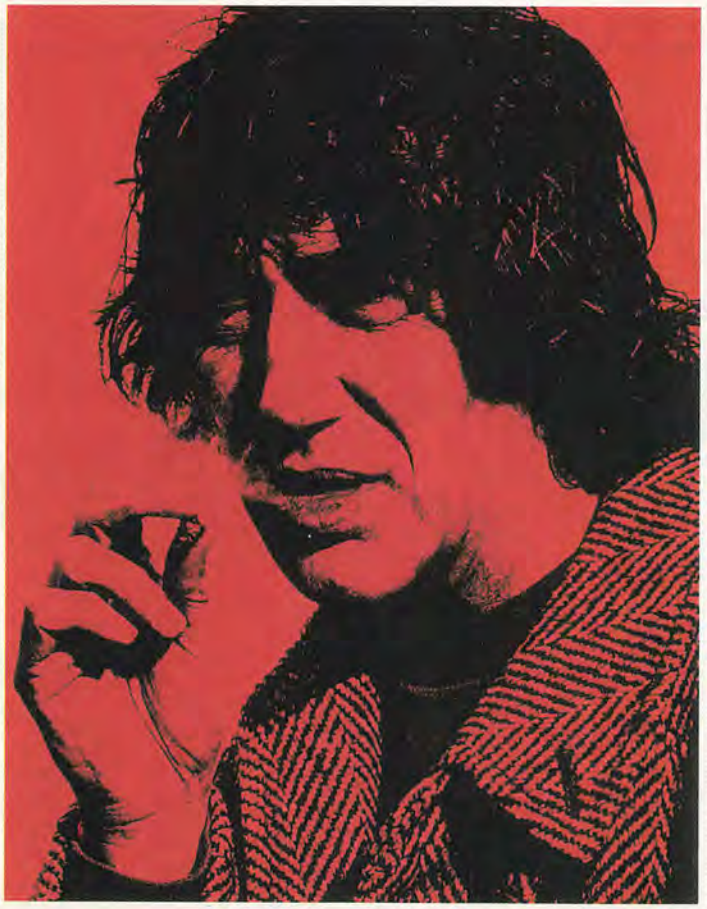
"I asked you a question, sir. Are you smoking that wacky baccy on this plane?" I was, indeed, smoking a joint of the finest Nepalese, which I'd lit when the No Smoking sign went off. I looked lazily at the questioner's face.

Whaw! I'd expected either a castrated Man of Straw or a menopausal – not a sexy boiler. It was about time our airlines adopted the policy of their Far Eastern competitors: fill the plane with nymphomaniac air hostesses who smile at the passengers and bow to the right height. I gave her a Nice smile, thought of my first shag in Wales, and looked suitably sheepish.

"Because if you are, sir, I'm going to tell the captain unless you let us hostesses have some as soon as we finish serving the passengers."

I skinned up two of the strongest spliffs I'd ever made. Next to me were Manumission Mike and Claire, a couple I last saw shagging on the stage at the **loaded** Christmas party. DJ Soop and the Vibrating Eggs were in the row in front. Other smoking DJs were across the aisle. I gave one lit joint to them and took the other to the back of the plane. The hostesses broke into Nice smiles. I went back to my seat and continued with my original spliff.

I drifted off and remembered the last time I was in Madrid, October 1989. I was being extradited from Spain to Miami to face what I then believed would be life imprisonment.



I gave the air hostess a Nice smile, thought of my first shag in Wales and looked suitably sheepish

The DEA said I was the biggest hash dealer in the world and no way would I ever get out. They were going to bury me alive. I became violently anti-American and have remained so ever since.

I drifted off a bit more and thought of sex. Venus was the Roman goddess of love. When Pox Romana (Italian mafia) gave way to Pox Americana (CIA bastards), a DEA agent called Cecil B de Milo cut off Venus's arms so she couldn't skin up. Venus laid a massive curse on the Yanks: Thou shalt covet thy neighbour's arse. Thou shalt eat thy neighbour's arse. Thou shalt eat minced shit from Hamburg and Frankfurt. Thou shalt kill, steal, bear false witness and really get up everyone's nostrils. Thou shalt worship a mouse called Mickey. Thou shalt forever be fat, loud and completely fucking stupid. Thou shalt smoke, but never inhale.

The Mesopotamians had it more sorted. Ishtar lived in Iraq long before America fucked the place over. She was the goddess of sexual love and war.

Then, like now, the war was against the Men of Straw. Ishtar seduced her drug warriors (hashishins, assassins) in the land of milk and honey and gave them strong spliffs. More hashish was administered by hookers. Hookahs and hookers bonded together against the straights. The same female character existed in most ancient religions, and had been called Aphrodite by the Greeks. Back on the plane, Venus and another hostess from Norwich began stripping in the aisle. Mike and Claire began shagging on the seats. DJ Chris from Coventry and a few other Goa refugees gave an *a capella* rendering of crunchy trance. Totally trolleyed hostesses force-fed passengers booze, fags and vomit bags full of small, refreshing sanitary towels.

"Are you Mr Nice?" asked Manumission Mike.

"Yeah."

"Did you write *the book*?"

"Yeah."

"Would you like to write *the film*?"

"Which film?"

"Manumission."

"What's it about, Mike?"

"All the parties we gave last summer in Ibiza – you know, the huge ones with several thousand sexy, druggy people raving out of their minds, totally wasted, dancing to the best DJs in the world. We had dwarves imitating Clint Eastwood, menopausals miming to Elvis, bonders in bondage, schoolgirls resurrecting Benny Hill, a female vampire mainlining herself. Everyone did whatever they wanted. We got the lot on film. The DJs and engineers are laying down the tracks, we just need a silly Welsh sheep-shagger to write and speak the narrative. Are you up for it?"

"When can I start?"

So between my front-line drug battles, my stand-up comic acts and my DJ-ing of psychoactive dope beats, I'm writing the screenplay for *Manumission, The Movie*. I've got 10 tickets to this summer's premiere for the **loaded** readers who send me the best aphrodisiac recipes. I'll be trying them all at Club Nice.

Howard will be doing one-man shows at the Shepherd's Bush Empire in London on 10 April, 24 April, 22 May, 12 June and 19 June. Each show is followed by Club Nice, where he'll be playing psychoactive dope beats and introducing special guests. Info on 0171 924 9999. You can e-mail Howard on howard@marijuana.co.uk or visit his website at http://www.weaveworld.co.uk

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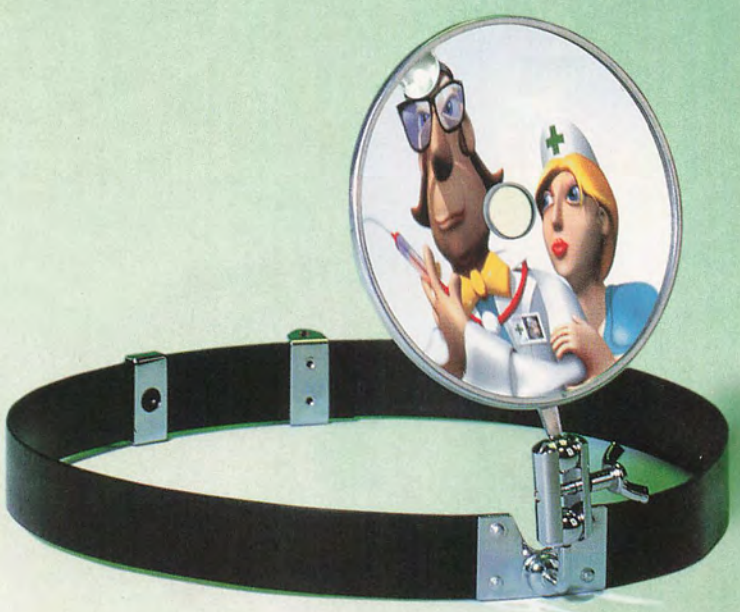
It's about bedding as many people as possible



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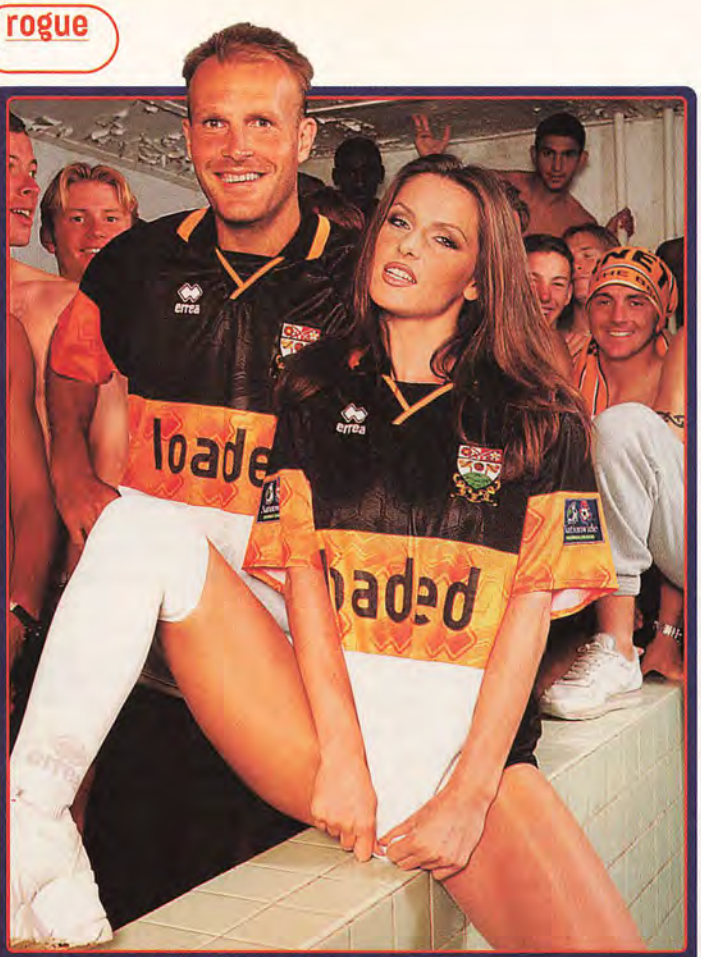

BARNET UPDATE

"You can't stop 'em, the blokes from Barnet, the blokes from Underhill... oh!" Well, you could if you tied them all up and stuff, but so far this season this hasn't occurred to any members of the opposition. Fools, don't they understand?
So, here we go. At the time of writing Barnet are in the automatic third spot to get promotion. Next season it could be Barnet v Man City, Barnet v QPR or even Barnet v some decent opposition.

On a worse note, the great betrayers the Labour Party have decided that the application for the new ground at nearby Copthall has to go to a public inquiry. This means that Barnet will have to spend hundreds of thousands on lawyers and it will delay any move by up to two years, by which time new stricter Nationwide League ground rules (ie no slope, minimum 6,000 capacity) will have come in. Be angry, write letters, complain and generally point out that Barnet need a flat pitch because they get a bit tired in the second half.

This month Barnet are at home to Leyton Orient on 11 April, then play Macclesfield Town on 13 April (a), Scarborough 18 April (h), Mansfield Town 25 April (h) and then finally away to Rochdale on 2 May. Good luck lads, we've enjoyed it a lot this season.

the league of GREED

what we have received...

1 Aquarium
State of the art office aquarium from Maidenhead Aquatics (0181 568 7776) complete with water and piranhas.

2 Hemp
Creams, lotions, oils and soaps made from Hemp for blokes. The Body Shop vibe; get on it.

3 Budvar
Beer, beautiful beer. Or lager to be precise. Some of the best liquid to grace our gullets; Budvar.

4 Pringles
Once we popped we couldn't stop. Snack heaven-on-earth in the tubular form of Pringles.

5 Henninger
Premier German Pilsner booze. Perfect straight out of the fridge and down the old froat.

6 Cake
Cakes, muffins and loaves of an apricot and nut variety. Excellent dessert options from Safeway.

7 Nasal Strips
From Clear Sport to help you to snort up more oxygen. Worked so well we were scared to stand up.

8 Socks
An essential aid to the overall banishment of hypothermia. Burberry's finest catered for both our left and right feet.

9 Ashtrays
Hot on the heels of last month's ashtray extravaganza, lovely plastic fag-waste receptacles for our filthy habits.

10 Fosters Beer
Tins of Aussie lager to wash down the other beer we've had and make us burp loads.

what we want...

Do you make any of this stuff? Want some free publicity? Then give us some free gear and we'll tell folks how brilliant it is. Simple.

- A new features editor
- Tinned biscuit selections
- More socks
- Buckets & spades
- An office day out to Amsterdam
- Ready-packed sandwiches
- A talking parrot
- Anti-climb paint
- Lots more Budvar
- A cat tree
- Hardcore porn
- Sun loungers
- Backstage passes for all the best festivals this summer
- Specs frames
- Vodka
- Sunglasses

MORAL DILEMMAS

This month: Terry Farley, legendary DJ and remixer

1 You're highly sensitive to anything that sounds like your surname and those baby rusks they sell down the local supermarket are really doing your head in. A drinking chum offers you the chance to terminally undermine Farley's Rusks. Do you go for it, or fret over the thousands of babies who'll go without at teatime?

I've suffered a lifetime of people coming round to lay carpets and fit the gas stove always saying the same thing, "You do 'em, do you mate?" or "You look like a Farley's Rusk", so yeah, I'd go for it.

2 A skint clubland friend offers you a plum Harley for cheap. But you know he nicked it from a top Hell's Angel. Do you give him his £5,000 asking price or turn him down, saying it's not your model and colour?

No, I wouldn't bale him out. I did the Knowledge once and I used to ride a little Puch moped – that's much more my style. I got hit by a Westminster dust truck once, which cut me up in Piccadilly Circus. Me and mopeds and motorbikes have never got on.

3 Some geezer offers you a bootleg of Bob Marley's last-ever concert for £50,000. You're well into your reggae, but people who infringe copyright really get your goat. What do you do?

Nothing. The only people who'd be interested in a Bob Marley tape now are probably well past it. I haven't got a problem with copyright infringement – I think a bit of stealing is healthy. I'm sure Bob, God bless him, would have liked the spirit of that, rather than being put on K-Tel compilations.

4 You're staying in a guest house in Devon, the owner of which is a raging homophobe. In the visitor's book, you notice two people sharing a room under the names of Charley Farley and Piggy Malone. Recognising the names from *The Two Ronnies* you realise they're bogus. Do you blow the two mens' cover or let them get on with it?

I'd turn a blind eye and try to get the owner drunk, then get him into a menage à trois with the two blokes. I'd have thought people who work in B&Bs probably have enough saucy goings-on and would be a bit more open-minded.

5 You're unpacking your groceries after a shopping trip and discover that the shellfish you bought is Salvador Dali's surrealist lobster phone. It's clearly a cock-up by the young lad who stacks the shelves, but you stand to make a fortune. What tempts you?

I'd take the fortune – no reservations. If my conscience got the worst of me later, I'd slip him a drink, but that's highly unlikely. I do love supermarkets. though, and tend to get more excited about the latest M&S food line than the latest import single these days.

6 Carly Simon of James Bond theme fame reckons that nobody does it better than her and offers you a gilt-edged chance to find out. Trouble is, it's on the same night as your parent's wedding anniversary party, where you're spinning some vinyl. What's more important.

It depends. How old's Carly Simon now? My mum and dad are long separated, so yeah, I'd probably have to go for it and put it down as some sort of musical research.

7 You're pictured in 'Getting Away With It' posing semi-naked with Rachel Garley in a fetish club. No problems there, but loaded's your girlfriend's favourite mag and she's bound to see it. What do you do here?

I'd probably make up some sort of excuse about my drink being spiked, but it wouldn't happen. Pete Heller and I were asked to play Submission once and he went out and bought a natty rubber outfit. The thought of me in one is scary enough – I'd look like a rubber Teletubby. Rachel Garley would probably refuse to be photographed with me.

8 Standing at the bus stop you spot a gorgeous girl just about to step in a puddle of rancid rainwater. Just before she does, though, you accidentally drop your jacket over the top of it. Mistaking this as a Walter Raleigh-type gesture of chivalry she offers you a shag. Do you go for it, or own up to having dropped it because you're clumsy oaf?

I wouldn't actually drop my coat because I'd have spent good money on it, so no, I'd let her get soaked and keep me jacket nice and sharp. She's only some office girl waiting at the bus stop on her way to work. If I did anything, it'd come back to haunt me anyway.

9 Busy doing your summer job as Wimbledon ball boy, you have to make sure that Centre Court has enough Robinson's Lemon Barley Water. A couple of hours before the mens' final, it's very hot, you're suffering from heatstroke and you foolishly start topping up the bottles with vodka. Just before the first serve, you realise what you've done. What do you do?

Knowing my past indiscretions, I'd keep schtum, get out of there sharpish and go to the boozer and watch it. I'm very much in Bart Simpson mode these days: 'I didn't do it!' If you don't own up to something, you'll never get caught for it, as far as I'm concerned.

NIALL HAMPTON

Fire Island's cover of the Style Council classic 'Shout To The Top' is out now.

A DOCTOR'S VERDICT

By a simple dissection of the Moral Dilemma questionnaire, a top medical bloke attempts to guess the name of the celebrity.

What I like most about being a doctor is getting my fingers wet. I love it. I first discovered this little pleasure when I was examining a postman. I can't remember how, but I got my fingers up his back. I was loving it. Now I like pushing my hands into wounds. Wounds are like bottoms, bottoms that don't heal. Have you ever touched a wound? I bet you have. I bet you've cut yourself and put your finger inside, explored under the skin. Did it hurt? Did it feel dangerous? Fuck yes!

NEWSAGENT PROVOCATEUR

Bloody hell, a box of antique Texans from 1971 I'll never make me money back on these.
I'm a school boy. Can I have a Twix please mister?
You're in luck son. I've got a nice Texan-Twix collector's piece here for £7. So new it's still wet.
Chocolate Squad! You're nicked! That's no Twix. It's a very old Texan bar!
Fair cop... I don't suppose you'll be wanting this commemoration issue Spinning Jenny Mars Bar then.
1d Mars
cont'd...

CREATED BY TOM. PHOTOS: BILLY. SCRIPT: PHIL, MICK, BILLY STARRING: TOM & NIALL COUNTER CONSULTANT: MR PATEL.

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ANYONE FOUND IN POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES WILL BE EVICTED FROM THE PREMISES.

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Great Moment In Life

Blue Peter Garden getting vandalised

Possibly Percy Thrower's worst moment in life

Gardens, you could argue, are nothing but trouble. A lethal force of nature, penned up in a controlled fashion for man's amusement. They're a direct affront to the power of God. A recipe for disaster. Just ask Adam, Eve or the makers of *Blue Peter.*

In its rollercoaster 40-year history 'The Peter', since it's baptism in elephant urine, has yielded its fair fistful of notoriety. Fred/Freda, the transsexual tortoise, a 14-year cloak of silence surrounding the fact the *real* Petra had died after only one episode, the sinister "time capsules", advent crowns, the tragic business perhaps best referred to only as 'the Deacon incident' and the entire career/persona of John Noakes. Further proof of the show's massive cultural impact lies in the fact that it's taken the best part of a decade for a musician to reclaim the name Goldie in the public's consciousness from Simon Groome's dog. Yet in the midst of all this history, one event looms largest, perhaps because it happened twice. The vandalisation of the *Blue Peter* Garden. Or the *Blue Peter* Italian Sunken Garden, as it was known back then.

We were told that the show had first introduced pets for children who lived in tower blocks and "weren't allowed to have any". Where this logic came from is anyone's guess. As anyone who lives in one will testify, there are often several floors and occasionally entire blocks that resemble menacing high altitude agricultural fairs. Whatever, it's a fair bet that the same benign idealism inspired the garden. It was to be *our* garden as much as theirs. Even if we had one anyway. And how they loved it. The garden was watered under the skwiffy eye of the BBC's horticultural overlord, Percy Thrower. Week after week they toiled. "Get back indoors, and do something with Action Man," you thought. Even for hardened Peter heads, the garden was as aimless as dialogue in a porn film. Then, in November of 1980, terror struck.

Even for hardened *Blue Peter* heads, the garden was as aimless as dialogue in a porn film. Then, in 1980, terror struck

"During a night of violence." reported the *Evening Standard*, "they trampled on flower beds, dug up bulbs and threw four decorative urns into a pond." A plaque was also damaged. "They" of course, were "the vandals." A force to be reckoned with back then. While Peter Duncan, Simon Groome and Sarah Greene wore faces of ashen disdain common to angered teachers with no one to blame, "legendary" editor Biddy Baxter made a press statement: "We don't know yet whether any fish were killed, but it can't be terribly nice having heavy urns thrown at you." Thrower was so upset he would only comment by phone. Damage was estimated at £300. Hardly Dresden. But as a well-insulated 10-year-old, I was terrified. So was almost everyone else I knew in short trousers. Three years later, the world was a different place.

In 1983 The Smiths released their first single, 'Hand In Glove'. It contained the lyric, "We may be hidden by rags," and by now I was old enough to realise that this didn't mean that Morrissey was hiding behind the *Blue Peter* pony. As they say, I had the music in me. Toilet rolls were no longer potential sources of wonder, they were becoming just toilet rolls. Still, I watched it just the same. Then, on another November night, it happened again. "We are very sorry to report that vandals have smashed up our garden," announced Janet Ellis, before turning to Percy and announcing, "The people that have done this must be mentally ill." I'd have sacked her there and then. But instead, the ever generous BBC fired her later on for getting pregnant while single.

In this second attack, oil was poured in the pond ("between 20 and 30 fish were killed"), flowers were trampled, an urn and a sundial smashed. "It's terrible," said my mother, glancing up from her knitting. "No it isn't," said my elder brother. "Anyone walking through Shepherd's Bush pissed up could have done that. I wish I'd thought of it."

I was on his side.

To this day, the rumours abound. My own recent research has unearthed a worrying tide of "it was me!" claims, even from people who were unborn at the time. But it goes further. Most people reckon they know who did it. Two people in this office claim to be on good terms with the culprits. Someone else told me that the crew had done it, all drunk and vengeful. Another bloke told me it was Percy Thrower, run mad. The fact that it could also have been one of those kids that didn't have any pets or a garden of their own seemed to escape everyone at the time. But the truth is that it was down to you, me and everybody. Like the garden itself, it was a force of nature.

MICHAEL HOLDEN

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Radiation: the facts

How to spot a nuclear disaster in the home

STORY BY MICK BUNNAGE

Radiation: why do we fear it? Will the smallest dose of it reduce us to a pile of putrefying weeping blubber? No. It's all around us and always has been. Seeping out of rocks, pummelling us relentlessly from outer space. Since the first chimp walked the earth he's been getting a portion from this foul and deadly cosmic wind. Its our friend and yet somehow also our invisible enemy. What is it? Is it some weird ray that pours out of the earth's core, or does it come from deep space silent and deadly like some sun poison that's beamed in on radio channels too obscure to be picked up by your telly. Is it that noise you hear as you spin your wireless dial between channels when the mini cab controllers aren't breaking in with orders to pick someone up at Croydon station? Who knows?

With the help of a qualified Radiation expert and a Geiger counter we decided to test out of a few innocuous-looking objects lying round the office to see if they posed us any immediate danger. And surprise!! They didn't. Safe as houses in fact. Still worth a try, eh?

The first part of the scale, recorded in Bequerals, measures the rate at which all these objects are emitting dangerous unstable disintegrating atoms. The Geiger counter clicks once every time it gets hit by an atom. According to our expert, everything we've tested here is perfectly safe and way below danger levels. "Things are falling apart all the time. It's perfectly normal" says the expert. "Mind you I wouldn't eat that apple. It looks like someone's spat on it."

cactus 0.05 msv
Fuck all, really. This foolish desert stump comes on like a tooled-up ninja but struggled to register on the Geiger box of truth. So harmless you could feed it to a sick baby mouse

Bread 0.06 msv
Sliced and pitiful. Bread is no longer the ticket to instant death it once was. Flush, refined and stripped of all nonsense, modern bread is so lame a child of three could sleep on a bed of it for a year and awake with little more than surface moisture damage. Mother's Pride? Stroll on! It's safer than houses!

Cuban Cigar 0.20 msv
"Blimey, this one's hot," says our expert. "A pack of these could take your arm off. They'll have to be confiscated for further tests."

Brick Wall 0.26 msv
"Soaks it up," says our expert. His advice? "Live in a tent."

Apple 1.1 msv
"Whoa, I like it!" says the expert. A big fat score for the first fruit to get a name check in the Bible. It's still collecting royalties. Wouldn't hurt a kitten.

Two copies of loaded 0.16 and 0.17 msv
Dennis Hopper printed in Cornwall. It's 0.01 msv higher than Michelle Norkett which is printed in Wales. If you've got the Hopper at home move out immediately and inform the police.

Microwave oven ½milliwatts per c²
Measured in a completely different scale, an old leaky microwave oven is the highest scoring domestic item claim the experts. You'd still need about two million of them working flat out and in close proximity just to get a very poor suntan like the sort you could expect from falling asleep in the back garden in spring on the Isle of Wight. Sorry.

DANGER LEVEL DANGER LEVEL DANGER LEVEL

Banana 0.06 msv
The comedian's friend and a treat for a happy chimp. Maybe. But this bent yellow fruit failed to show any form on the day.

Fish Tank 0.08 msv
Here's a shock. You'd think a tank-load of fancy sprats all reclaimed from foreign seas slopping at the gills with dumped nuclear poisons would turn our expert's Geiger box to jelly soon as look at it. But no. Look at the statistics. They're having a laugh!

Pan scourer 0.08 msv
Embarrassing! If you want to do yourself some real damage you're better off washing up in a bowl of unstable acids. Pah!

Pork Chop 0.10 msv
Flesh of a pig! Are you scared yet? Don't bother. This tasty war-time staple is less trouble than the two veg it shares space with on a pensioner's plate. Christ! You'll never get a dose at this rate.

Alarm Clock 0.10 msv
Because it's luminous this little beauty should knock us right off the scale. Sadly it's old and knackered. Not worth the time of day

Bombay Mix 0.11 msv
Looks like it crawled from a cat's guts and dried out on a sunny porch. No point using this in place of uranium. Blood on your hands? Rubbish, Put this in a bomb and all you'll have is curry on your fingers.

Lancelot Link Video cassette 0.15 msv
This cheeky ape sleuth video had been hanging round with video players and televisions all its life. Still it's not managed to pick up even a pinch of lethal radiation. Perhaps a documentary about Nagasaki would have fared better.

Battery 0.15 msv
You'd think a battery would have a bit of danger lurking in it wouldn't you? No. Once again it's all mouth. "I'm free!" says the pencil battery, "when Radiation comes to call." Don't we know it.

Lightbulb 0.13 msv
Wouldn't hurt a fly. Unless you mashed it up with sugar and fed it to him on a saucer of your own spit.

Toilet roll 0.12 msv
Shove the whole lot up your arse if you like, you'll never get third degree burns off this paper skid flannel.

Adrian 0.12
loaded's chief designer once went on a fortnight's holiday to Cornwall – the most (naturally) radioactive part of Britain. After running the Geiger counter over Adrian's thyroid gland, our expert was unimpressed. "Did you sleep in a lead hotel or something?" Barely a tickle.

DANGER LEVEL DANGER LEVEL DANGER LEVEL

EDDIE

Since he began writing following his release from prison just over two years ago, Ed Little has risen to become one of America's most respected crime writers. His debut novel, *Another Day In Paradise*, based in part on his own experiences, has become an international bestseller. A film of the book, starring James Woods, is currently in production. In the UK he writes exclusively for loaded.

LITTLE

True-life stories from the LA underworld

The night is soft like velvet, smog lifting after a hot day. The sound of engines and horns muffled by the residential streets separating the two-storey Victorian from downtown traffic.

Luke and his crew all wearing sneakers, dark pants and DEA windcheaters over bullet-proof vests. The guy in front is called Hulk for obvious reasons. Hulk has a 10 -pound sledge hammer gripped firmly. Behind him the rest of the fellas are carrying pump shotguns. Luke bringing up the rear. The stairs creaking beneath their feet, grouping outside the door leading into the second-storey apartment and, with a swing like a major leaguer hitting a home run, Hulk smashes the sledge into the door immediately over the dead bolt, ripping the door free from both locks and hinges sending it crashing to the floor.

Inside a mad scramble as the crew rushes in screaming, "Police. Freeze you motherfuckers."

Throwing the residents to the ground they apply the type of plastic handcuff made popular during the LA riots and pistol whip those who are slow to submit, into bloody piles of chorizo.

Speaking in rapid-fire Spanish, tearing the place apart and stacking bags of cash, heroin and coke in the living room. One of the raiders running it down stairs to the van as the rest keep the drug dealers on the floor covered.

As they make their exit, Luke says to the boss dope dealer "Hey Pendejo." The bleeding immigrant looks up and sees the tattooed neck and face looking down at him, he knows he's not busted. He just got robbed. Luke blows him a kiss and backs out of the door, shotgun levelled.

Rolling from downtown in three vehicles, the van carrying the drugs, guns and cash. Two four-door late model American-made cars as rolling barricades, crash cars if heat hits the van. Police scanners crackling in all three vehicles as they go from freeway to freeway headed south.

Reaching their destination, the van pulling into an enclosed garage in a lower-middle class neighbourhood that's quickly turning industrial. The two crash cars driving by and parking a few blocks away. The occupants transferring to a new vehicle. Car pooling back to the safe house. Fuel efficient and ecology minded new-age bandits headed home to count their spoils.

Luke waiting for his crew as they file into the garage, emptying hefty garbage bags full of ones, fives, 10s and 20s on the floor. Six pairs of hands counting the stacks of soiled bills, climbing like towers erected by madmen.

The smack and coke not yet packaged in pre-weighed bundles, thrown on a digital scale to be wholesaled out quick and in a hurry up. Flaco and Hulk taking the dope with them to unload to one of their homies in that end of the business.

Smiles and backslapping all round as the fellas say their goodnights and sip cold Cervezas in the freshly mown yard behind Luke's humble abode.

Luke's flipping *carne asada* on the barbecue, sipping at a wine cooler and oldies are playing on the stereo as he's running this down, occasionally some of the fellas kicking back in the lawn chairs around the yard will throw in a comment or a joke. It's a nice day.

Luke says , "I was state raised. Never knew my parents. Foster homes, juvenile hall, CYA, right into La Pinta."

The bouncing from home to home and institution to institution have produced the man behind the tattoos. A heroin addict as a youth, he's now put that behind him – at least for the moment. Not believing in 12 steps or any kind of program, seeing them as a cop out for those that are too weak to stop on their own.

When I mentioned that my personal opinion was different he just laughed and stared at me for a second then said, "Whatever homes. Sitting in a room full of snivelling motherfuckers ain't for me." His voice a soft cholo lilt, his eyes beyond watchful, always waiting. Appraising everything around him.

Watching homeboy flip the *carne* he could be of Spanish or Cuban descent, Scot or Irish with a little bit of a Latino cut, got fine features and green eyes; he's put together like a boxer, healthy without having the bulk you get from weights. A regular matinee idol except for the ink all over his face and neck. Original LA tribal, hand applied with India ink while spending back-to-back summers in our finer penal institutions, the back of his hands showing the same numbers and lettering and logos.

A distinctive individual, not the ideal look for an armed robber who would normally want to blend in rather than be so distinctive that he stands out in any setting. Says he started stealing as soon as had pockets to put things in.

Says, "Usta do burglary, checks, credit cards, whatever. As I got more and more ink the checks and credit cards got harder and harder. My first robbery was a convenience store and that was it, I was hooked. Get in, get the stuff, get the fuck out. Fast. Nothing to sell, nothing to carry except cash. Went down on a hot 211 a few years back and when I got out I couldn't sneeze without SSU or local CRASH so close they could tell me where to wipe my nose. Couldn't get a job, you know the drill. They take one look at a guy like me and that's it. Wouldn't hire me. Would you? No skills, no education. I look like what I am. One day started clocking the local tocatoes; you know, junkies. They were picking up from this border brother, all day every day he's taking cash. Lots of cash. Thought about it and didn't see any down side. Either he shoots me first or I'm going to take everything he's got. Right? Slipped out from under my bird dogs and robbed his ass. Simple. Crept up on him, stuck my piece in his face and made him spit his stash out and empty his pockets. A store will usually get you a few hundred, plus they got video and all that shit. I walked away from this dude with almost two grand and a fistful of balloons of heroin.

"I crept up on this dude and stuck a piece in his face... I got two grand and a fistful of balloons of heroin"

The steak's done and the yard's now full of women and kids wearing bright colors, sipping beer and wine coolers, the smell of pot is sweet and heavy in the air mixing with the barbecue.

Luke is playing with a couple of little boys, shooting make-believe guns and rolling in the grass dying dramatically. Being magically resurrected to battle all over again. His old lady a slim and strikingly pretty Latina sporting a couple of small tattoos on her hands, setting the kids down and making them eat as Luke and I kick it. He gestures around the yard, points at his girl and the kids and says, "I've always dreamt about this, as long as I could remember, sitting in Juvie wishing I had a family, then CYA my partners would have street time, you know, get for long enough to catch a chick. Be writing their old ladies and families, getting visits. Me? I never had it, but I wanted it. Could never stay on the bricks more than a couple of days before I caught a new case or got violated. Now man, every day is pretty fucking good."

I ask him if he worries about losing all the great stuff he's got going now, if he ever thinks about hanging up his guns.

His eyes grow a little more guarded as he answers, "Anything you care about makes you weak, so I don t care too much. I don t let myself. That don't mean I don't love my old lady and kids, and that don't mean I don't care about what happens to them. I wake up every day knowing it's like my last. Like I'm a dead guy that got one bonus day with his family. It makes life easier, if I started thinking about my old age and retirement I'd slow down, maybe hesitate when I shouldn't and end up dead for real."

The *carne* is delicious, the tortillas fresh, the company pleasant, oldies playing and life is great. As I watch the fellas talking, playing with their kids and kicking it with their old ladies, it's like a picture from *People* magazine. All American, wholesome as you could ever ask for.

Luke is once again playing cops and robbers with his boys, going down in a hail of play gunfire and I'm wondering how long he's got until it happens for real. No more magic resurrections. No starting the game over.

Before I split I ask him what he thinks his chances are of living to 40.

He points a cocked finger at me and says, "None." Punctuating his last statement with a whispered "Pow. Gotcha!"

I thank him for feeding me and roll back to Hollyweird where they rob ya with a pen. ◼

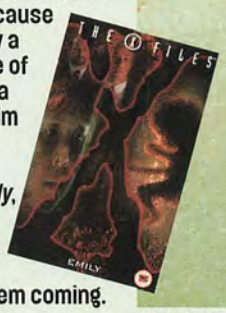
Ed Little's debut novel Another Day In Paradise is available to **loaded** *readers at the discount price of £8 incl. p&p (rrp £9.99). To order a copy call 01621 819596 and quote* **loaded** *Ed Little offer.*

ILLUSTRATION: CHRISTOPHER KASCH

rogue

NOW YOU'RE STALKING

Rejoice! For a camera remains as the first prize again this month! That's because it's simply a super piece of kit. You can even get a carry case for it (without film or batteries). Almost unbelievable we know! Copies of X-Files video, *Emily*, to the runners up. Coax celebs into your prison cell with fresh fruit for next month. Make copies, keep 'em coming.



winner

"Prison's great. Nice food, fairly clean pants and I'm sharing a cell with Bella Emberg and Windsor Davies. Love, George"

Natalie gives Shaun a piggy-back to the chemist's...

Richard collars Errol in a very hot chocolate jacket

President Bill enjoys nothing more than meating young people

Isla have the one in the middle, please

In the ring, going down, blows etc... Naz walks the innuendo minefield

... while Bez gets a lift back with Jay

Stuart and John have both been served

Dave and Jeff are finding it Tricky at the bottom of the Premiership

PUTTING THE APERTURES UP THE RICH & FAMOUS THIS MONTH ARE: Jay Wilkinson of Wrexham, George Heath of HMP The Verve, Stuart Gayer of London, Natalie deacon of Hants, Richard McGrenera of Glasgow, Latham Parry of Flintshire, Jeff Dillon of Manchester, Paul Gibbons of Co Monaghan, Jo & Vanessa Taylor of Tamworth. Send your pictures to: Now You're Stalking, **loaded**, IPC Magazines, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Please put your name and address on the back.

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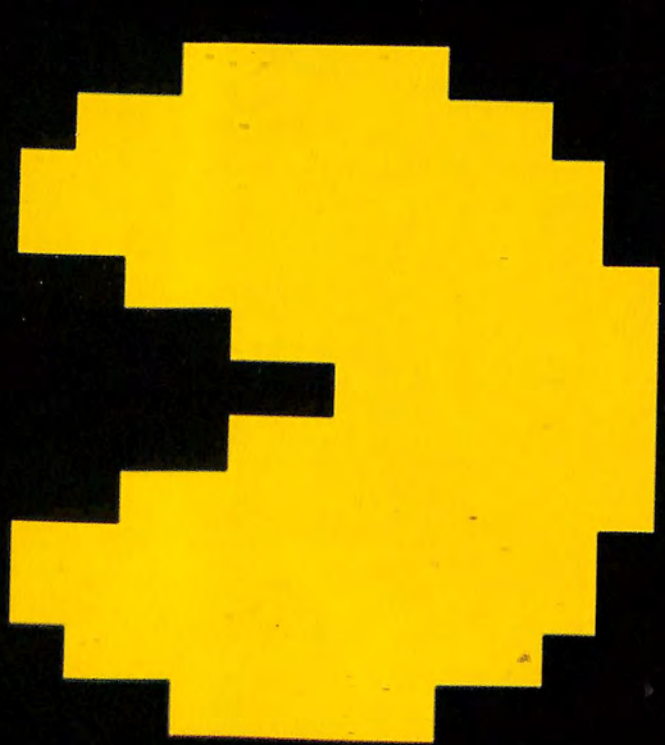
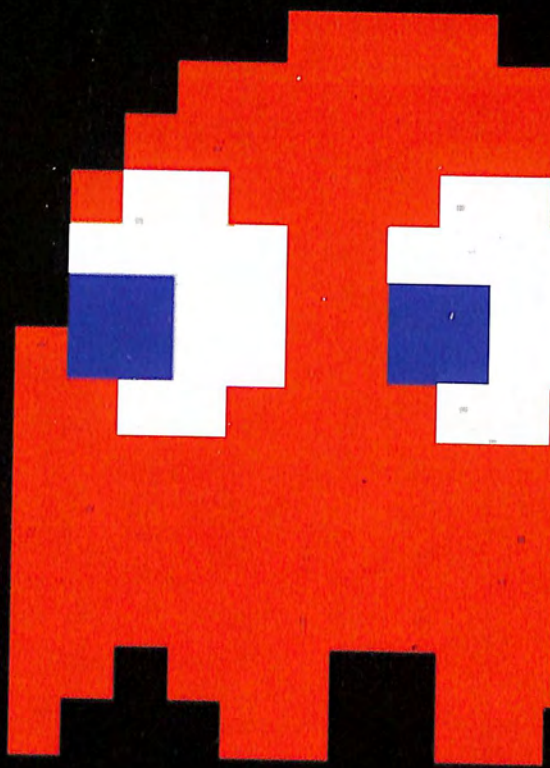
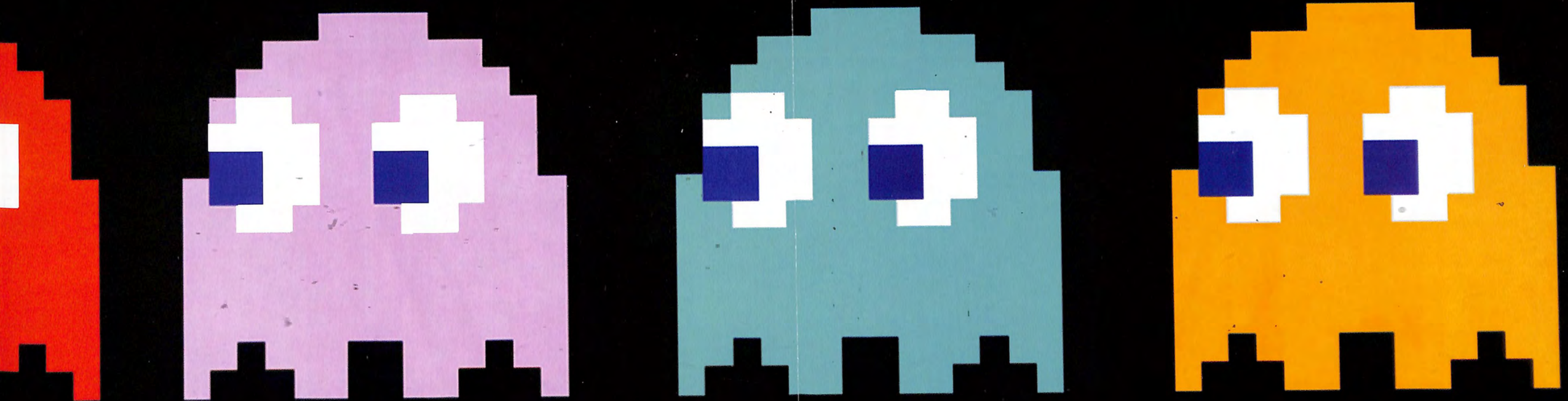




Pac-Man loaded



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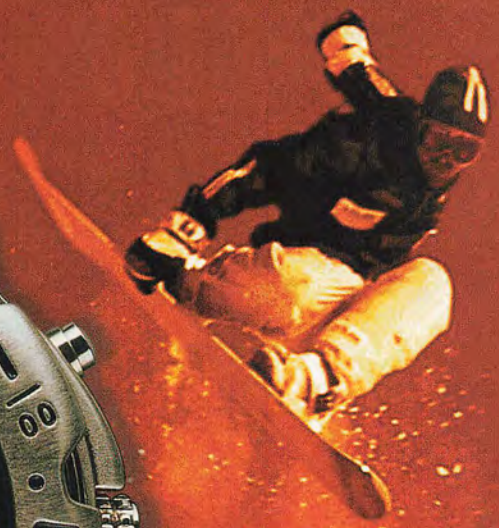

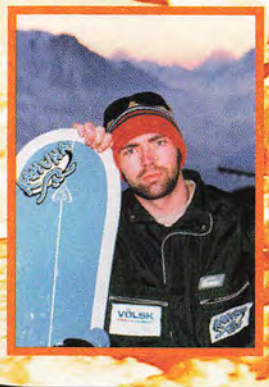

Photos. Henry Iddon

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Bacon tells porkies

From *Footloose* fop to king of the cameos: Kevin Bacon's still on a flier

In movie history, the 1984 film *Footloose* should go down as the biggest pile of gyrating gypsy horse shit ever made. If you don't recall the film, then it tells the sorry tale of a young bloke who dances like an enraged gibbon straight into a strict middle-American backwater and annoys the town elders. The movie was as weak as a sparrow's ankles – but surprisingly went on to make millions of bucks down the box office and propel its star, Kevin Bacon, to meteoric showbiz size.

The soft, spiky haircut that he sported in the film became very popular too. But following a trail of starring roles in some mediocre films (*Flatliners*, *Tremors*), Bacon opted at the turn of the this decade to play the smaller roles in the big movies. To his credit, the gamble worked. He shone as the gay inmate hustler in *JFK*, and even more so as the anguished Alcatraz inmate in *Murder In The First*. He was menacingly convincing as the sinister stranger who put the shitters up Meryl Streep in *The River Wild*. He even did well as the bloke who presses the wrong button in *Apollo 13* alongside Tom Hanks.

His latest film, *Telling Lies In America*, sees Bacon as assured as ever, playing a radio DJ called Billy Magic in the heady American '60s. Bacon, it seems, has been a busy bloke. Recently he added two more vocations to his CV: directing (his first film was *Losing Chase* in 1996) and singing (he's teamed up with his brother Michael to form a country-folk-rock-pop band under the name The Bacon Brothers). He's even at the centre of a game entitled *The Six Degrees Of Kevin Bacon*, in which players try to link him with any actor throughout history in less than six goes. The game has swept America like rabid rats on motorbikes. To be honest, it's amazing he had time to do an interview at all...

If there was a really big 'life eraser' which everyone in the world could only use once, would you use it to erase the memory of *Footloose*?

No, not at all. *Footloose* was a benchmark in my career. It sort of changed my life – in some ways for the better, in other ways not so. It was difficult because I'd become the sort of actor that I was not interested in becoming. It was a double-edged sword. At the time I desperately wanted to be thought of as a 'serious' actor, and here I was a pop idol. It was like being Davy Jones in The Monkees.

Can you still dance like you did in the film?

No. It was a lot of work, the dancing part. For some of the flips and gymnastics stuff they used doubles. I mean, I'm a pretty good dancer in terms of just going out dancing, you know what I mean? But as soon as I get to a wedding or disco or a barmitzvah or whatever the hell it is, I go straight over to the disc jockey, give him 20 bucks and say, "Whatever you do, don't play that record." Because what happens almost every time is that everyone forms a circle around me and they expect me to start doing backflips or something. I'm too old for that shit now.

What made you stop doing the big shit roles and start taking the little great ones?

I became an actor so I could play a different bunch of guys – I don't want to be the hero all the time. I felt like I was going nowhere. I'd done a bunch of mediocre films where I'd been the lead. I'd done some independent films hoping that each one of them would break out in the same way that *Sex, Lies & Videotape* did, or *The Full Monty*. But that didn't happen. I was spinning my wheels and feeling very confused, and very depressed at the state of my career. But then I got the help of a really good agent, who reckoned I had an edge to me that wasn't coming out in the films I was doing. So I just went for the small parts thing. And one led to another, and another, and another – and it's gone well for me.

Do you have an acceptance speech in your head for the day you might get an Oscar?

Oh yeah. I always do. I always practise in front of the mirror. For years and years now. Of course it changes all the time. Who do I thank? The wife and the kids. You've got to, haven't you? I've never been nominated for an Oscar. I don't really think of myself as the award-winning type of guy. I kind of think I'm more like the sixth man on a basketball team, coming off the bench and putting on some points in the third quarter. I'd be thrilled to win one and I have to admit that with the Oscars I sort of get the feeling it's a big club of which I'm not a member.

"At discos everyone forms a circle around me and expects me to start doing backflips"

Which other actor would you like to be for a day?

I don't want to be anyone else for a day. I don't want to be anybody else for five minutes. And the last thing I'd want to be is another actor. I'd probably pick someone with tremendous musical ability and see how that felt. How that flowed.

How serious is this band with your brother?

It's very serious, and it's also a tremendous amount of fun – we have a blast doing it. We have an album out here now and the video is getting on VH1. When I was in my late teens I started writing songs before I even took an acting class. All my heroes were guys with guitars. I wasn't that much of a movie fan.

Which would you choose between a lead role in a Tarantino movie or playing at Central Park with your brother?

Central Park, yeah. I mean, you have to add to that equation that they would both pay the exact same amount of money, because at the end of the day I'm a working man who's working to support his family. Maybe people have a hard time really thinking of what I do as being just that, but that's how I see it. I have responsibility to get my kids through school, put food on the table and pay my mortgage. And I'm not going to do anything to threaten that. But if all that was OK, then it'd be a dream to play Central Park. I mean, I look out of my window every morning at Central Park.

What was the best nickname anyone came up with for you at school?

Oh, well I don't know. I didn't really have that many nicknames. They called me 'Bacos', 'Bacs', er, 'Bacon Bits'. It never occurred to me that I'd want to change my name.

Do you know any actors you're connected to as regards this *Six Degrees Of Kevin Bacon* game?

There are some people from silent films and a few foreign films that take more than four. This is so huge now over here that people don't ask me about it anymore – they're sure I won't want to talk about it. I mean, I'm looking right now at a board game for it which I've just signed. The new game they're doing now is *The Six Degrees Of Monica Lewinsky* anyway. I'm old news. A has-been.

What's been your proudest moment on film?

I'm proud of my performance in *Murder In The First*. It's kind of my lot in life that the movie I'm most proud of nobody saw. I was also proud to have been a part of *Apollo 13*, although not necessarily for my performance which I thought was fine but – well, you know what I mean. I liked *Diner* and *A Few Good Men*, and *JFK*. I think *JFK* had a lot of impact and turned things around for my career. I only worked for four days on the movie, but it was a good enough role and I was well enough suited to it that it was very helpful to me.

What has been your proudest moment in terms of your hairstyle?

I don't know. Fuck, it's my hair, it's on my head. What do you want to know about it for?

Do you have that funny hair that spikes up all the time, as if you've just taken off a jumper quickly?

No, I put tons of glue on it, hair glue. There are more products in my hair than in a pharmacy. It all goes back to Sid Vicious. He led the way for spiky hair.

THE LOAFER

Telling Lies In America *is released on 3 April.*

PHOTOS: SYGMA/ RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

Kevin levitates using only the power of his spiky hairdo

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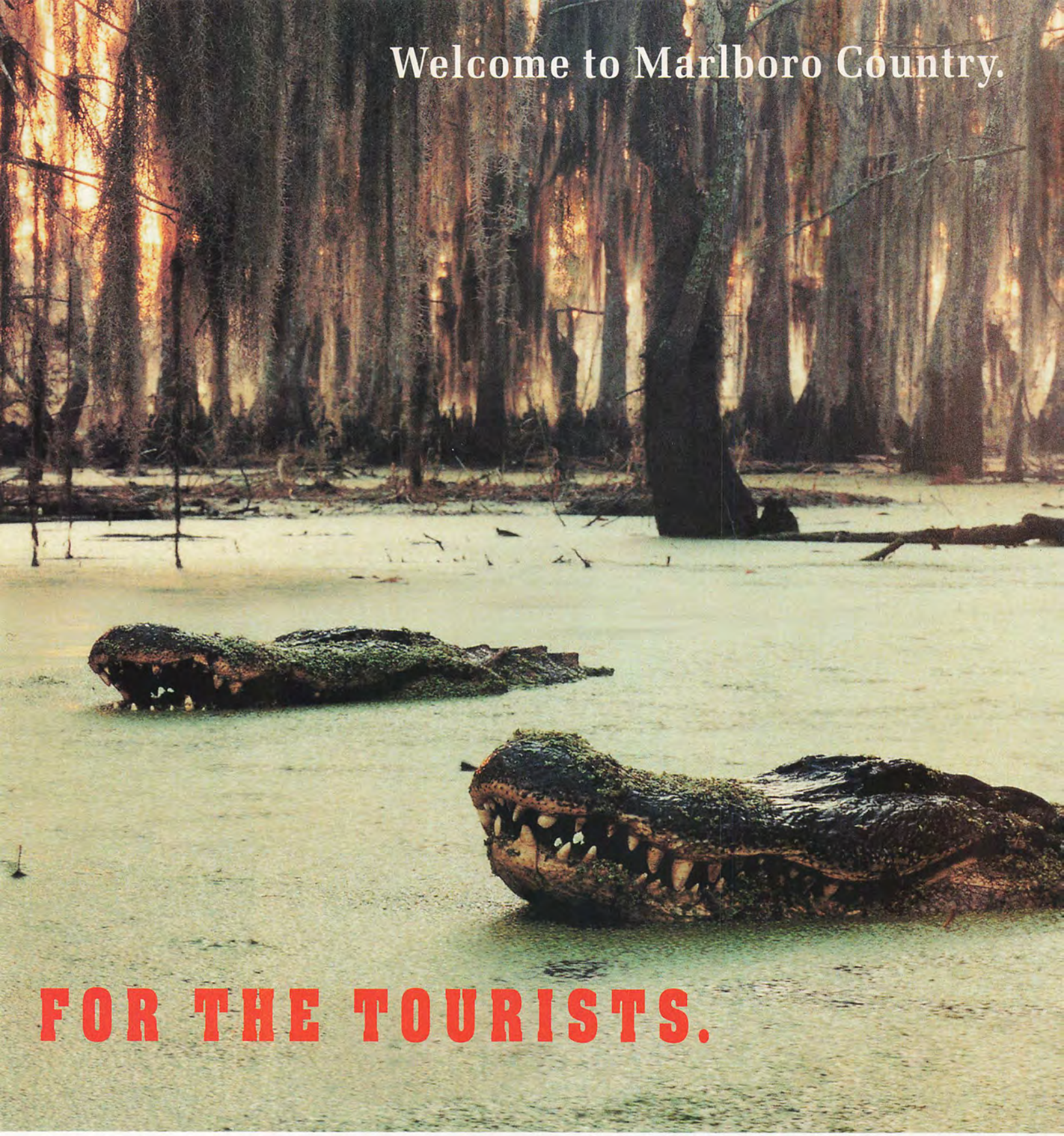

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Donna Air slips out of gear and goes BMX-rated. Oooh Byker Byker... Oooh Byker Byker!

FILTH pedaller

THE WILD-ARSED AND FRANKLY BARMY ROCK JOURNALIST Lester Bangs was once asked to describe the music of Elvis Presley in no more than five words. He took a swig from his tumbler of rum, snorted a line of top-quality charlie, reflected for a brief moment and concluded that Elvis's music was like "an erection of the heart". Right on the money, if you ask me. 'Love Me Tender', 'King Creole' and all that. Toe-tapping tunes. Erections of the heart, each and every one.

But you don't have to be particularly nifty in the brain-box department to work out that there are erections and erections. And it's an altogether different kind of stiff stander that's on show this afternoon as blonde bombshell Donna Air peels off for the **loaded** photo session. A sight guaranteed to make a clergyman kick the head off a small dog, so it is. Odds on to knock a budgie off its perch. Cause a riot in a cemetery. And, what's more, damned sure to put a barrel of lead in any man's pencil. And so it proves. In less time than it takes for a dose of salts to work its way through a weak Chinaman, third legs belonging to the whisky-greased, red-eyed devils in attendance are standing upright all over the shop. Most noticeably, it has to be said, in the case of Honest Tom Stubbs, Assistant Fashion Ed of this parish, who, for the duration of the shoot, appears to be concealing a large billy club under his trews. ✈

story by JON WILDE
photos by STEPHEN PERRY

The Donna Air Hair Helicopter about to take off

Of course, Donna Air is well accustomed to the effect that her classy chassis has on the fellas. When she appeared on *Shooting Stars* last year, the boy Reeves started rubbing his hams with such gusto that he damned near set his trousers on fire. She's been described as "the sexiest woman ever to come out of Newcastle". Not exactly up against a lot of stiff competition there, I grant you. But, even so, her charms are eye-catching by anyone's standards. Particularly her generously ample bosom, which is not exactly keen to squirrel itself away – making the act of interviewing her not unlike hang-gliding in circles over the Grand Canyon. Not that you'll hear any complaints from this quarter. I mean, an hour and a half in the company of this hot little number – it beats working down the mines, that's for sure.

"When I appeared on *Shooting Stars* I knew what to expect," she recalls in an unreconstituted Geordie brogue that's rough enough to rip the tread off a new tyre. "I knew I was going to be the one to get the Vic Reeves thigh-rubbing treatment; that I was going to be the sexy bird. Obviously, it's nice to be regarded in that way. If people want to think of me as a sex symbol, I don't have a problem with that. So long as they don't expect me to live up to it all the time. I mean, there are times when I'll walk down the street first thing in the morning before I've had time to slap the make-up on, with my hair all over the place, and people might think, 'Cor! She looks a right old state.' Well, I'm sorry to shatter any illusions. But I reserve the right to look a bit rough from time to time.

"I have to admit I enjoy the attention from men when it comes. Every girl, if she's honest, likes a bit of that. I'd rather men find me desirable than think I'm some old dog. Besides, there's no longer a stigma about being considered an attractive woman. It used to be the case that, if you were blonde and sexy, people would assume you were as thick as two short planks. These days you're allowed to be sexy and intelligent. And you're allowed to get stuck in to life. Well, I've never had a problem getting stuck in."

She started modelling at the ripe old age of two, and before long found herself in telly ads for Asda, Nissan and fancy soap. "It was just something to pass the time," she says. "I was too busy having fun to think about the future. I was a very happy child. I never had many dark thoughts, though I was always intrigued by the supernatural."

Believes in aliens and all that bollocks, does she? "Well, I'm very open-minded about all that. I think it comes from my dad. He's very knowledgeable about that kind of stuff. He's read all the secret FBI files. He's never actually been abducted though – not as far as I know. To my knowledge he's still in Newcastle.

"As for myself, I'd like some actual evidence that aliens really exist. In a way, I'd quite like to be abducted, so at least I'd know it was going on. It's the same with ghosts – they say there was a ghost living at the place where we used to film *Byker Grove*. There was this security guard. Nothing frightened him. But he came running down the stairs one night, saying he'd seen a ghost at the end of the corridor. Frightened out of his wits, he was. Haven't seen any ghosts myself, though I'd very much like to. A calm ghost, preferably. A calm ghost with good manners. It would be a bizarre experience. And I'm up for new experiences. I've always been hungry in that department."

"Edible mops,

What about boys and what-have-you? Early starter in that department, was she? "Not really. It took me a while to even figure out the facts of life. I remember, when I was about seven, asking my mum and dad about sex. They somehow convinced me that sex was all about whether you're male or female, boy or girl. Then, in the schoolyard, they were saying that sex is all about a man putting his willy inside a woman. I was saying, 'No, you're wrong'. Then I asked a teacher and she told me I was completely wrong. All a bit embarrassing really.

microwaves

"It was a long time before I found out what was really involved in sex. I got into boys fairly late. It wasn't until I was 15 or 16 that I started having proper boyfriends. Considering that there were girls in my class with babies, I felt I was the last one to get into it. Actually, I can't even remember whether I was 15 or 16 when I finally got round to actually, y'know, doing it. So I can't recall if it was actually illegal or not. I suppose it would have been illegal when I had sex with my boyfriend in America – 'cos I wasn't yet 18. In America, they won't allow shagging until you're 18. And you have to be 27 to buy a packet of fags out there. How fucked up is that?"

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BY THE TIME SHE GOT ROUND TO CRACKING HER CHERRY, DONNA WAS already something of a big wheel, having made her name in the role of the precocious Charlie in *Byker Grove*. Which became something of a cult hit. Hardly surprising really, centred as it was on underage girls in tight skirts and featuring racy plotlines about drugs, homosexuality, religious cults, joyriders and 15-year-old single mums. A bit like *Grange Hill* as scripted by Quentin Tarantino and produced by Dennis Hopper.

wasps – it's

"Yeah," says Donna, "it's had its risqué moments has *Byker Grove*. Some juicy plotlines. God knows where it will end. Though I doubt we're going to see full-frontal nudity in *Byker Grove* – not in the forseeable future anyway. But who can say? I suppose it's possible that there'll come a time when someone will say the word 'fuck' on the show. I mean, that's how kids talk these days, innit? Though I don't think we'll live to see the day that people start shagging each other stupid down at the Byker Grove Youth Centre." Hmmm… more's the flaming pity, say we.

going to get

"Well, yeah. But you have to know your limits, don't you? Anyway, the world's gone mad if you ask me."

Beg pardon?

"The world. It's gone completely mad. It's all robots now, innit? Sex with robots, that's the next big thing. Well, you won't catch me having sex with a robot. I'll stick to blokes, if you don't mind."

Partial to blokes, then?

"Well, just one at a time. I'm a bit old-fashioned like that. What sort of blokes do I fancy? I like 'em a bit rugged to tell you the truth. I like a man who looks like he's seen a few winters. But I don't like it if they're too rough. I don't welcome it if they fart ✈

strange"

and belch in front of me. I'm not into men with big fat bums either. Builders' bums… they're horrible. And dirty feet. I'm not into them either."

So if she had to spend a night of passion with either Jeremy Beadle or Saddam Hussein, which would she pick?

"Jesus! What a question! I suppose it would have to be Beadle. Well, we're talking about our country here. He might be a little devil between the sheets, Saddam, but you have to be a little patriotic. Even if I thought it could prevent a war, I don't think I could bring myself to do the business with him. Anyway, I'm sure the governments can sort their differences out, without little ol' me getting involved. Besides, I'm far too busy to think about having it off with Middle Eastern dictators."

She's busy alright. As busy as a bluebottle in a vat of snot. And she has been for as long as she can remember. Since launching her career proper with *Byker Grove*, she has been active on all fronts. There's been loads of modelling, and TV jobs galore – including *Live & Kicking*, *Scratchy & Co*, *Run The Risk*, *The Big Breakfast* and *Gamesmaster*. Then there was her musical interlude, scoring hits like 'Jellyhead' and 'Loved Up' with her band Crush. ("We got some funny-looking people following the band around," she recalls. "Inbreds, mostly.") Currently she can be found co-hosting a daily show for MTV. Then there's her latest foray into the world of drama. She's just completed filming a major role in a new Lynda La Plante series called *Supply & Demand*, to be screened this autumn. After that there's a couple of big Hollywood numbers lined up… Stone the crows! It's a wonder she finds any time for a spot of the old horizontal mambo.

"Sex?" she says. "Oh, there's always time for that. I think sex is fantastic, I really do. Especially at the moment. It's 10 out of 10 right now. Couldn't be better. Sex is so important to me. As important as my career. Though I wouldn't like to say which is more important. I don't see how I could compare them. I mean, if I had the choice of staying in with my boyfriend for a steamy sex session or going out to some film premiere… I'd have to do both. We could have sex on the train going to the premiere. Or we could have sex during the premiere. That's something I've never tried. And I've tried most things."

Bit on the kinky side, is she?

"Not kinky as such. I'm not into sex toys. But I do love sexy underwear. Lingerie and stuff. There's nothing like a bit of racy underwear for revving things up. I do like a bit of dressing up, though I wouldn't expect my bloke to dress up for me. He'd look bloody stupid in a fireman's outfit. I do have my limits. I'm not into whips and chains, S&M and all that. Everyone's getting into body paint at the moment, aren't they? But it's not for me. My attitude is, if you're gonna have a bar of chocolate, then have a bloody bar of chocolate. I can't see the point of smearing it all over your body and getting someone to lick it off. A bit messy for my liking. See, I'm not into extreme things. Drilling holes in my head – it's not really my scene. I prefer to keep on the straight and narrow. Most of the time, at least."

And the future? Looks blooming rosy from where we're standing.

"The future?" she ponders. "I think it's all gonna go a bit weird. I mean, if you think about it, we're going through the biggest drug frenzy there's ever been. And all these people taking loads of drugs right now, they're the designers and inventors of the future. So I'm sure that, in 20 years' time, we're going to see some strange-looking kitchenware and fruit as a result of all this drug madness. Genetically mutated, self-juicing oranges. Gooseberries the size of medicine balls. Edible mops. Battery-operated spice racks that dance when you shout at them. Zen potato peelers that take hours to peel a single potato. Microwaves powered by wasps. Oh yeah, it's going to get strange. Stranger than strange."

You can see Donna in Byker Grove *on Carlton Select, weekdays at 6pm.*

"Sex during a film premiere is something I've never tried before. And I've tried most things"

Any chance of an Aircut?

"Keep still, I just can't seem to ge the nose right" (*Byker Grove*)

Standing in front of her mate was a shrewd career move

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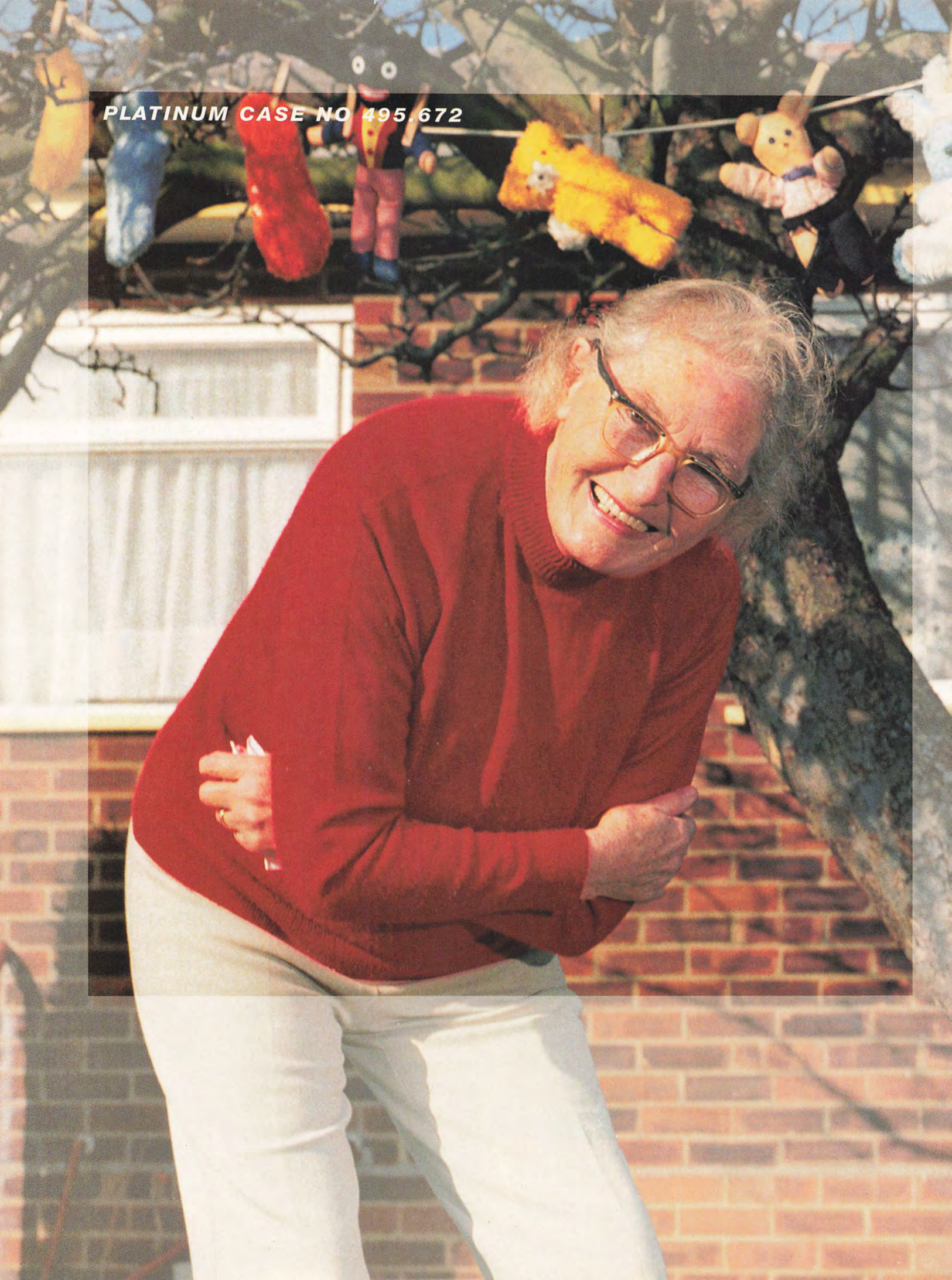
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238

Step on you Reds

Bez invades Europe as Man U battle for the Champions Cup

"There'll be thousands of reds, pissed out of their heads – we're going to Monaco!" I'm in the boozer, a week before the game.

"Bez, are you havin' it?"

I want to say, 'Too fuckin' right I am!' But only days before I'd taken on a massive gamble and lost. My cashflow had bombed from 'alright' to 'a load of shite'. I know I'll have to wrack my brain for some scam to get meself away with my pals.

A couple of days later, two life-changing phone calls I'd been praying for come together. First, a mate calls who's bought an Audi 100 2.6, V6 engine, with his criminal compensation from a battering he'd taken the previous year.

"Bez, I'm drivin' down to Monaco! And you're havin' it!" he says. "The snide passes are coming hot off the press as we speak and I've got all the dough we need!"

Whey hey! Top one! We're laughing! What a stroke of luck!

Next comes a call from **loaded**.

"Do us this piece Bez," they plead, "we need you!" They might do, but it sounds like it involves too much work and not enough play. Luckily, I've got an ace up my sleeve.

"How about this?" I say, "Jibbin' it with the lads, all the way to Monaco, the full story."

That's the bait and they have to bite. I'm havin' it with full expenses for the trip!

Soon things are going swimmingly, we're sortin' out the goodie bag and the all important double-A five-star, 10-day European Package with full medical cover in case we have to go to war. Well, you have to be sensible about these things, especially after the Italian and Portuguese fiascos. If we're gonna cop a load of rubber bullets in the kipper, we want paying for it.

The car is a minter. We fly down the motorway, across the channel and are well on the way to Nice when some bright spark decides I should take a look at the map. I spot the jib: a road which will take hours off our journey, I announce with smug confidence. We are soon pelting up near-vertical inclines, straight into the Alps. I never said I could read a map.

Tuesday morning, 3.30, up a mountain, in a thick veil of fog, freezing our bollocks off. I've packed nothing but a thin cotton shirt, a spare pair of gumps and a toothbrush. Happy skiers wearing expensive thermals breeze past looking bemused.

Luckily, café au lait and croissants all round sorts us out nicely and we're back on the motorway. The toll booths are rippin' us blind because we've forgotten to bring any French money. Well, English is good anywhere, innit? As we pull into the umpteenth booth, I'm appointed official spokesperson for managing to order up the coffees with a bit of French flourish earlier. I give it all the one-worders I know – 'Comment?' 'Ça va?' 'Fromage Frais?') – and hand over a fiver to cover the 25 franc charge. Bird panics and hands me change for a nifty. Nice one. Things certainly are going swimmingly.

Nice is a playground for the seriously wadded-up, a mecca of cafe bars and restaurants. Bad news; our contact is in a bar called Wayne's.

"Like a proper Englishman abroad, I've lost the lot: passport, money, the plot"

That's it; no other clues. Amazingly, we find it on a wrong turn. Job's a good 'un. The omens are good; we are definitely going to thrash the arse off the Monaco team. Time to get pissed; there's only 24 hours until the match. The goodie bag makes a few trips to the khazi to add an extra bit of stamina. It's all in the timing.

As usual, there's a right red contingent on a wing and a prayer. It's a taste for the French come the World Cup. If they think the lads without tickets will stay at home, they're tripping. There'll be murders.The grafters are out in force, but the French are right on it, trying to spoil the party. The whole town closes early apart from a bar called Thaw. We pack in and chill.

Wednesday morning, I wake up like a proper Englishman abroad. I've lost the lot: passport, money, the plot. I'm double ill. Still, at least I've got my toothbrush. We go for a chicken curry breakfast to get the day kick-started and clear out the system. At the ground, it's buzzing. We infiltrate the Ramada hotel and order up booze and scran on some poor bastard's room bill.

Time to put the snidey passes to the acid test. We're steaming by now and pile through the press entrance, six with passes, four without. Result! The passes are collected up and a courier sent out to bring in the rest. Fuckin' doddle or what?

Everywhere I look there are Reds. At half-time we all meet up at the bar. Turns out everyone's in, with or without tickets because the French dibble had been forced to open the gates to avoid a mad crush scenario. Besides, who wants a thousand drunken Reds rampaging and wrecking their pretty town during the game?

Everyone's complaining about United's performance; too defensive, not one attempt on goal. The second half isn't much better. One header from Sheringham and that's all. We're playing a dangerous game. It all ends in a spectacularly dull 0-0 draw. Everyone's pissed off that we didn't go for the win, especially when Monaco were such a load of shite.

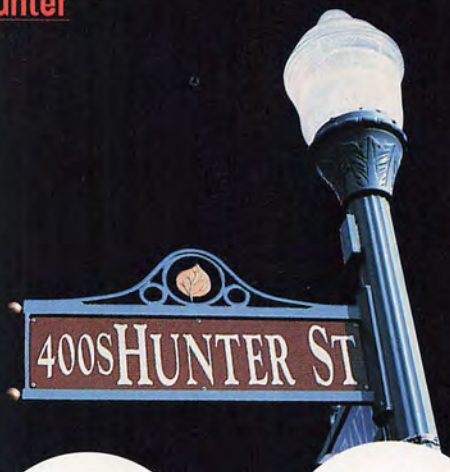
Hammering it back at the Ramada, we meet up with Mani and a few of the lads from the Scream. The bar is rammed with the official United supporters' club. Their security are trying to get us tucked up in bed with the rest of 'em at 2am. For fuck's sake. I'm an independent traveller of a mature standing, and in no way am I being told to go anywhere by anyone. I grab the manager.

"Oi! Carlos! What's going on? Do I look like Cinderella?"

Twenty four-hour service is what the hotel claims, and 24 hours is what we want. Win or lose, we're havin' a booze. At the front desk, someone's wrestling with a camp bed, complaining loudly about the standard of the accommodation in this supposed five-star hotel, the cheeky fuckers. Somebody's obviously taking the piss.

Morning after the game, we set off on a tourist mission, cruising and boozing through St Tropez, Antibes, Cannes and Juan-le-Pin. It's beach football, sun and fun all the way down until we run out of weed. We head back up towards the 'Dam, but fate throws a spanner in the works – the gear box blows. We're doing 120mph with our vision completely obstructed by smoke. We limp to a halt in a one horse town near Lyon, but the the AA five-star insurance saves the day. Another free weekend of hotels! Soon we're drunk as skunks and the main attraction in town. The brawl is inevitable.

Saturday; we're confined to the hotel. It's not safe to go out as we are instantly recognisable; the driver is 6ft7in, the other kid is wearing a bright yellow anorak, and me? I'm just a screaming skull that begs for unwelcome attention. We are evacuated from the hotel and flown home; club class all the way. I never want to see another baguette until the World Cup.



GONZO

BUT NOT FORGOTTENZO

The Doctor will see you now: Hunter S Thompson on handguns, writing and the Johnny Depp-starring film of Fear And Loathing

"WHAT IS THAT FUCKING BITCH DOING IN MY HOUSE?" HE unloads in a low murmur with the sinister but restrained rumble of a Superfortress flypast. It is a controlled explosion. "I want her out now."

We cough.

"It's OK, Hunter," soothes Deborah Fuller, Thompson's full-time live-next-door personal assistant. "She's going."

"She's ruining my goddam mood, driving me crazy," he complains as he shuffles around the kitchen with his trademark half-walk, bred of the fundamental inability of one man to co-habit the same body with a nerve both problematic and sciatic. It would have to be the sciatic nerve, the longest nerve in the human body. No point fucking about. "Just get the bitch out of my house."

On reflection it seems fair to conclude that the decision to offer a lift to an international drug dealer, or at any rate this particular international drug dealer, in the back of a black four-wheel Ford Jimmy after a night of excessive cocaine consumption might have been misjudged. She was, she assured us, welcome at Owl Farm (the Thompson retreat) at any time. She was, he assured us, not welcome at Owl Farm at any time, either now, in the past or in the future. We were, I can report, in no way influenced by the fact that she had been not so much chopping them out as dropping them out by the heaped dessertspoonful like a trainee chef trying to thicken a troublesome sauce. ✈

story by BILL BORROWS photos by NEALE HAYNES

It was filtered powder, fine enough to have been filtered through 10-denier stockings, and went up the nose and down the back of the throat like a blast from an asthma inhaler. A snowstorm from a novelty Christmas paperweight. Bad gag.

"I thought the British were only interested in smack, good British smack," she said. "Have you got any?"

"Oh yeah, course, we're expecting the delivery of two kilos smuggled through customs in the stomachs of young Oriental women."

Just add one and a half bottles of Napa Valley Trefethen Chardonnay (13 per cent alcohol by volume), all the mini-bar Smirnoff, a six-pack of Molson and a hire car with a Loss/Damage Waiver, and leave to settle for half an hour.

"So you want to come with us?"

"Another noseful?"

"Don't mind if we do. We're going in 10 minutes."

ASPEN STILL HAS THE SAME SEMI-CULTURED VIBE OF CONTRIVED GENTILITY and unsponsored vulgarity it had when Thompson ran for sheriff in 1970, but is very much a different town. Then, one of his raft of proposals was to have public stocks built on the lawn in front of the courthouse in which to punish people who made a profit from drug dealing (because, he argued, any drug worth taking should not be sold for a profit). That was 1970. The Hispanics have since moved in and taken over the drug trade by undercutting the bourgeois WASP traffickers who have now accrued the kind of quaint olde worlde essence possessed of high-street butchers in English market towns. The classified columns of the local papers reveal everything you need to know about the current state of affairs.

"Look, they spelt both our names wrong"

THOMPSON TRAPPED THE ANIMAL GLUE, TAR AND PEACOCK SHIT BEFORE

The *Aspen Times* carries advertisements for two Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, two splinter group Al-Anon events (in a Baptist and a Methodist Church), a specialist Adult Children Of Alcoholics concern, plus a Debtors Anonymous and a Cocaine Anonymous (possibly same time, same venue), a Grief And Loss Support Group and an Alzheimer's Association get-together, which is either under- or over-subscribed depending upon how many members have remembered to write down the details. Obviously, there are a couple of Over-Eaters Anonymous meetings which convene at the First Baptist Church before moving on to Little Annie's Eating House, an obligatory Men's Support Group and a Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous (which sounds like the best bet).

Possibly less enjoyable would be the Survivors Of Sexual Assault and Incest groups, not to mention the *Aspen Daily News*-advertised Chronic Pain Support Group which, sensibly, holds its weekly fun-for-alls in the Aspen Valley Hospital Cardiac Rehabilitation Room. This is one fucked-up town and, fortunately for the greatest living gentleman of American letters, Thompson is not much cared for in the Aspen of today. The bellboy at the Jerome, a five-star hotel which doubled as his campaign headquarters in 1970 (election poster still on display in the bar), offers an industry-standard Generation X-rated conversation:

"Oh yeah, pretty much every celebrity you can imagine has been here. I've met most of them. Jim Carrey, you name it."

"Hunter Thompson?"

"Hunter Thompson? Yeah, I've had a few run-ins with him."

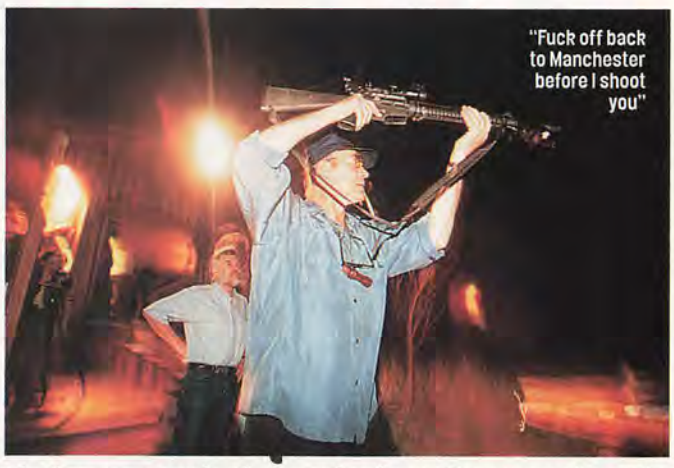
"Confrontations?"

"Well, you know, I've seen him about. He was riding around town last summer in a red Chevrolet with Johnny Depp."

"But you said run-ins?"

"He's always drunk, man, you know. He looks really bad, old, and he slurs all the time when he speaks, like he's always drunk, you know?"

Stephanie, the polite but suspiciously well-groomed woman at the Porsche Design shop, a couple of blocks away from the Jerome, has this to add: "He's a little too eccentric for me, you know, all the shooting at people and stuff. And he's always drunk. But Johnny Depp was in here last summer." Of course he was. He is due to play Thompson in the forthcoming film version of the writer's most famous book, *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas*, directed by ex-Python Terry Gilliam, and spent several weeks in Woody Creek hanging out with the Godfather of Gonzo Journalism and attempting to replicate the trademark shuffle, learning how to hold himself and shooting large handguns. Four months later, carousing with Oasis backstage at the Universal Amphitheatre in Los Angeles, Depp confirms he's delighted with the finished film.


"Fuck off back to Manchester before I shoot you"

"It's one of the best films I've ever made and we had a brilliant laugh during the filming of it," he says, a hat covering the trademark receding Thompson hairline, shaved for the part but now growing back. "I'm really happy with it. I think I really captured him, you know, but just getting to meet with him was a buzz." The actor and the author are both from Kentucky. When Thompson came to Los Angeles to check out the rushes, he and Depp swapped cars; the elder got a Porsche for a fortnight while the youngster took the Whale (the Cadillac Coupe de Ville from *Fear And Loathing*). Careful not to sound too enthusiastic, Thompson demurs, "Yeah, Hollywood was good to a point but I'm a writer. You should do what you're good at and I'm too good not to be a writer. I hope the movie does well but there are many different ways to be successful and I think it will be." The Doctor actually loved every minute of it and intends to accompany Depp to the film premiere later this year.

Thompson enjoys the celebrity and the limelight and, if he needs to –

"That reminds me, I must Hoover the landing"

HUNTER S THOMPSON IS A BIG MAN. IT IS THE SECOND TIME I'VE MET HIM and he seems to have grown. "I know that swine Borrows from **loaded**," he had faxed his publisher after the initial request for an interview. "I enjoyed his last visit out here, so let's do it again. OK on **loaded**, ASAP." Almost two years later, he reflects, "We were really moving weren't we? Not many people see that. It was a genuine Woody Creek moment." That evening culminated in a bar-room brawl at the Woody Creek Tavern, a pupil-dilated, headlight-stare, speed-limit sprint for the state-line under the cover of night, the driver and passenger covered in green dye and chased by both elements of various Colorado law enforcement agencies and an irate car owner in excess of 275 pounds.

The Woody Creek Tavern is now closed for refurbishment. The paint may not be on the wall for much longer. It's dark now and we are on the same road with an international drug dealer who has been following us around since we gate-crashed her house in search of the antidote for jet lag. We trigger the intruder alarm outside the compound which doubles as Thompson's home. The noise, pulsing across the snow-blanket landscape like a fire alarm in a disused warehouse, startles a peacock which, brain the size of a kidney bean, skittles off in a blind panic and knocks itself out on the front bumper of the hire car. A vague recollection of the fate of a fox which killed one of Thompson's cats springs instantly to mind.

He wrote about it in a column for the *Oregonian*: it involved trapping the animal and then spraying it with a mixture of glue, tar and peacock shit before administering mace to its eyes. Pointless upsetting the old boy before we've had a chance to become reacquainted. I side-foot the comatose bird and its striking plumage under the mud-caked four-wheel drive. It is, then, with some alarm that I note the author's peacock menagerie is kept in a greenhouse bolted onto the window in the side of the sitting-room and bathed in red light. A full inventory would take about as long as it would take a numerically-proficient rodeo-rider to ascertain that he has the correct number of testicles after a bad fall. There are no curtains. There is, however, a huge silver revolver (.454 Casul Magnum) in a shoulder holster on the table.

THEN SPRAYED IT WITH A MIXTURE OF ADMINISTERING MACE TO ITS EYES

sometimes even if he doesn't need to – will contrive it. That is the essence of Gonzo, the most obvious focus is the backdrop to the real story. He makes his own headlines. Try these (from the last five years) for size: "DA snags Thompson in sex case"; "Hunter Thompson nailed for alleged drunk driving"; and "Hunter plays with fire extinguisher, gets busted". When we arrive in Aspen, the *Daily News* runs this headline: "Hunter overcome by fumes reeks of kerosene". Only the absence of a semi-colon and the fact that the feature is on page 8 indicate that the interview might still be happening (in the event, the victim turns out to be 21-year-old hunter Christopher Corbin of Braymer, Missouri, who had been overcome by the carbon monoxide emanating from a portable kerosene heater).

Thompson is still alive. But not well. Under the black aegis of a heavy cold he goes to bed for four days while we are snowed into the Jerome after the worst blizzard to hit Colorado since records began – 20in of snow in one night, 50mph winds, temperatures of 20° below, the full bollocks. Within 12 hours Governor Roy Romer has declared a 'State of Emergency' and mobilised the National Guard. We had only just managed to get on the last flight out of Denver International Airport, subsequently closed, by blackmailing the flight attendant into believing that photographer Haynes requires counselling and cannot miss his appointment. In America that amounts to mental cruelty and a multi-million dollar lawsuit.

"I'm going to make my entrance again," he announces after the international drug dealer has been discharged into the night. He always makes an entrance, particularly when the press are in-house. He returns in a striped T-shirt and a blazer, toasted pink lipstick (when maybe coral brown would be more suitable for his skin tone) and an uncomplicated shade of nail varnish, throws something at his personal assistant (who ducks) and offers out his hand to shake. I ask him if we're going yachting. He smiles and apologises for his previous outburst.

"Just fucks with my mind," he says. He is one of the few men alive who can begin a sentence with a downbeat cadence and finish on an upbeat. "How are you? I liked your last piece, it was good. Shows real promise." Hunter Thompson, the Southern gentleman.

"This is an extremely powerful weapon," he says five minutes later, sitting down, facing the peacocks and cradling and squeezing the barrel of the enormous gun like an early morning erection. "Do you want to ask me what it is? Or do you just not give a fuck?"

"I just don't give a fuck. Every journalist asks you about your guns." He normally shoots at them (intending to miss) just to help the story along.

"It's the most powerful handgun ever created or conceived," he continues, undaunted. "They have hand cannons you can shoot but this is a five-shot revolver. There are only three in the country and I got two of them; one for me, one for Johnny Depp. He was up here and just decided to get one…" ✈

"In Britain, a love of guns is considered to be a right wing thing," I offer.

"Well, maybe… you know… maybe I'm a Nazi. But they say… [*the pauses indicate the duration of the thought process*] They say… that if a man is a Nazi and smokes marijuana… it will come out like heat rises from a tube… you got that? It will emerge as heat rises from a tube." He laughs.

He passes the armament to me. I point it directly at Haynes. Satisfactorily, he flinches.

"You should never do that you know," cautions Thompson.

"You don't have to work with him," I tell the old man with the nail varnish, genuinely (and disturbingly) moved by both the sensation of ultimate power and good-quality cocaine euphoria.

"Put it down," cautions Haynes.

"But I can see you through the sight," I smile. If you have ever dared yourself to see how long you can keep your eyes closed whilst driving down the fast lane of one of our major motorways, you will recognize the feeling of pointing 'the most powerful handgun ever created or conceived' at a man to whom you owe £2,000. It's nice, but I still don't give a fuck about guns. Must be a 'faggot' or something.

"Do you consider yourself to be a journalist or a writer?" I ask Thompson.

"Something of both, I'd say," he responds instantly, before imagining an unintended slight. "Are you asking me or telling me?"

"I'm asking you."

"[*Pause*] What was Mark Twain? Try that [*chuckles to himself*]… I don't make that distinction. I don't think about it. We don't have to argue about it, we can participate in a debate about it."

"What about the Faulkner quote?" (William Faulkner's idea was that 'the best fiction is far more true than any kind of journalism – and the best journalists have always known this'. It flashes across a horizontal LED display in Thompson's kitchen. Really.)

"That's what I'm saying."

Talk turns to President Clinton's penis. "I need to get a drink," he says, and goes into the kitchen.

"Dear Santa, thanks very much for the nice hat and fingerless gloves. I'm wearing them as I write…"

BLIZZARD OF '97

South Colo. at standstill

SURVIVAL GUIDE

Hot spots around a cold state

Snow depths

Blizzard shuts down highways

There seems to be a lingering smell of antagonism in the air, a stench of stale violence detectable on at least infra-red and possibly ultra-violet, brought about by the ill-advised decision to bring an international drug dealer with us to the Thompson homestead. "I want to communicate," he mumbles from the next room. Thank fuck he doesn't know about the peacock, possibly suffering from major trauma to the occipital lobe, possibly dead, hidden under the jeep in his courtyard.

"HERE, READ THIS," HE SHRUGS, AND PASSES ME SIX OR SEVEN SHEETS OF unevenly typed paper and a glass-blown marijuana pipe. "Aloud."

"What is it?"

"A marijuana pipe."

"Not that, the article…"

"Just read it." This is a classic Thompson demand of visiting journalists. On this occasion, however, it is a historic opportunity. It's the first piece Thompson has written for *Time* magazine since he was sacked in 1958 as a 21-year-old copyboy for attacking the office Coke machine with a baseball bat, and then finally kicking it to death with his "heavy shit-kicker boots" (he would subsequently attack a candy machine at the *Middletown Daily Record* and a soda machine at *Rolling Stone*). This is, actually, a huge privilege, so I try to read it with a nonchalance more deserving of a credit card statement.

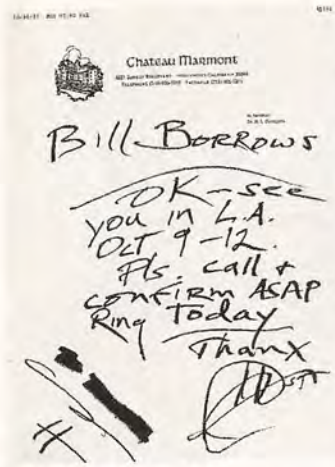
"The first chance they had to publish me [*after the Coke machine incident*] was chapter two of *Fear And Loathing*. They said I was too old. I guess this is payback. You got a good story last time and you've got another one tonight," he mumbles once more, perhaps to himself. And then, after watching me ineffectually suck his marijuana pipe for at least two minutes, "Put your finger over the hole, Bubba." He is sat in what looks like a kitchen but is actually the Owl Farm nerve centre. Where he works.

AROUND HIM ARE TWO TELEPHONES (BOTH ON SPEAKER TO PROVIDE FOR A three-way conversation should that become necessary), an electronic typewriter, a huge FST television which has never been turned off since the day he bought it eight years ago, a fax, the LED convenience-store message display, a couple of chairs and a selection of egg whisks, a lampshade decorated with several pairs of spectacles and a backstage laminate from a Lyle Lovett gig, a pamphlet he wrote for Timothy Leary's memorial service, some English-made electric shock batons (just next to the whisks) including, possibly, a PowerMax which can deliver 120,000 volts, various cosmetics, and a cartoon Hunter Thompson drawn by Ralph Steadman for inclusion in the *Time* piece.

"Still getting the old bastard work," sighs Thompson as he composes a brutal and unpleasant fax to his old sparring partner. There is also a stereo and, distressingly, a selection of Country & Western tapes, some outlandish hats, a black and white photograph of Jack and Bobby Kennedy and an orb which contains a neon blue electrical charge. There is also a tumbler of amber liquid, a malt-derived alcoholic drink. Had Bruce Wayne been the most important writer of his generation, this is what the Bat Cave would have looked like.

Behind him there are kitchen cupboards but not enough space for the fridge, which is kept in an annexe and full of alcohol ("Don't ask, just help yourself"). The room between the kitchen and the annexe looks like any normal room but for the stuffed animals littering the floor and a life-size cardboard cut-out of Bill Clinton. The kitchen cupboards are hidden by

"THIS IS AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL SQUEEZING THE BARREL OF THE ENORMOUS



faxes in various stages of deterioration (including one which prompted our last verbal disagreement when reprinted in his book *Better Than Sex* and included the mis-spelling of 'Southampton'), letters and all manner of human detritus. There's a copy of *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine in the toilet and the *SPIN Magazine* 'Girl issue' is open at a picture of Xena, Warrior Princess.

And then there are the props. These include the .454 Casul Magnum, two copies of the *Fear And Loathing* screenplay signed by the entire cast and a folder containing the *Rum Diary*, his as yet unpublished "Great Puerto Rican novel" which he began in 1960. These are like the markers on an orienteering course and visiting journalists are expected to visit every one of them. The hat, lipstick and nail varnish are also props but, shade of the lipstick aside, he has been getting away with it for so long it seems churlish to stop him now. The gun remains on the table in the sitting-room, with the screenplay. The *Rum Diary* is in the kitchen. I start reading it.

"Why's he not talking to me?" asks a bad-tempered Thompson as he crafts his piece for *Time* and continues to drink. As indeed we all do. He only leaves the whisky behind once, to down a large shot of tequila.

"He's reading the *Rum Diary*," sighs his PA without looking up from the uncorrected proof of the *Time* piece.

"That's alright then," he grumbles into the work surface.

HE DRAFTS AND REDRAFTS THE TIME PIECE, ADDING PEN CORRECTIONS TO the typed copy and then passing it to Fuller who checks it (she reads it out, then he says, "It should be…" and she says, "You ought to put that in then,") before dictating it over the speaker phone to Professor Douglas Brinkley, who edited his latest book, *The Proud Highway*. He changes little, and when the piece, titled 'Doomed Love at the Taco Stand', finally emerges in the magazine it is virtually indistinguishable from the original. Putting it down to his time spent working in an office, Thompson writes with the television on, only turning up the sound if something of interest catches his eye, and to a soundtrack of, on this occasion, Loretta Cash. He likes background noise. As he says later, "It must be quite clear to everyone involved that I can do two things at once." Try five.

I watch him work for a couple of hours. He asks for an opinion here, an elusive tip-of-the-tongue word there, but otherwise I sit in rapt attention as one of the most adept wordsmiths of the 20th Century sets about his task. Not in awe, just watching. As he waits for Brinkley to call back, most of the piece written, the conversation drifts to subjects like the filming of *Fear And Loathing* and his recent, that is to say latest, run-in with the local police. He has a cameo role in the former and a starring role in the latter (he is still on probation). He puts on a homemade video, shot on set, of three takes involving himself: Depp walks through a crowded nightclub, walking and looking incredibly like a young Hunter Thompson it has to be said, hair shaved back into a receding hairline, and stops at a table where the real deal is sat with a young woman. Depp effects a humorous double-take.

Back in the kitchen, Thompson's mood seems relaxed but he confesses of the earlier confrontation with the international drug dealer, "That was a bad break man, I was happy before, I even dressed up for you." He seems unsettled but conversation is easy. He loses his temper with Fuller at one point whilst casually retouching a draft of the piece. She reprimands him smartly and he returns to his work with a guilty, almost inaudible murmur having to suffice as the last word. Talk eventually turns to his new book which, as it depicts accurately on the flap, "is the private and most intimate correspondence of America's most influential journalist".

The Proud Highway covers the years 1955 to 1967 and includes, on the day Kennedy was assassinated, probably the first use of the phrase "fear and loathing". In another letter, written on the same day, Thompson talks about the apprehension of Oswald: "I hope they have the wrong man, but I'm afraid not." The next letter is dated 25 November 1963, three days after the assassination and one after the murder of Oswald by Jack Ruby. It was my intention to ask Thompson whether that subsequent murder had altered ✈

WEAPON," HE SAYS, GUN LIKE AN EARLY MORNING ERECTION

HUNTER'S WORLD

Hell's Angels (1967): The book that made Thompson's name, an account of months spent with a San Francisco chapter of the Angels which ends with the author getting stomped by the temperamental motor psychos.

Fear & Loathing In Las Vegas (1971): Classic fictionalised account of an insane trip to Vegas. Defined Gonzo journalism, established Thompson as a genius and invented **loaded** a quarter century before the fact.

Fear & Loathing On The Campaign Trail (1972): Thompson's first major foray into political writing. Heavy going but brilliant, fascinating if you're interested in American politics.

Freak Power: Anti-major party platform from which Thompson launched two grassroots campaigns to take political power in his home, Aspen, Colorado. His manifesto included turfing over the streets, disarming the police and thwarting greedy developers by changing the name of the town to Fat City.

The Great Shark Hunt (1979): Essential anthology of Thompson's writing from the '60s and early '70s. Includes travel articles on South America and gobsmacking features on Muhammad Ali and and the Kentucky Derby.

Louisville, Kentucky: Thompson's birthplace where he was jailed in '55 in retribution for his dissolute youth.

The Proud Highway (1997): Collection of Thompson's letters which he correctly recommends as being better than any biography.

Ralph Steadman: Savage cartoonist famous both in his own right and as Thompson's collaborator on *Fear And Loathing*. Accompanied Thompson on assignments like the Forman-Ali 'Rumble In The Jungle' , which was never written up by Thompson, but has passed into legend through anecdote and interview.

Rolling Stone: Now mainstream but once the definitive handbook of '60s American counterculture. Thompson was listed on the masthead as National Affairs Editor and did much of his best work for the magazine.

Uncle Duke: Character from the long-running American comic strip *Doonesbury* who began life in the '70s as an unmistakable parody of Thompson. Said Thompson of *Doonesbury* creator Gary Trudeau, "When I catch that little bastard I'm going to rip his lungs out."

San Juan, Puerto Rico: where he worked as a bowling writer and set his still-unpublished autobiographical novel, *The Rum Diary*.

Where The Buffalo Roam: Rotten and misguided movie adaptation of scenes from Thompson's life, featuring an embarrassed Bill Murray.

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Virgin MEGASTORES beyond entertainment

his opinion on the culpability of Oswald. I never got the chance:

loaded: "When did Ruby kill Oswald?"

HST: [*Pause*] "November 24, I think. Why?"

loaded: "Well I was expecting a follow-up letter…"

Mistaking the preamble to the next question for criticism, the mood comes over him like the blizzard which had descended on Denver earlier in the week, closed all the main highways and killed six people. His voice rises and stays at the same pitch of intensity until the end of the sentence, occasionally finding room for even more aggression if necessary. It is a mixture of rage and anguish.

HST: [*Pause*] "You need a follow-up to that, how fucking greedy are you?"

loaded: "Pretty greedy."

HST: "Well, fuck you then. Maybe there wasn't one, so there's a hole in the book. That was a pretty good letter I thought. You want a follow-up? You shithead."

loaded: "I am just trying to say…"

HST: "I don't like your fucking stupid question… I'm not sure what it's about but I wrote the goddam thing, I think it's pretty good. If you can't grasp it, go back to Manchester."

loaded: "I can fucking grasp it, of course I can fucking grasp it [*decide to try again*]. I was just expecting a follow-up to say…"

HST: "You were expecting a lot of things weren't you?"

loaded: "What's wrong with that?"

HST: "I dunno… it's a two-bit question. They were expecting four inches of snow in Denver last week and they got four feet… [*sighs*] I don't even know what it is, you're asking me to follow-up a letter that I wrote in the book?"

We seem to have touched a nerve. The words "follow-up" would seem to be the problem.

loaded: "Let me rephrase it…"

HST: "It's over. That's ended."

loaded: "Let's talk about the book."

HST: "Let's talk about the book? Like why didn't I write something else into it? I've written some things you know, you can read them."

loaded: "I'm assuming it's edited. I'm assuming that you've not put every letter in there."

He mumbles something.

loaded: "You what?"

HST: "I don't grasp what you're trying to get at."

loaded: "That's because you won't let me finish."

HST: "Well say it quickly then will you?"

loaded: "Did you write a letter about Ruby and Oswald? Ever?"

HST: "No."

loaded: "Alright. That's all I wanted to know. It's easily done."

HST: "Fuck you."

And then the storm seems to have blown itself out. His voice is soothing, placatory even. The time between the "fuck you" and the answer to my next question is less than two seconds.

loaded: "How's the book going?"

HST: "Oh, alright last time I saw it or heard about it. Yeah, it's going fine."

- The paper on the American edition feels like sandpaper and
- appears to have been trimmed by someone employed on a piece-rate in a
- secure facility.

loaded: "The paper looks kind of weird. Was that deliberate?"

HST: "Yeah. [*Soothing, and then…*] You don't like the paper?"

loaded: "It's just weird-looking."

HST: "Jam it up your ass, really. You don't like the damn paper, you don't like what I wrote."

loaded: "I am not being critical."

HST: "It sounds like you're being critical to me, nit-picking and stupid…"

loaded: "I am not being critical."

HST: "Why don't you write your opinion of it, you're a wise boy. You just write what you think about the fucking paper. Be my guest. There are 200,000 of them in print."

loaded: "I am not being critical."

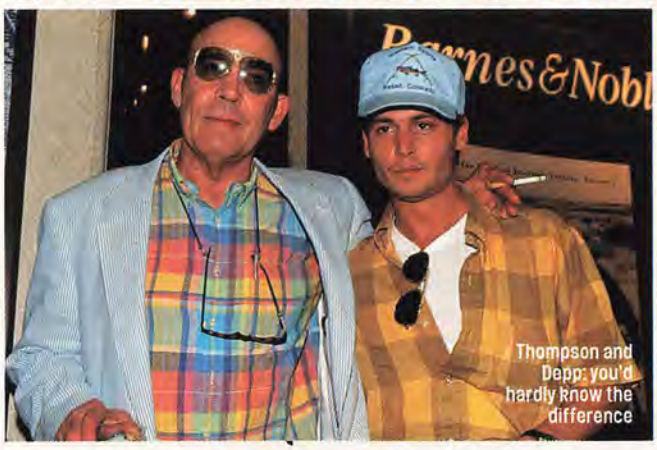
HST: "I don't give a fuck what you're being, you're bothering me."

loaded: "I am not going to fly all the way here just to be critical. I love the book…"

HST: [*Pause*] "Yeah, well… [*soothing again*] good."

And on goes Loretta Cash at full volume as he puts the final touches to the *Time* piece. His editor, Professor Brinkley, listening on the conference phone, urges compromise. In the next hour, Thompson's mood vacillates between the paternal and the unstable. At one point urging me to move to America and forge a career under his patronage and at another demanding that I leave his property forthwith. The .454 Casul Magnum still on the table in the adjourning room. An interesting night.

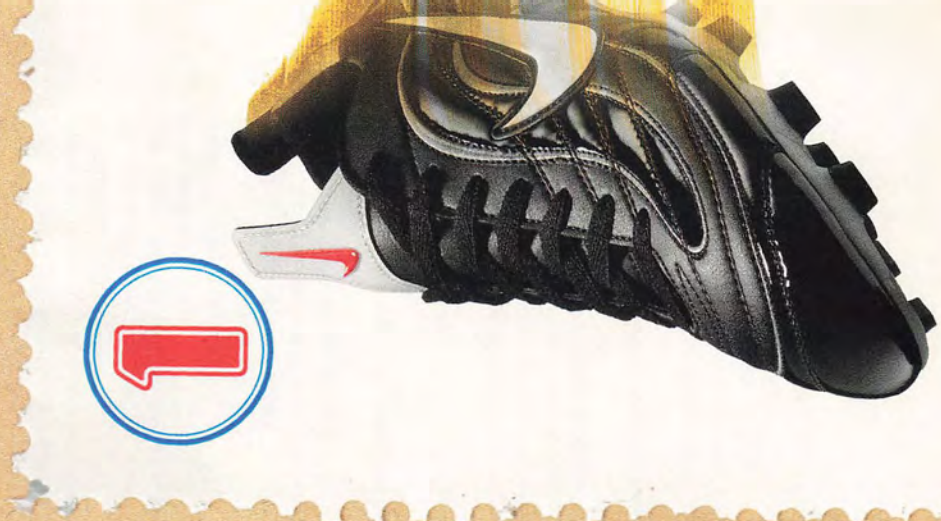
"MAYBE I AM A NAZI. BUT THEY SAY IF A MAN IS A NAZI AND SMOKES MARIJUANA, IT WILL EMERGE LIKE HEAT RISES FROM A TUBE"


Thompson and Depp: you'd hardly know the difference

THOMPSON IS A SLIPPERY OLD bastard and gives nothing away. The closest you can get is to visit Aspen (which is his outside world), Owl Farm (his sanctuary) and, if you are privileged, watch him work. If you are exceptionally privileged, an evening in his company could result in being wanted by the authorities or having your head kicked in ("It should come naturally if you're doing it right"). It depends on his mood, but whether it is accommodating, difficult or both, you have to ask your questions on the run, find the gap and exploit it. As we go to leave he mutters, "You've got your piece."

Photographer Haynes arranges to meet him the next day for some pictures but as Thompson has been in bed for nearly a week with a bad cold, up all night writing and in a mood somewhere between dangerous and homicidal for the last 10 minutes, it seems unwise to expect too much. We had arrived at 10.30 the previous night, it is 6.30 in the morning and light when we climb into the Ford Jimmy. The intruder alarm fails to sound. Haynes is driving, as usual, and I want to settle down to 20 minutes' sleep before we arrive back at the Jerome. But, of course, I can't. The snow crushes beneath the weight of the car as we leave Owl Farm and the nearside front tyre goes over something quite soft. Like a peacock almost. Haynes looks at me and flinches for the second time that evening. I just nod. ◼

98



MERCURIAL

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GAME-S

NIKE DRI-F.I.T. SHIRT INSURED AGAINST THE FOLLOWING:

- ☑ EXCESSIVE SWEATING.
- ☑ CLINGING AND/OR BINDING.
- ☑ ANY FORM OF IRRITATION.
- ☑ OTHER DISRESPECT

★★★★ CONFEDERAÇÃO BRASILEIRA DE FUTEBOL ★

★★★★ CONFEDERAÇÃO BRASILEIRA DE FUTEBOL ★

LIGHTWEIGHT

The All New Canter

Six hundred years on, Chaucer's getting a bit dusty. Time for the loaded update

"We're on a mission from God..."

"You what?"

"A Pilgrimage from London to Canterbury..."

"What?"

"...to heal Michael Barrymore of his troubled mind."

"Pack it in. I'm not used to this. I walk up and down here naked and no one ever actually speaks to me. They want sugar and spoons. I don't understand you, mate."

Jesus Christ! Ten minutes into our journey and already the **loaded** pilgrimage is unscrewing the cushions of commuter-belt society. We're on the 11.30am from London Bridge to Orpington trying to order a coffee from a confused young naturist manoeuvring a BR refreshments trolley.

"Have you heard of *The Canterbury Tales*?" I ask.

"Eh?"

"Back in 1300s, Geoffrey Chaucer wrote a load of stuff about his pilgrimage to Canterbury. We're going to do the same, walking from Knockholt to Canterbury. Any chance of a free coffee, brother?"

"Just-don't-understand-you. Get-another-train."

"For the love of Barrymore... we're pilgrims!" ✈

story by ROWAN CHERNIN
photos by GEOFF WAUGH

bury Tales

"Get down... he's going for his gun"

Hadn't they invented arrows, then?

Smoke – without fire

"Just tack the cross on my back"

Those mobile phone networks have gone crazy

RAMBLING IS A RISING SPORT – TIGHT BOOTS AND NO PANTS

Life is difficult enough these days, what with both Council Tax and Ecstasy eating your coffers. In Chaucer's day it was even worse. Water was poisonous and the Black Death killed a third of Europe. Thus ye olde survival resulted in reckless ways. Back then, God's watchful spires dominated the skyline of our ancestral hovels. He knew where you'd been. So a pilgrimage to a holy shrine was the easiest route to salvation. And, like Lord Baden-Powell's pernickety cub scouts, professional pilgrims had their own sack-cloth baggies and special bronze badges. They were the goodfellas, men with a CV from the Lord.

Today's crazed disco-stress can flush you headfirst down reality's U-bend before you've had time to wipe. Some fooled club-men turn to Goa Trance or worse, take to relaxing perversely to The Lighthouse Family. Both are wrong. Then on the telly you see crazy, macaroni legged celebrities like Michael Barrymore practically showing his old arse, and mock drawings of the giant pebble of Armageddon heading to earth. It's time for a bit of olde school assistance from above. A pilgrimage is needed.

Yet despite upsetting Monkhouse, Barrymore was too busy to join us. But finding club casualties for a new kind of trip called walking was easy. We're off to Canterbury to a shrine the Nazis believed to contain special powers. The same place Chaucer visited 500 years earlier with his firm of artisans and beatniks. His route, an old Roman road, is now the A2 juggernaut run between Southeast London and Canterbury. So we choose pastures green, the nouveau Pilgrims Way across the rustic North Downs. Popular with school teachers, Christians, librarians and pensioners; a collection of folk deliberately persecuted with no-trespass signs. The ramblers.

Like Chaucy, we set off from Southwark. A builders' power breakfast on Borough High Street fills us with the right kind of elbow grease. My trusty atheist pilgrims are 'Rambo' Geoff a commando-style photographer, and our spiritual Bart Simpson – a theological expert and nightclub doorman called Mitch. We are together on the righteous rail. A fast train to Orpington, Kent.

loaded

ATTN: THE POPE, THE VATICAN
FROM: RONAN CHERNEN, LOADED
RE: PILGRIMAGE
Tuesday 24 February 1998

Dear Your Holiness

On behalf of Britain's top magazine, loaded, I will shortly be recreating the famous pilgrimage from Southwark to Canterbury, as described in the classic of English literature, Geoffrey Chaucer's The Canterbury Tales. As I'm sure you remember, one of the characters in the book is The Pardoner, who released Medieval England selling pardons to the sinners of the country. To add authenticity to our story, I would like to revive this practice and with your permission, sell pardons on behalf of the Church to any sinners I may come across. Obviously any funds from this endeavour will be passed on to the Church.

I hope that this plan meets with your blessing, and that I'll hear from you soon.

Keep yourself nice

Ronan Chernin

ipcmagazines

DAY ONE: 12.10PM, ORPINGTON. HALSTEAD Cock, Upper Pratts Bottom. The towns listed on this Kent bus stop have an unholy clarity. Checking the pilgrim's map, from Knockholt the route drags five miles to the nearest pub. We stride into the nearest boozer for supplies. Magically, the jukebox, still noisy with the sounds of the '60s, is playing 'Unchained Melody' by the Righteous Brothers. "Wow," says Mitch, looking religiously content. Through the net curtains, a spear of sunshine illuminates an old couple's pub lunch. The bull-pensioner looks up. A deep wrinkling forehead telepathically informs us and anything which has ever lived, on any planet from here to Mars, to fuck off.

This is a new beginning. Around the next corner burn three huge piles of conifer bushes. Mitch studies them. He raises his head to the sky and points: "Look. A fucking cross." The

GEOFF'S TALE

As a nipper I had a penchant for heights. One day this led me to climb a pylon – and thus receive 30,000 volts through my poor body, the upshot of which was frazzle-style burns and two toes amputated.

Without 'roast beef' and 'had none' piggies, every step to Canterbury was a painful, blistering reminder of my stupidity. Call it penance. I lost it in the mud a few times, and finding a foothold at night in the hills was a nightmare, but the road stretches were worse. By the time the cathedral loomed into view I was dragging myself along limply like a drunken hobo. **GW**

This little piggy went AWOL

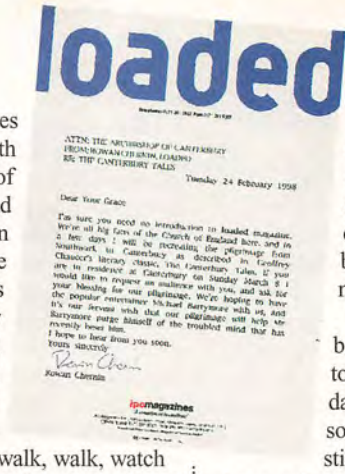
vapour trail of two planes has left the smoky icing of a hot-cross bun. It's Wednesday and we're not due to arrive in Canterbury, 'Come wind, come weather' (in the words of the literary peasant, John Bunyan), until Sunday. Geoff's feet hurt.

Four hours later we reach Otford's village limits, via the wet, grassy buttock hills of Kent. The passing Escort drivers lower their darkened windows to stare. Geoff is a big bloke, Mitch is a little bloke. The three of us together have the comical gradient as Goldilocks' three bears.

"We're the enemy to these people," shouts Mitch hurriedly. "City slickers… we're everything they hate. It's *Easy Rider* all over again. Except these rednecks, the blokes in bad jewellery wearing the snide Ralph Lauren shirts are not gonna kills us. They're gonna throw Coke cans from their Escorts."

Thankfully the Otford wives tea-shop welcomes us with open menus. Ah, the ecstasy of a quality cheese sandwich and a pot of strong tea. Within minutes of relaxing, a couple of local OAP speed ramblers begin humiliating us. They march a strict 20 miles uphill in boots a size too small and laugh at our exhaustion. The thing is, grandmas, you've got sod all else to do except walk, walk, watch badgers blow carrots and walk. In some parts of England, naked rambling is a rising sport. Tight boots and no pants.

We leave both recharged and insulted. Then spend 30 protracted minutes crawling up a frustrated cliff. A muddy hill so steep that our last hope of survival upon its summit of true muck is our emergency cab number. To deliver us from this now pitch-black muddy evil. But where the nun's arse are we?



ATTN: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
FROM: ROWAN CHERRY, LOADED
RE: THE CANTERBURY TALES

Tuesday 24 February 1998

Dear Your Grace

I'm sure you need no introduction to loaded magazine. We're all big fans of the Church of England here, and in a few days I will be recreating the pilgrimage from Chaucer's literary classic, The Canterbury Tales, if you are in residence at Canterbury on Sunday March 8 I would like to request an audience with you, and ask for your blessing for our pilgrimage. We're hoping to have the popular entertainer Sir Basil Barrymore with us, and Barrymore purge himself of the troubled mind that has recently beset him.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely

Rowan Cherrie

ipcmagazines

There's a few things to consider before becoming pilgrims. Firstly, to walk in winter is stupid. It gets dark early, green grass means wet socks, trees are all but giant gnarly sticks, and it's cold. Thankfully, our phone call was answered. To our valiant rescue arrives none other than the local Tim Nice But Dim. God knows how he found us. We need a hotel, so he drives along a few roads he knows. Then around a few he doesn't. Until… he's lost.

HENDRIX SHOULD'VE PACKED IN THE '60S AND GONE FOR A LONG WALK

"It's a sort of early Bingo hall"

The meter, clicking-up pinball numbers turns a 15-mile journey to Rochester into £40. A BR return to Canterbury costs £13.90. A desperate rambling fool and his money are easily parted.

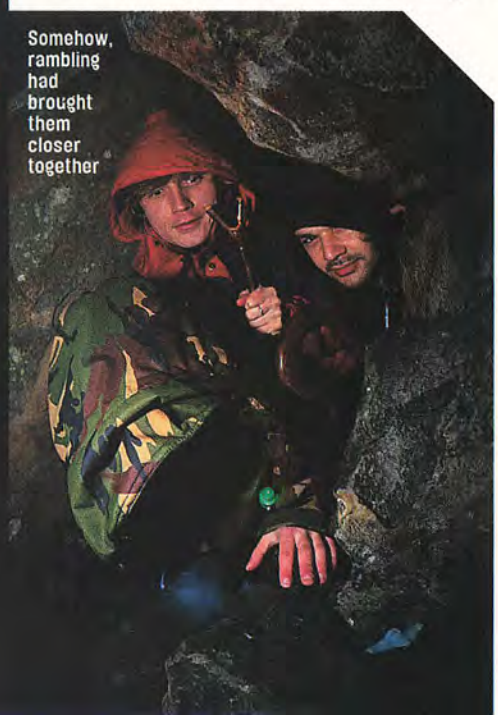
The next morning, 'walkers alarm', the painful, swelling feet, get us up too early. After watching Mitch spreading honey on his toast like he's Winnie The Pooh, it becomes apparent that the best thing you can do in Rochester is walk through it and leave. Nice castle and old ladies in the Cathedral who practically fall to their knees and pray at the sight of three unwise men seeking absolution for a tortured gameshow genius.

Jim, **loaded**'s layout man, arrives and helps us get hopelessly lost in the Borstal suburb of Rochester. Another taxi, £5. Then, after walking practically in silence for two hours up steep wooded hills, like fools, we are all smiling.

"I think it's working," says Jim cryptically. "We're coming up on this rambling lark."

"Dehydration and lack of sugar," says Geoff sensibly. "That's all it is. I think we're delirious. Cup of tea. That's what the SAS man told me."

A sudden storm drops a few drenching ✈



Somehow, rambling had brought them closer together

gallons before we can reach a nearby bus shelter. Turns out it was once, 2800 years BC, the gateway to a great burial chamber. Mitch, like an intrigued Jack Russell, begins ripping out hippy-style birthday cards from under small rocks:

'I await and much welcome the moment when we will meet and recognise hot lust… to section our journey to fulfilment, abundance joy, creativity, support, love, joy, peace and harmony…'

"Don't you just wanna fucking kill these people?" Mitch screams. "I wanna sacrifice them on these stones, chop them up into Chum and set fire to them after I've nailed them to the ground."

Jim picks up another card and reads:

"You are the fire in my belly, the joy in my soul, show abundantly in '98, let me walk my path and find my soul. Lots of love, Tracy."

"Cast them into HELL," bellows Geoff reaching for his penknife.

"I don't like any of this," cries Jim. It's dark, blowing a rainy gale and we're 10 miles from Hucking Hill, our next B&B. Like Jason And The Argonauts, in desperation we call upon God. Via the satellites in the heavens, another taxi speeds us to Hucking safety. English damp has reached our bones. The curse of the speed rambler. Knees seize, walking sticks get slippery, algae grows on spectacles like a curse. Drizzle is airborne damp. For the love of Barrymore… we've caught it. The damp disillusionment of Ramblers' Disease. We're all doomed.

This shy Hucking village is practically a house. A beautiful house with pictures of horses hoofing at front doors. Under the bed we found the summer '96 edition of *This England* magazine. It could have been 1966 judging by its phosphorescent colours. The editor's page opens with, 'After the Second World War…' They want to keep the countryside exactly as the oldest person they know remembers it. But someone better tell the master crony – before the village fete turns into a fox-skin gumboots rally – the war is over.

The next morning my best ever mystical Holy Grail dream is ruined by the offer of two peeled plum tomatoes and fried egg. Chaucer appeared in my head, wearing a brown sackcloth poncho, sporting a goatee beard and Baldrick haircut. A medieval Shaun Ryder. Pointing his finger, he was about to have a word when the Hucking landlady rings a fire bell and shouts, "Breakfast!"

On departure, a serenade of slamming bolts let us know the door is locked. Geoff however, and his weapon of mass guffuction, has dropped a bad vibration in the hallway. The wrestling stench of Armageddon. I hope the landlady's alright.

We're a bit slow today, and stand at a gate making sheep noises. This is going to trouble me later on in life. Two hundred sheep have flocked to speak with Mitch. Now we're all at it, "Baaaaaaaa."

"Lamb of Christ," screams Mitch.

Sadly for the little fella, the following 10-mile speed hobble kills him. Biblical blisters eat his feet. Mitch's time reaches an end in the midst of a radish field. He turns left, and heads for Lenham station. His last pub lunch in a generic Wimpey

You can take blending in with nature too far

"CAST THEM INTO HELL," BELLOWS GEOFF, REACHING FOR HIS PENKNIFE

Michael Barrymore

And lo, the Lord sent a thunderbolt to scupper their cheating plans

THE CANTERBURY TALES

Written in bawdy, poetic Martian by the godfather of the modern English language, jailbird Geoffrey Chaucer, it's based on the tales of his 29 strong firm of pilgrims. It took them between five to eight days (historians differ) to reach Canterbury from Southwark, during which time they got to know each other and talked a lot. Saucy stuff like thrusting a red hot poker up a man's arse, farting, adultery, piss-ups, raves, ho's, sluggardry, strutting and smirching with a bit of pert magpie cock for good measure.

The IKEA shrine

"Yeah, just flay the door open with twigs"

The Loafer steals the pilgrims' crown

loaded HQ, yesterday

A PERVERSE-LOOKING SCHOOL TEACHER SMILES INVITINGLY

style village, listening to the Carpenters singing 'Top Of The World' neutralises his faith.

Jim keeps the faith: "There's a purpose to doing this ramble," he says reassuringly. "Before, I just rambled for miles with no purpose."

Has Barrymore indeed given him fresh spunk?

Laser bolts of sunshine illuminate the green downy hills. It looks like the green grass of Tubbyland. We have walked our unfit bodies into such a state, the doors of speed rambling are opening before us.

"Look, there's a rabbit," says Jim.

"Daffodils," says Geoff, reaching for his penknife.

Anne Wood, the creator of *Teletubbies*, must have been a compulsive speed rambler. Those enormous colourful fleeced-up deformities wobbling around in an incandescent land. Where did they come from? In fact after 1968, Hendrix should have packed in the '60s and gone for a long walk. This is great. Unfit rambling is a force to be reckoned with. According to a walking expert called Frank at *The Idler* magazine, "rambling allows one to explore, through hours of drudgery in the countryside, the environment of one's own mind." Sounds good.

Once you exhaust your senses out of everyday reason, the one-off reasonable thoughts which occasionally surface while flying in a disco are plentiful.

"It's like entering your very own Area 51," reasons Geoff.

After a night on the Master Brew in Charing village, the exhaustion of this Zen-like cleansing, the piles (not mine), blisters, ploughman's lunches, the dreaded damp… we skip a few miles. Trains are amazing. I might even take up watching them go by at Crewe.

You can see the hill path from the comfort of this carriage. You can see its shit caked all over us. Three days of trudge. The Wicca method of quick gang-bang with a naked maypole team must be a better way to save yourself.

We limp off the train in Chilham while some 'sisters of joy' (girls) wave and laugh. No one under the age of 60 ever gets off at Chilham.

The flock of white hair in the local tea shop, the medicinal walking sticks resting on the back of chairs… what have we done to ourselves? Dawdling back onto the path by a graveyard, we proceed at pensioner pace. Geoff's sexual history tales from the age of 14 upwards keep our minds off our relatively trivial pain. We've had the heaven, now this is the hell. We're falling apart. Rambling is evil. The "environment of your own mind". Your arse, my feet.

We become delirious again with pub lunch, wind and blisters. In the local pond, the gaping mouths of Jurassic koi carp look appealing in an unprintable sort of way. "They don't seem coy to me," laughs Jim. We reach a quiet country pub and our prayers of filth are answered. Baywatch on telly. God rules.

Meanwhile at the bar, the local conversation offers a backdrop to the thrills: "I went to have a wee-wee and I realised my boxer shorts were on the wrong way," reveals one oldie. At last, *The Canterbury Tales*.

"I tried clipping my toenails and it was really hard. Imagine if you were a fat bloke," says his mate, glancing at the local fat bloke.

"Why are you looking at me?" says the fat bloke. "I nearly had an accident today," he beams. "I put my Y-fronts on the wrong way round too."

"No! It's hard enough trying to get it out of someone else's," says old Toenail.

"If you're having trouble getting it out of your own… you've got no hope."

Hours later, mutilated by sunset, Canterbury Cathedral appears at the end of a dual carriageway. No garlands of flowers, no trumpets, no dancing maidens. We find a B&B and Geoff takes off his trainers, unhooks his penknife and lays down to die. Before he goes, he rolls down a waterproof sock and reveals his childhood problem. Two of his toes are missing. A voice in the next door room breaks into song: 'Rambling's just for fools, but that's the way I like it baby, I don't wanna live forever.' I don't believe this.

The shrine is our last hope. Outside the Cathedral is a poster for the kids, 'Go ballistic and make your own working Roman siege catapult'. A nearby gang of jolly Germans break into song: "Yester-day all my trerbules seemed so far, away…" A perverse-looking school teacher-type in a blue anorak smiles invitingly.

Some 900 years ago Henry II was in a mood with the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, and muttered: "Who will rid me of this tit?" One of the knights overheard this, went to Canterbury and decapitated the bishop. And the spot where he was savagely whacked off is where the pilgrimage ends.

The shrine should be renamed the Radiators of the Lost Ark. A square with graves underfoot and three giant radiators, with two bent black swords – the kind you'd purchase off the back of a convoy in Glastonbury – nailed above a stone coffee table. This won't help anyone.

We leave a Post-It Note on the prayer table for the ultimate boss: "Mr Barrymore. Keep yourself nice." That ought to do it. End of a pilgrimage. With a potential week off work. And in Chaucer's day they walked home afterwards too. I don't believe in God… send in the giant pebble of Armageddon. ■

BLAG BOX

Thanks to the Ordnance Survey *National Trail Guide: North Downs Way*, the official bible for this blisterful hike. A sadistic ramblers' fetish guide, with full frontal maps and glamour stills of swollen corn, mucky hills, open bridges and flowers in exotic locations. Thanks also to Regatta Clothing for the stylish waterproof jackets, trousers and backpacks. God bless you all.

When you've put blood,
sweat and tears in

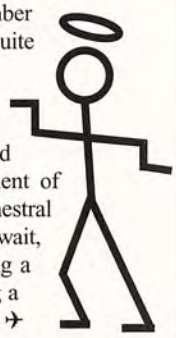
We do our best to take
them out.

Persil
Performance

BOND VERSUS THE SAINT

The legendary John Barry and Orbital's Paul Hartnoll compare notes

"I WONDER WHERE HE IS?" MUSES PAUL HARTNOLL, one half of legendary electronic duo Orbital, as he stirs his tea somewhat self-consciously. If the maid knows, she isn't saying. And so we wait, eyeing the contents of composer John Barry's spacious Chelsea living room with polite fascination. There is a piano, inevitably, tapestries, photographs and countless relics of a career that has spawned over 100 albums and reaped five Oscars to date. For Paul, John Barry has been a life-long hero and an inspiration. Their soundtrack-style imagery is what sets Orbital – whose arrangement for *The Saint* theme went to number three last May – apart from the rest of the dance scene. Quite simply, Barry has made some of the greatest music to accompany some of the finest films of all time, from the James Bond series and *Midnight Cowboy* to *The Lion In Winter*, *Zulu* and beyond. In time-honoured fashion, **loaded** endeavoured to get the young exponent of electronic music together with the godfather of the orchestral soundtrack. The only problem is, he isn't here yet. So we wait, anxiously, drink tea and don't even think about lighting a cigarette. When he appears, John Barry, 64, resembling a more scholarly Peter Sellars, bounds into the room, ✈



story by MICHAEL HOLDEN photos by ANTONY MEDLEY

descends into an armchair and apologises for being late. Then he cleans his glasses and, with a fair bit of his Leeds accent still audible after 30 odd years in the jet set, says, in the nicest way possible, "Right, let's get on with it."

Paul Hartnoll: I do all my music electronically. I was talking to Michael Kamen, who also does soundtracks, and I was quite surprised when he said, "Oh yeah, I sit down with a computer and a bank of electronics when I'm sketching out my scores and then translate them to the orchestra afterwards." Do you do things like that?

John Barry: [*wincing slightly*] No. No, no. I did one synthesized score. When I did *Jagged Edge* I got a guy in New York to program everything. I know a lot of young composers do all that synth stuff. I have a feeling that it tends to take over, gets kinda lost in the whole technique of the thing. They don't spend enough time on content. They use it like a big electronic toy.

PH: I find it strange because that's my one and only instrument. The electronic studio. I started playing the guitar but never got very good. Initially it was like a big electronic toy – you get all obsessed with the sound. The older I get, the more there has to a be a musical content for me. Bits of my studio seem to be dropping away. I don't really read music either.

JB: Do you find that a problem?

PH: Not really. I would if I started trying to work with people who do. I almost feel like it's time for me to learn. I mean you can get a computer to print out the music but you'd have to get someone else to conduct it.

JB: That's the fun part of it, conducting your own.

loaded: Can I use your toilet?

JB: Sure, it's right there.

PH: Conducting is something I would like to do. But I do find myself tied to this one instrument of electronics.

"THEY ASKED THE POPE WHAT MUSIC HE LIKES LISTENING TO 'DANCES

JB: Don't you get the sound in your head and try to figure it out, the whole perception?

PH: I think I'm beginning to. I had never actually seen an orchestra until this year – I peeped in on one at the BBC. I opened a door and there was a big orchestra there. I was quite shocked. It actually brought me to tears because I realised then I'd never seen one.

JB : [*visibly shocked*] I find that amazing.

PH: It's not the sort of thing that I was introduced to as a child. We were more of a cinema family.

JB: [*emphatically*] When you get a chance you should see one. All you've gotta do is buy a ticket. That's the whole education right there. I'm amazed you write music and you've never seen an orchestra.

PH: Well it amazes *me*. When I was younger I spent most of my time going to see pop concerts.

JB: I think it's something in the individual, to decide to expose yourself. There are concerts in London every day of the week. It's not just some passive thing that you fall over. It's something you choose to do. My son, who's three, has been to every recording session I've done since he was born. They really absorb all that. He's quite at home on the piano. The Russians are great at that, educating children in music.

PH: There was very little musical education in my school.

JB: You have to educate yourself. I did a correspondence course when I was on National Service, so it's not an elitist thing. It's just the desire to do it. You can work on instinct alone, but that natural ability only goes so far.

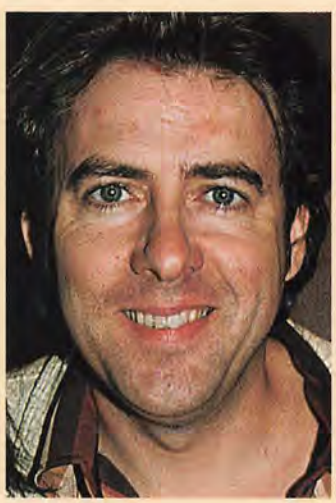
PH: That's what I feel like a little bit now. Everything I know is self-taught.

JB: One's appetite for learning should be fed when you're young. Stravinsky used to write every day of his life, even if he wasn't writing a specific work. So you better start now! Better get a move on, real quick!

loaded: When you were in **loaded** three years ago you didn't seem particularly aware of just how many bands were mentioning your name as an influence. Are you more conscious of it now?

JB: Yeah, I'm very flattered. If these people feel the way I used to feel about things that inspired me, the West Coast jazz movement for instance, then it's terrific. Working in the cinema was a huge plus. All these lads go to the cinema and so they're exposed to my music. I think when people talk about influences it's usually the Bond stuff they're referring to.

PH: That's normally the door that opens things. For me it was Bond and *The Persuaders*, and then I've gone out collecting your other records.



ROSS ON BARRY

loaded asks Mr TV & Radio to choose his favourite tracks

That's like asking Snow White for her favourite midget or Oliver Reed which spirit he prefers . Why, they're all special in different ways, the little darlings. But if pushed against a wall with a blindfold on and a lit cigarette and given no other way out, then I suppose I could settle on a couple which stand out slightly more than the rest.

The Persuaders Theme has just the most incredibly catchy intro of any theme ever

HE LIKED, AND IT TURNS OUT WITH WOLVES'" - JOHN BARRY

JB: Do you listen to *Dances With Wolves* and *Out Of Africa*?

PH: I haven't got those two, I've got *Somewhere In Time*. *The Knack* was always a favourite of mine. I've sort of started at the beginning and worked my way forwards – seemed the natural way to do things.

loaded: Have you ever had moments of doubt about what you were doing, or has it been a seamless affair with music?

JB: Do you mean have I ever thought I should be doing something else? No way. At no point.

loaded: Do you ever wish you were in any of the films you scored?

JB: [*surprised*] What, transport my personality into a movie? No! I do transport my mind into the character. It's one of the things that movie music can do – the camera is outside but music is one part of the process that can actually climb into the character. But you don't pretend you're the character, you figure it out from the literature, from the script.

loaded: Do you find yourself scoring things that you're watching for pleasure, on TV for example?

JB: [*slightly sadly*] I get very critical. It's very difficult for me to sit down and enjoy a movie without being aware of every element of it.

loaded: You must have been impressed by some things, though.

JB: I saw *2001* with Quincy Jones. He was very critical of Kubrick, but I loved it, 'The Blue Danube' and that spaceship… A score was written for it but Kubrick took it out. What remained was extraordinary.

loaded: Are you aware if your own music has ever been played in space, particularly the songs you wrote for the space scenes in Bond?

JB: No. It was strange in America when Princess Diana died; the week after, ABC and NBC did one-hour specials and they used 'Journey To Fort Sedgewick' from *Dances With Wolves*. Unlikely things happen like that. My stuff gets played at Dallas Cowboys games. About four months ago I was in New York and there was a documentary about the Pope. They asked what music he likes and I'm waiting for him to say Beethoven, and it turns out the Pope likes *Dances With Wolves*. That was a shock.

PH: Yeah, it's funny when you discover your music in unlikely places.

JB: Mmm. Are you working on an album now?

PH: Just starting to.

JB: How long do you think It'll take?

PH: I never put a time on it. It can vary, 'cos people want you to tour and you have to argue that you don't want the writing process interrupted. We were supposed to have started ages ago, so we're just getting into it.

loaded: What's been your toughest score?

JB: The latest Bond movie. Since the earlier ones, I think they became lesser, so it gets tougher as it goes on.

loaded: There have always been fantastic rumours about you owning a huge island in the Scaramanga style…

JB: Whoah, no. Absolutely not.

PH: It's funny the things you hear, though.

JB: This guy in LA said, "I understand you compose music in a purple bathtub?" I mean, what the hell is that about? You get all kinds of rumours. I do live on an island, but it's not all mine, there are other houses on it…

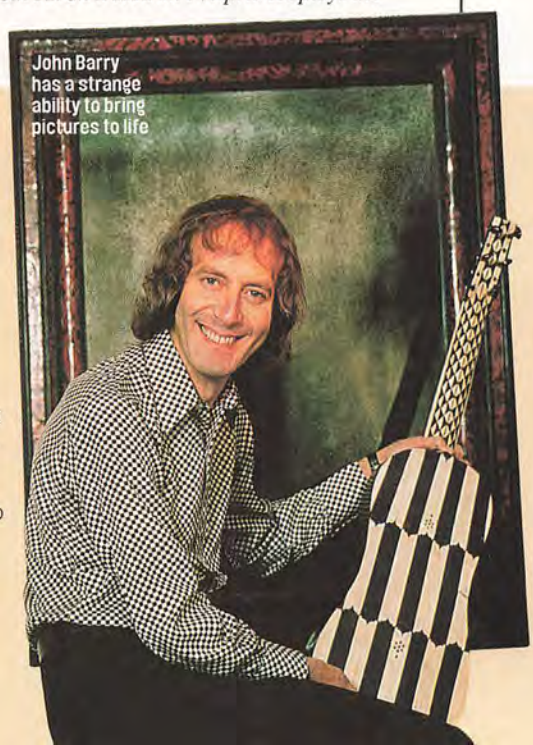
And with that Mr Barry must leave, possibly to fly back to his island. Paul Hartnoll and **loaded** walk to the nearest music shop to buy some recorders and a Tune A Day book. ■

Orbital's next album will be out later in the year. John Barry's album of new compositions, The Beyondness Of Things, *and his new soundtrack,* Swept From The Sea, *are both out on Decca on 14 April. He plays the Albert Hall in London on 18 April.*

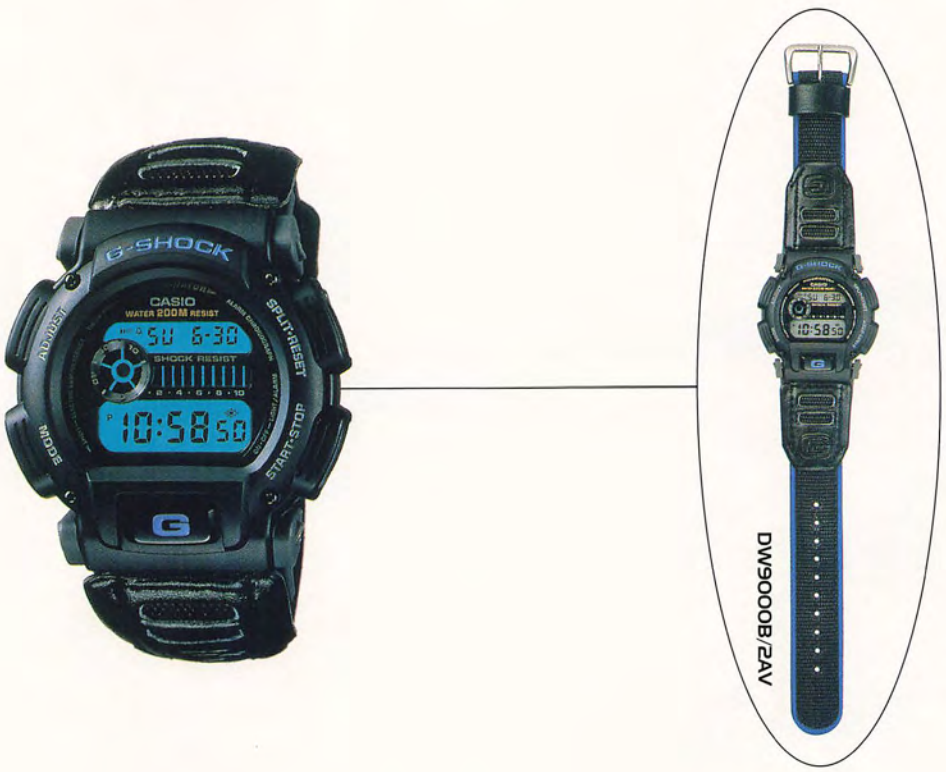
The Knack: From the dodgily-titled film of the same name. As irritatingly kooky as the movie now seems – all black and white tricksy joke photography as a young Michael Crawford and Rita Tushingham cavort through not-so-swinging London. Barry's take on it is written or played by any bunch of unattractive session men anywhere at any time. Sir Brett Sinclair and the other fellow have a lot to live up to after the opening credits have run to this little number.

Midnight Cowboy: Alright, so it's a dated and slightly queasy love story starring a would-be hustler and his thieving dwarf pal – but 'Midnight Cowboy' is one of those tracks that provide the perfect backdrop for whatever movie you want to show inside your head with your eyes shut, if you know what I mean.

The James Bond Theme: OK, so the know-it-all arseholes among you will gleefully point out that the JB theme is not, in the purest sense of the word, a John Barry composition, credited as it always is, to M for Monty Norman. But without Barry's big orchestral arrangement, trademark twangy guitar sound and lush string backdrop, then it would just be another '60s spy theme. As it is, well, possibly the best known and most immediate and exciting slab of cinema music in the history of this here modern world. JB, we salute you.


John Barry has a strange ability to bring pictures to life

THE DIGITAL STAR



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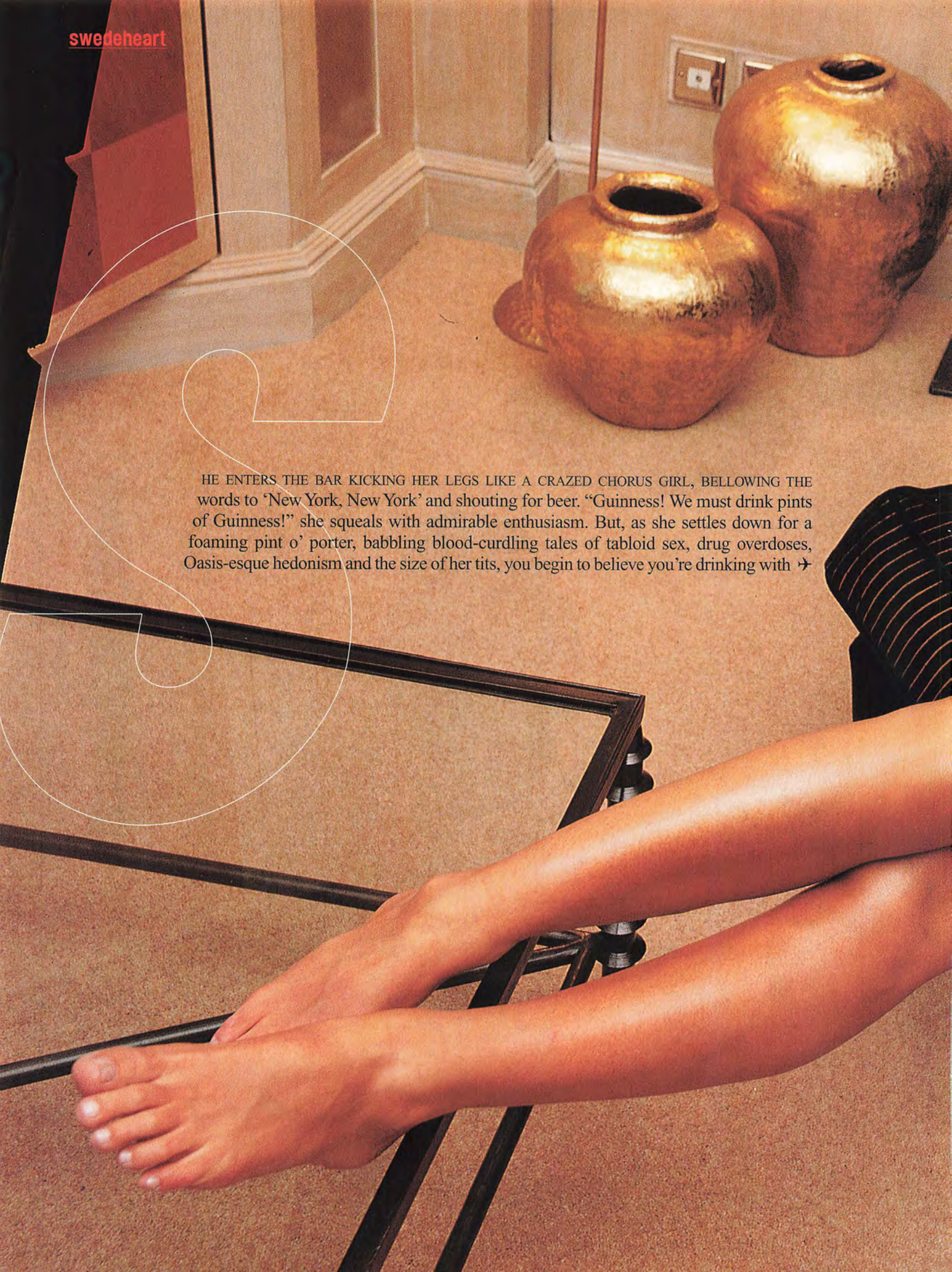


HE ENTERS THE BAR KICKING HER LEGS LIKE A CRAZED CHORUS GIRL, BELLOWING THE words to 'New York, New York' and shouting for beer. "Guinness! We must drink pints of Guinness!" she squeals with admirable enthusiasm. But, as she settles down for a foaming pint o' porter, babbling blood-curdling tales of tabloid sex, drug overdoses, Oasis-esque hedonism and the size of her tits, you begin to believe you're drinking with ✈

story by JOHN PERRY
photos by JOHN STODDART

FJORD FIESTA

Ulrika Jonsson. Mashed Swede, anyone?

(Aren't fjords in Norway? – Ed)

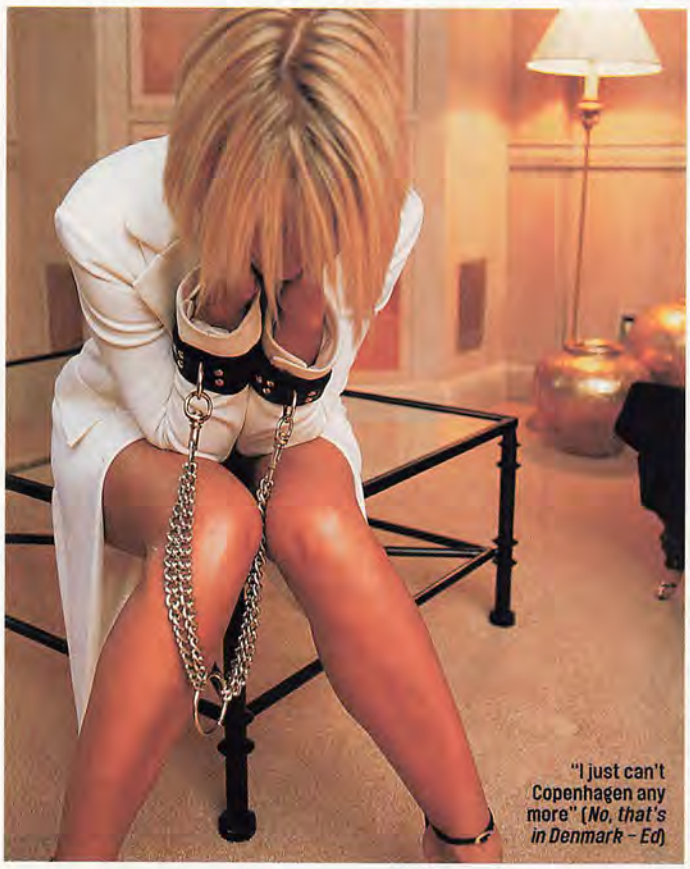
the wrong person. Can this really be the straight-laced air-head who read us the weather on *TV-AM*? Is this the girl-next-door with the lovely teeth who was all set to *Challenge Anneka* for the most wholesome woman on TV award? And strangest of all, can this really be the woman presenting this year's squeaky-clean BBCinstitution, the *Eurovision Song Contest*? Oh yes, it's Ulrika. And she's fucking mental.

"I'm shitting myself about Eurovision, actually," she beams between sips of the black. "All that 'Bonsoir Paris', 'Nil Points' stuff? I'm bloody terrified!"

Even if she's not mental, Ulrika Jonsson is definitely an eccentric. Her body language – legs folded under her, hands slipped casually down the front of her combat pants – is wonderfully natural and unaffected, yet she speaks with an achingly proper 'jolly hockeysticks' accent. She'll climb into bed with George Dawes dressed as Maggie Thatcher for *Shooting Stars*, but she blushes at the suggestion of any Eurovision match-rigging in favour of her native Sweden.

"Oh *no*!" She squeals with genuine horror. "I obviously have to remain neutral this year. But then, you always know who's going to win, don't you? When they wheel on the crippled child in a wheelchair, or the pretty nun with the guitar."

Bloody hell. Despite her endless self-deprecating remarks – she will claim in the course of conversation to possess, from the top, 'saggy tits', 'a droopy arse', 'wobbly thighs' and 'bandy legs' – Ulrika appears to be refreshingly genuine in what she says. She wants to say it, so she does.



"I just can't Copenhagen any more" (*No, that's in Denmark – Ed*)

"Well, it *is* true Swedes are very uninhibited," she agrees. "Like, to me, bra and knickers is just like a bikini, whereas in this country, it's 'WOO-ooh! Call the police!' And whenever I said I was Swedish when I was younger, people would raise an eyebrow and go "Ah-haaa! Swedish, eh?" And I was always like, 'Well what do you expect me to do? Take all my clothes off? Masturbate in front of you? What?"

Ey-up; she's off again. Just when she's saying something sensible, Ulrika will suddenly swerve off the track and crash into the grandstand. And perhaps that's why she's sparring with Vic & Bob on *Shooting Stars*, not holding up the joker on *Play Your Cards Right*.

"Absolutely! There's always been something in my character that stopped me from taking the easy route; something quite… *naughty* deep down. Just because you saw me every morning on *TV-AM* in a pink jacket with bouffant hair, smiling sweetly and talking about cloud cover, you had no idea what I was really like. But take *Shooting Stars*. At first I was just sat there to be this dumb blonde Vic and Bob could bully. Now it's 'Well fuck you then!' and I give as good as I get."

Erm, so why does it look like you're completely out of your depth?

"Well, I was at the start, but I love taking on those challenges. Like when they raised me 100ft above the floor on a throne. Me! Miss Scared Of Heights! I was terrified, soaking with sweat, but it was a wonderful fuck-off entrance. And by the second night, it was a piece of piss."

Walking out onto the *Gladiators* set in front of 7,000 loonies with huge foam-rubber hands, must be like coming onstage with Oasis at Knebworth, then.

"The first time it was like shit! Panic! Panic!" she chuckles. "But yeah, it's definitely rock'n'roll. You get such a buzz from it you can't sleep afterwards, you need something stiff to calm you down."

Which brings us to a certain Gladiator. Hunter, the 6ft3in, 19st man-mountain who played his own private bout with Ulrika. There she was, settled in her *Hello!* lifestyle, married with children, then suddenly she's shagging Giant Haystacks. Swerving off the track again.

"Yes, and obviously, if I *wanted* that wholesome girl-next-door Anthea Turner-type career, that's not something I would have done. But I never think that way, there's a hedonistic side to me that says, 'I want that now! I must have it! GIVE IT TO ME!' I'm the sort of person who suppresses a lot, so it all comes out in big spurts. I'm like a geyser!"

The trouble is, those sudden spurts of madness bring you face to face with the tabloids, and you start to see yourself naked over the bacon and eggs of a morning. Ulrika was famously snapped topless while filming *Gladiators* on location in Mauritius.

"God, that must have been *fucking* quick!" she giggles, clearly unconcerned. "I'd been lying on my stomach, stood up to put my bikini top on and – BOOM! – there they were!"

Characteristically down-to-earth, Ulrika expects media intrusion into her private life.

"It's my job and this is what comes with it," she says. "I can't turn round and tell them to fuck off. And anyway, when I'm 70 I'll probably wish they were still taking photos of my tits. It's no big deal. I mean, I'll still go skinny dipping…"

Ulrika's relationship with Hunter hit the rocks when she was exposed in the gutter press as having swum naked 'with three other men'.

"Three other men *and* a woman," she corrects. "The woman always gets forgotten because that implies that there must have been ✈

"WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO? TAKE ALL MY CLOTHES OFF? MASTURBATE IN FRONT OF YOU?"

"I always said it'd be a cold day in Helsinki when I'd do loaded" (*That's in Finland, boys – Ed*)

"If you don't unchain me I'm gonna Reykjavik the joint" (*Iceland – Ed*)

"I SUPPRESS A LOT SO IT ALL COMES IN BIG SPURTS – I'M LIKE A GEYSER"

"This really is Oslo as it gets" (*Listen twats, get a fucking atlas – Ed*)

something *sexual* going on. It was pitch black and I wasn't even drunk, sadly! But it's not exhibitionist; in Sweden people go around topless all the time. It's quite unattractive actually, unless you're very young and gorgeous… like me."

Ah yes, when Ulrika was shooting a series of ads for Berlei bras she proudly told reporters, "I do have a lovely pair of breasts".

"Well, I do have a lovely pair!" she pouts, pushing them forward for inspection. "They're a good size: 32D. You don't want any more than that. Then again, I wouldn't offend anybody by getting out my arse or my legs!"

Just to recap: saggy tits, droopy arse, wobbly thighs and bandy legs. You're mental, I say.

"I'm NOT!" she squeals, jumping up to demonstrate the gap between her thighs. "Look! You could drive a truck through there!" she insists.

"I was brought up by my father, you see, so I was a real tomboy and I never really thought about my body until I came into the public eye. Then people start dressing you up in skirts and high-heels. I'm like 'How do I *walk* in this dress?' I mean, I don't walk around the house in high heels…"

Damn! That's another fantasy ruined.

"Well, I do, *sometimes*," she says with a sly wink. "And look…" (she runs a hand slowly up her thigh) "…I've got no knickers on!"

Ulrika creases up with filthy giggles.

"I need a bra, mind," she says, recovering. "I couldn't not. If you came around on a Sunday, you'd see 'em scraping the floor! And that's not modesty, I'm just honest," she insists. "I love women, I love looking at beautiful voluptuous naked women. I have *loads* of nudes at home. I love women's bodies of all shapes, and I think the most wonderful shape is the womanly shape. It's not a stick, it's an hourglass with love-handles to grab hold of. You see most guys…" she begins, then puts a hand over her mouth to stop herself. "I was going to say…" she stutters.

Say it! Say it!

"Oh sod it then! I was going to say that most guys love my arse. They *love* a big arse. Girls always go, "Oh my arse is soooo big!" but I think that's how God intended us to look; that's what a woman looks like."

Going to bed with a supermodel, I suggest, would be like going to bed with a bicycle.

"Oh completely!" she spurts. "It *must* be! And probably as much passion, I'd have thought. There *should* be nips and tucks and folds, there should be parts of your lover's bodies that you still haven't found because they're hidden under creases! If you don't want that, then go to bed with a pancake. I prefer a nice waffle: 'Well hell-oo! I didn't know you had that pool of syrup there!' I'm all for big women! Sod diets! More alcohol!"

As she orders another Guinness, I mention the recent *Shooting Stars* live show where Ulrika had to down a pint as fast as she could.

"Bob claimed we had it down to four seconds, but I reckon about 12 seconds was my best."

So was there any other rock'n'roll behaviour going on behind the scenes?

"I have certainly never touched any drugs," she states without prompting. "I'm very boring, I don't even know which end of a joint to light. But I do have one spliff at home (indicates something the size of your average baguette), it was a Christmas present from a girlfriend after I said, 'Ooh, wouldn't it be exciting to smoke a joint?' And it's just been sitting there on my dresser… Oh God! I'm gonna get arrested now!"

The sand is running out of Ulrika's perfect hourglass, and it's time for us to repair to a swish hotel suite where she will drink at least five more pints of Guinness and drape herself over the furniture in various states of undress. There are worse ways to spend the day. So is she happy with her sex symbol status?

"You can't be a sex symbol at 30!" she says dismissively. "But I do know I'm very sexy. I don't mean that in an arrogant way, I just mean that some people can look very sexy or provocative and you just think, 'I bet you're shit in bed!' Whereas I'm a very physical, passionate person. But a sex symbol, how do you earn that? Run naked through the streets shouting, 'Here it is, boys!'?"

Yes please.

HAIR BY MEL AT FRANCO'S; MAKE-UP BY GARY COCKERILL; STYLING BY MARCELLA MARTINELLI. BLACK JACKET BY GUCCI. BLACK MINI-SKIRT BY KAREN MILLEN. BRA BY GOSSARD. WHITE COAT BY PLEIN SUD. BLACK LYCRA DRESS BY NO SUCH SOUL AT HYPE DF. CUFFS AND CHAIN BY SLINKY'S, 0171 434 1716. SHOES: VERSACE. LONG BLACK LACE COAT BY AD HOC, KENSINGTON CHURCH ST W8. SHOES BY PATRICK COX.

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5. Ha! You just ate puppy chow you sod.

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Barkers

Prime Beef Stew

Meaty Chunks in Gravy

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GLUE HERE

#00.004/15/COOKBOOK

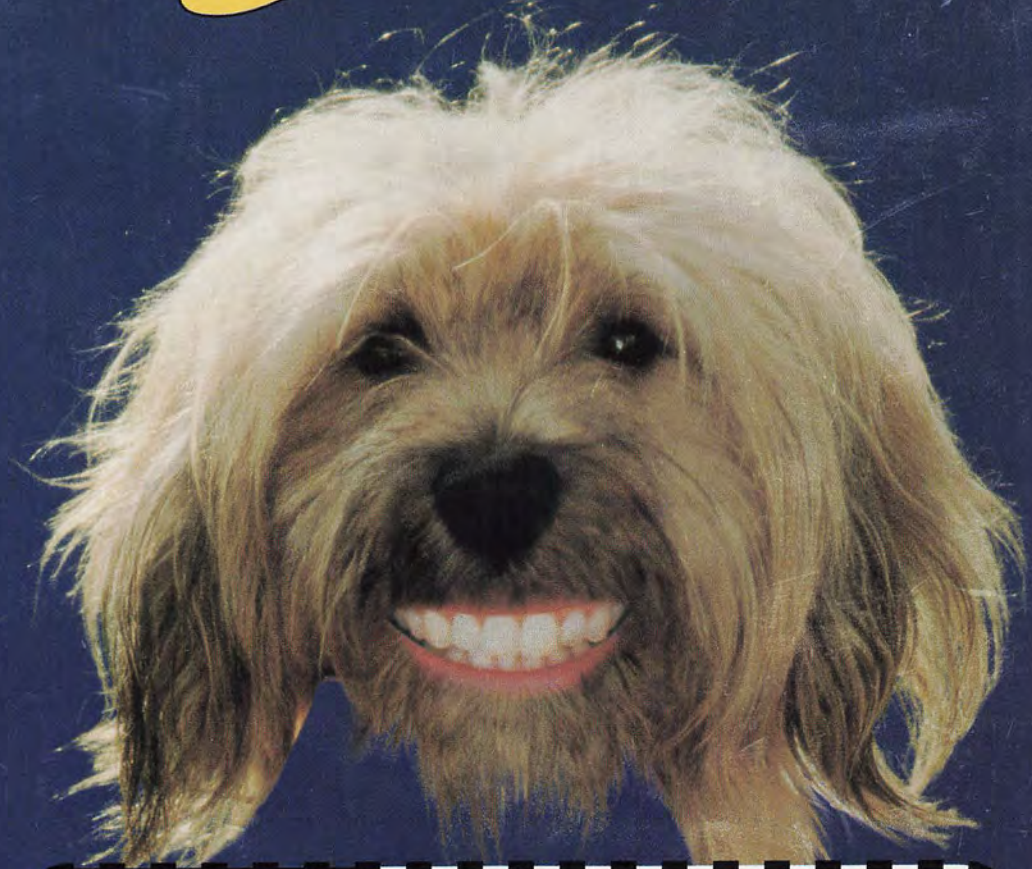
DOGGIE DO's AND DOGGIE DON'Ts

We went out to lunch with our team of legal experts to run through this ad with them. The men in suits read the ad. Then they read the menu. No-one ordered beef goulash. In fact, our lawyers didn't feel like eating anything at all. "You guys are really sick," they barked. "We let you off the leash for one moment and look what happens." They told us that unless we told you that "this material is for ENTERTAINMENT purposes only and is not intended to be acted upon and that Kickers accepts no responsibility for the consequences of any actions taken based on the above" then they'd make mincemeat of us.

with TV chef Rex Moult

"Wouldn't it give you a delicious thrill to make your friend **howling** mad?
Wouldn't it give you divine pleasure to see him **sick as a dog?**
Then trick him into making a real **dog's dinner** of his evening meal!"

SADIST'S COOKBOOK



SADIST'S COOKBOOK with TV chef Rex Moult

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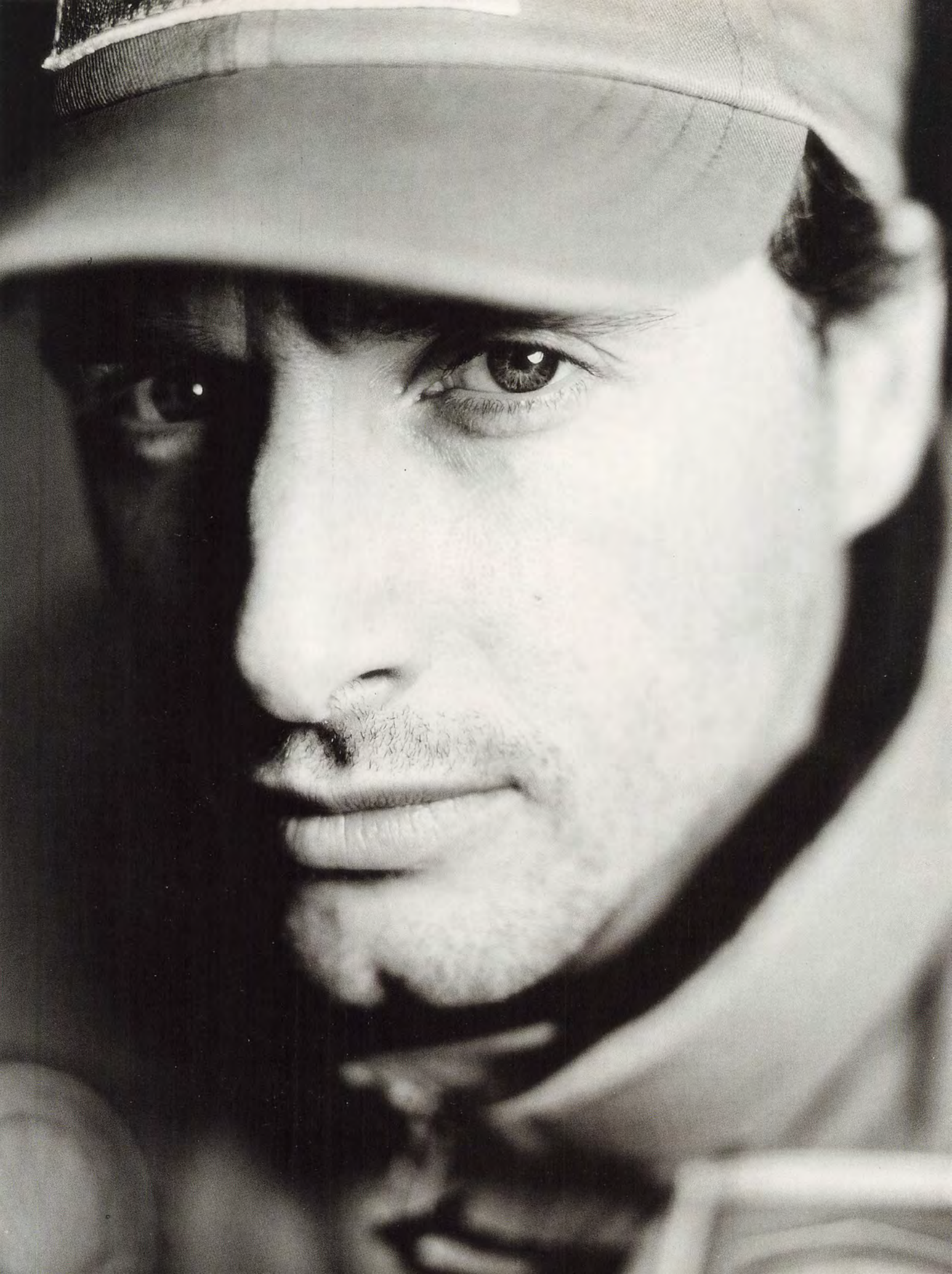
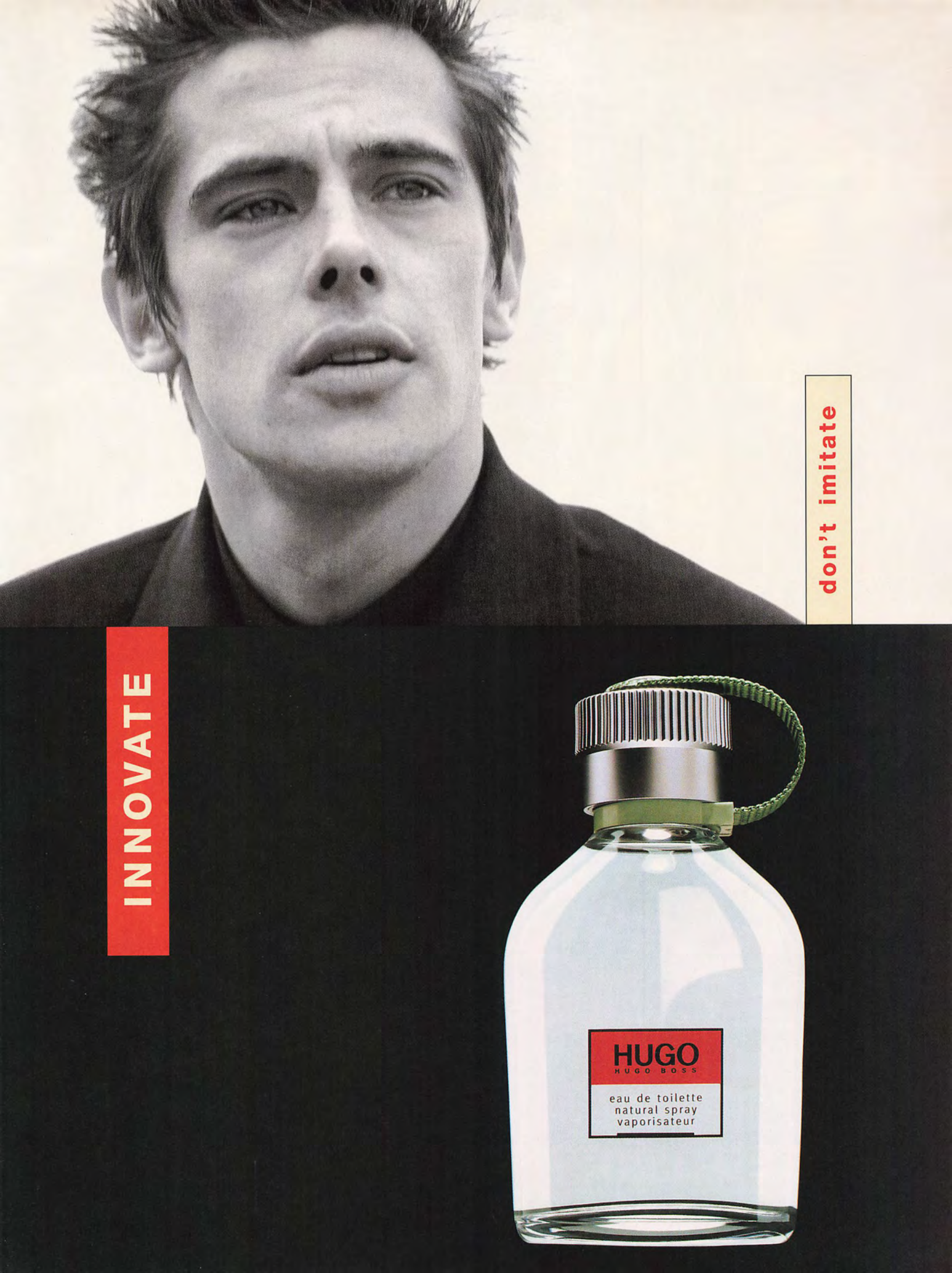
4. Wait as long as it takes - trust us, the wait will be well worth it.
5. Wish your friend "Bone appetit" as they dig in to their solid nourishment.
6. If your friend tries to remonstrate, simply remind them that this is, unfortunately, a dog's life, that they are living in a dog eat dog world and every dog must have his day.
7. Compliment your friend on their healthy, shiny coat and suggest walkies in the park.

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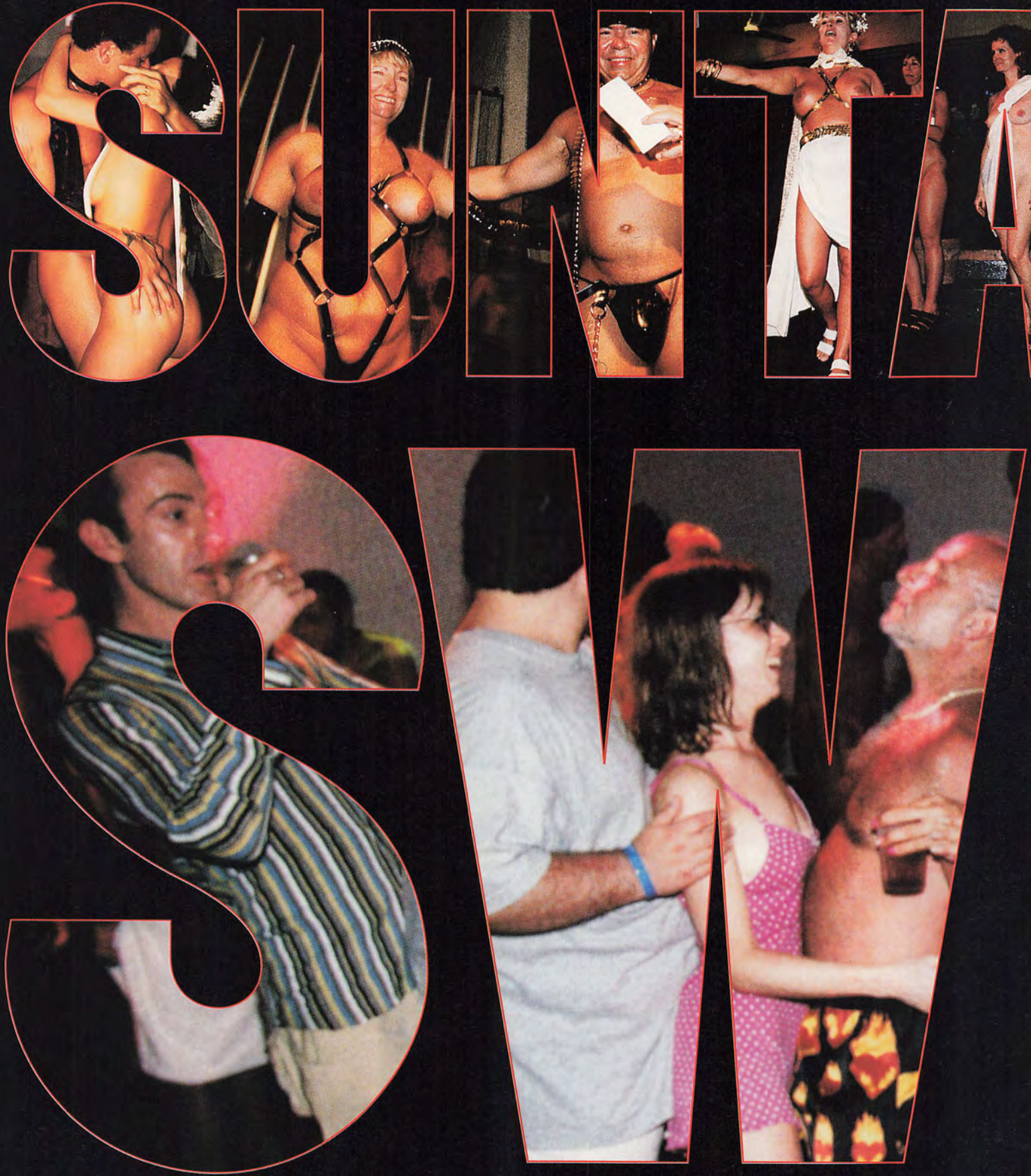
don't imitate
HUGO
HUGO BOSS
eau de toilette
natural spray
vaporisateur

SUNTA SW



Dire straights in Jamaica, as loaded

AMS OF MAYHEM

words by JOHN PERRY photos by NEALE HAYNES

gets in with the wrong crowd. Again

"So there'll be loads of teen virgins aching for manmeat?"

LENNY, A PORTLY ASIAN GENT WITH A MOUSTACHE that could sink ships, adjusts his erection.

"The dildo! The dildo!" he chirps. "The lady with the *dildo*!"

Lenny pings his too-snug rubber pants and giggles like a naughty teenager.

"Last night! In the nude Jacuzzi!" he drools, adding an unnecessarily graphic demonstration of what this 'lady' was doing with her rubber friend.

"Oh goodness gracious me, this Hedonism is much fun!" He winks and waddles away to lech at an aged woman with a chain between her sagging breasts. Lenny believes he has died and gone to Heaven. I, however, think I must have done something extremely bad to warrant this visit to the very bowels of Hell – or, to be precise, the pyjama party at Hedonism II, the notorious beach resort in Negril, Jamaica. At least, that's what the badly photocopied 'invitation' called this display of ageing flesh.

Hedonism has been attracting men in rubber pants since the early '60s, when it was created as a sun-drenched commune for swingin' hippies who wanted to tune in, turn on and let it all hang out. At Hedonism there was only one commandment: thou shalt covet thy neighbour's ass, and thou shalt do it in the pool, up against the bar and bent over the ping-pong table. This all went swimmingly until one week-end in 1983 when it all disappeared under the waves like an amoral Atlantis. Some said it was Hurricane Lulu. Others spoke of the will of God and whispered about how a similar thing had happened to Sodom. And Glenn Miller.

But from those waterlogged ashes rose Hedonism II, a four-star resort with five bars, three pools and a casino (well, a fruit machine, some subdued lighting and a badly stocked fish tank). Yet despite all the promo videos and the exposure in Sky's *Caribbean Uncovered* series, the reputation of the original Sin City persists.

Which is where **loaded** came in. If this all-new, all-inclusive Hedonism really was a modern Fantasy Island where we could all be Oliver Tobias, then ker-ayzee horses wouldn't drag us away. So our crack'd team of reporters – Clacton veteran Tom, photographer/glamour boy Haynes and northern miserablist (erm, myself) – packed our rubber rings, pulled on our knotted hankies and set off for paradise.

WE MUST HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN. AT Montego Bay airport we are met by Mark, Hedonism's dorky entertainments co-ordinator, who quickly confesses he has recently been forced to migrate to Jamaica after an incident involving Geri from the Spice Girls and water-tight accusations of stalking. Interpol, he assures us, are no longer looking for him.

As he drives us towards Hades in a rickety minibus, we grill Mark for the official low-down on what Hedonism is like.

"So there'll be, like, gorgeous supermodels tearing our Union Jack shorts off and ravishing us behind the Punch and Judy booth?" I ask.

Mark frowns. "Er, well…" he stammers.

"But there'll be loads of rampant teen virgins aching for hot manmeat?" urges the eager Haynes.

Mark looks at the floor. He coughs.

"Saucy slappers from Stockport?" suggests Tom desperately.

"Donkey rides?" I offer weakly.

Suddenly, ominously, Hedonism's heavy gates clang shut behind us, enclosing us behind razorwire-topped fences, searchlights and yapping guard dogs. We claw wildly at the door locks, but it's too late.

"Good God, it can't be true!" whispers Tom. We all nervously follow his gaze. Two dozen very fat, very old people dance past us in a line, kicking their legs to one side and shouting "Oi!" in time to the music. Yes, they really are doing the conga.

"Save us!" whines Haynes.

There is no hope. We realise we're trapped in the tropical Butlin's. And there's a baby crying in chalet 342.

A security guard frog-marches us to our 'luxury ocean-view chalet'. It

Well they're not *my* parents

Fiddling with himself while Rome burns

You need a lot of cheek to do this

"I didn't mean it, honest. It's a lovely arse"

"These togas are great for concealing a stiffy"

is eerily like Number 6's room in *The Prisoner*, but with mirrors on the ceiling above each bed. Unfortunately, these mirrors are made from plastic which has warped in the heat, giving a Hall Of Mirrors effect to one's erotic experience. I put them to use recreating the cover of Leo Sayer's *Endless Flight* album (ask your mum).

Despite the oppressive security presence (roughly one mutton-faced guard to every 10 square feet), it seems we are free to move freely within the complex AS LONG AS WE GIVE UP ALL HOPE OF EVER LEAVING, so we roll up our beach towels, cover ourselves in white emulsion paint and head for the pool, steeling ourselves to fight off the inevitable torrent of hysterical nymphos. At the pool, we are only slightly surprised to discover that no one is indulging in three-way sex action. Not even behind the Punch and Judy stall. Given that the average age of the happy Hedonists is well over 50, they're obviously worried about putting too much strain on their hip replacements. Recently divorced mid-life crisis Americans paddle Lilos in slow circles around other recently divorced Americans and yell "PAAARTEEE!" like a mating call. "Hey, AWRIIIGHT!" reply their neighbours, rippling their cellulite with the effort. But no one looks particularly in the mood for the hokey-cokey; in fact the atmosphere is one of overwhelming prudishness. Topless bathing is frowned upon unless it's on the nude beach (a small strip of sand surrounded by mines and spy-subs), smoking jazz Woodbines is forbidden – the guards will club you to the ground if they so much as see a half ounce of Old Holborn – and, of course, there is strictly no leaving the complex without DNA fingerprinting, unless you use a cunning false beard.

Then again, as far as melting through the slats of a sunlounger and turning the colour of a well-grilled prawn is concerned, Hedonism is unbeatable. The cocktails flow freely and the Jamaican food – plantains (springy banana things with rotten skins), yams (hard yellow potato things with a vaguely parsnippy flavour) and jerk chicken (burnt poultry hacked into pieces so the bone splits off into splinters, punctures your arteries and bleeds from your skin like stigmata) – is delicious.

"I haven't eaten so well this decade!" enthuses Tom, wolfing down a salad and sweating like a man with Micromeal withdrawal symptoms. But apart from the food, the blistering weather and the fact that Bob bloody Marley is playing everywhere, non-stop, 24 hours a day, we could be ✈

Skin slopes

From nudity in the tropics to chilly willies and frost-bitten bums on the piste

Dave Boyle, 29, from the Isle Of Wight, is traversing the last stretch of groomed piste that descends from the Knoppenjochspitze peak, 2,680m above sea level, to St Anton am Arlberg, the most exclusive resort in the Austrian Tyrol. This is a picture-postcard village where a third of all the cars boast Monaco licence plates. It's where Prince Andrew learned to ski, where Roger Moore buys his tie-pins in the local Cartier, and where bronzed Euro-babes in Vuarnet shades cavort with executive sugar daddies. You've got it – this place is expensive. Even a single flavoured condom costs over a fiver in the pub toilets.

At the moment, though, our Dave is oblivious to such peripheral details; and, more alarmingly, to the increasing number of designer gloves being pointed in his direction. He's just schussed down off the lower slopes and into the town fringes, where a gaggle of immaculately groomed Ivana Trumps are gawping in horror. Dave, you see, is out of his mind on lager, schnapps and Jagermeister. He's shouting wildly in English. Oh, and aside from a football sock on his knob, he's totally starkers.

"Thing is," slurs Dave, a squaddie based over the border in Bavaria, "me and my mates fucking love doing this. Getting lashed, ripping our kit off and dancing on tables in the chalets... fantastic! Then we strip off totally and ski. We've already been banned from four resorts in Switzerland and Germany, but who cares? Do you know how many other places we can visit within an hour's drive of work? Anyway, we're here to defend them from Communist aggression, for fuck's sake. The least they can do is let us show a bit of arse now and again."

Not a lot of Communist aggressors remain active in central Europe. But then not all St Anton's nude snow-lovers are so politically motivated. Out towards the Rendl mountain, where the intimacy of 200 miniature cable cars provides the local equivalent of the mile-high club, a group of snowboarders are twisting naked around moguls, suntanned arses riding through the foot of powder which has fallen overnight. George, Fred, Eammon and Rich (from Australia, Sweden, Ireland and England respectively) are snowboard bums, here for a season's bar work and slope surfing before setting off for six months' watersports and waitering in Fuerteventura.

"We've been coming for two years," explains Rich, "and everyone has always been very cool, apart ✈

You don't have to be piste but it helps. Arf

from the time the resort authorities threatened to confiscate our lift passes if we were caught naked. They're worse than the Gestapo. Without our passes, we're grounded."

A clear pain in the arse for an adrenaline junkie. But what about grounding of a different kind? Like crashing into a snowdrift with nothing between your penis and a Tyrolean pine? Like getting your poles entangled? And what about frostbite? Or exposure? Or school coach parties?

"Of course there are risks to what we do," says George. "But wiping out isn't as bad as it seems, once you get over the initial shock of getting your dick so cold you can hardly feel it. That's why we snowboard on sunny days, to give our bodies a chance to warm up again. When it drops below minus four and it's overcast, forget it. You've got to be pissed or Russian, or both, to do that."

One thing still grates. That mental image of naked, tanned Heidis gliding into view on the piste, arses like two golden bowling balls, flaxen pigtails flapping gently against erect nipples...

"You'll be bloody lucky," scoffs Rich. "At the moment it's far too cold for girls, even the old goats from the village."

Soon we're on the terrace of the Krazy Kangurou, an antipodean-administered hippy chalet on the side of Mount Gampen. Here, in bright sunshine, snowboarders and skiers drink and gaze down the valley from deckchairs. The view is stunning, but it doesn't beat ogling the face-painted Swedish barmaids in fur-trimmed crop-tops serving up litre jugs of foaming lager. Helda from Gothenberg is one of them. Hearing we're English, she tells us there will surely be nude action as the day wears on and the drink kicks in. There's even even free champagne for those who go all the way, apparently.

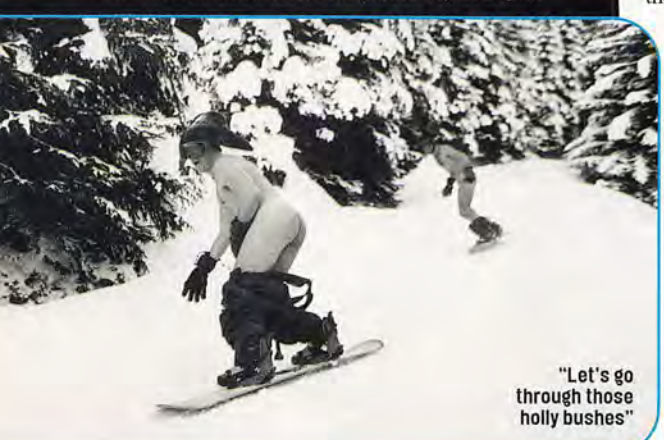
She's right. By four o' clock a group of men behind us are spilling beer, chanting "get yer kit off" and hastily discarding rented skiwear. Phil, 40, from Newcastle, is leading the way. He's a second-hand car salesman, he's as lardy as boiled bratwurst, and he's mullered.

"This place has a long history of nudity and exhibitionism," he blubbers in self-justification while baring his enormous buttocks to our snapper. "You should have seen it here in the mid-'80s when all the Americans would fly over for the weekend. Those boys had untold money and kilos of coke. One time they paid a load of chalet girls to join them for a snow orgy. It's legend around here. Like the time I met Naomi Campbell on a steep mountain path at the top of the Weissschrofenspitze. I didn't know whether to block her passage or toss myself off, I can tell you..."

DAVE FOWLER

For more nude snow action, tune in to Snow Girls *on Granada Men & Motors every Saturday at 11pm.*

PHOTOS: VICKI COUCHMAN



"Let's go through those holly bushes"

in Weston-Super-Mare. It's the tropical version of *Carry On Camping* (you remember – where Sid James and Bernard Bresslaw con their birds into going to a nudist colony but find it's just a caravan park). Only here, Babs Windsor is playing her 1998 self.

LUXURIATING BY THE POOL, SIPPING something pink and attempting to 'do the English thing' (ie get fifth degree burns on my back), I strike up a conversation with a 40-ish Austin Powers lookalike called Kevin.

"Let me guess," says Kevin with a sly twinkle in his Frank Butcher shades. "You guys are looking around, but you don't see anything, uh, *sexy* going on, right?"

Um, right.

"And you're thinking, 'So where's the action *at*?' Am I right?"

Er, no. I explain that our presence is a cunning subterfuge to infiltrate this perverse geriatric subculture.

"Hey, AWRIGHT!" says Kevin. "PARTY!"

Between yelps, I learn that Kevin is a Hedonism veteran, currently carving the thirty-third notch into his revolving heart-shaped bedpost. He says 85 per cent of the holiday makers at Hedonism have been coming here since the '60s, when the pill-popping permissiveness of the Age Of Aquarius made affluent American flower-children believe they could do anything. But instead of using their superpowers to leap tall buildings, bring about world peace or make the buses run on time, they began swapping partners around the beach volleyball. And evidently playing on both sides of the net was such fun that the same swingers have been – cough – coming every year since.

"It's an annual reunion where everyone compares plastic surgery close up, y'know what I mean? Heh, heh..."

The other 15 per cent of the Hedonism population are what Kevin calls "*Hustler* readers": bloated 40-something males who have heard about the place's reputation on the grapevine and flock to the nude Jacuzzi where, apparently, the swingin' begins at midnight. "It's a sexual Lourdes for the fat, the ugly and the blind," grins Kev.

It is with some trepidation and a healthy dollop of ill-disguised distaste, therefore, that we set off to the infamous pyjama party, a disco where 'nightwear' is compulsory. Stretching the point slightly, we uphold British dignity by sporting full evening dress, including cufflinks and spats. But even our dogged stiff-upper-lippedness can't prepare us for the grisly faux-debauchery which unfolds before us.

"It's... just horrible!" gasps Tom, awed by the sight of 200 senior citizens in drag. "Really, really horrible..."

The name is an outrageous lie, in that absolutely no one wears pyjamas,

"We both burned our bras years ago"

plumping instead for ill-fitting fetish gear and posing pouches that reveal big flaps of unpleasantly chafed skin. It's like being imprisoned with your Auntie Vera and Uncle Ron in some parallel Pontin's where Ron insists on squeezing his wedding tackle into a rubber glove. Meanwhile Vera lets her saddlebag arse hang out of the back of her wipe-clean pinny as she is swapped like Panini football stickers in the school playground.

We barricade ourselves into our 'luxury ocean-view chalet' and develop paranoid theories that the squeaking noises filling the night (Crickets? Frogs? Bjork?) are actually electronic noises being pumped from hidden speakers at frequencies designed to control our minds. Either that or some sick pervert is getting his kicks from wheeling a rusty bicycle up and down outside our window all night. Which, given the unusual hobbies of some of the residents, is entirely plausible. Mostly, though, we become convinced our alienation is because everyone thinks we're gay.

"Think about it," argues Tom from his hiding place in the wardrobe. "What have we been doing today? Sharing one big hammock, sipping pink cocktails and giggling together."

"God yes!" squeaks Haynes from under the revolving bed. "And we spent most of dinner loudly discussing moisturisers! We're bent!"

We cry ourselves to sleep, arm in arm, safe in each other's masculinity.

MORNING BRINGS WITH IT ANOTHER SINISTER invitation – to the dreaded 'toga party'.

"We *have* to get out of here!" moans Tom, shaking behind the curtains. "I'm getting wire-happy!"

Short of digging a tunnel named Dick and stuffing the dirt down our trousers, the only way out of the complex is on the Catamaran, 'a non-stop party cruise into the sunset'. Half expecting to be chained to the oars, we walk the gangplank and sign on. Luckily, the 'non-stop party' consists of one embarrassingly ancient rasta playing Bob Marley songs on an acoustic guitar. Being British, we have one genetic advantage: we can pretend it's not happening, even when the inevitable conga snakes past us. It works. They ignore us too. Finally we land at our destination, a theme-bar called, promisingly enough, the Pickled Parrot – which turns out to be a tourist trap of tie-dyed T-shirts and over-priced bamboo

If this doesn't give you the horn, nothing will

"It's a sexual Lourdes for the fat, the ugly and the blind"

bongs. Sneaking past the cultural police, we slip under the wire and leg it up the coast road.

Away from the sledgehammer tourism, the dusty roads are beautiful, twisted with gnarly palms and half-wild dogs weaving between mango trees. Every 20 yards or so there's a shack of friendly Jamaicans who'll wave you over, make polite conversation then try to sell you drugs. It's a fine way to spend an afternoon.

Sitting in a roadside bar, we meet a deeply stoned rasta who introduces himself as Jesse James, The Outlaw Cabbie.

The local jail was full of those who'd tried to escape

"You guys English?" he drawls. "I like English girls. One day I'm gonna go to England an' fuck me a thousand English girls."

Ambitious project there, I suggest. Jesse grins and offers us an unusually large cigarette. Tom takes a polite puff. His eyeballs instantly turn pink, then yellow, then roll back in his head.

"Yeh, mon!" laughs Jesse. "When you boys came in here you look English. Now you look Jamaican!"

"I fuckin' feel Jamaican too…" slurs Tom.

"You like pussy?" asks Jesse nonchalantly. "Jesse get you hot Jamaican pussy, okay?"

Too relaxed to object, we get into his Outlaw Cab and weave through the countryside to a seaside bar called Reeskee Beezneez. Here too, everyone tries to sell us drugs or timeshares on various parts of their anatomy. It's like a night on the pull in Doncaster in reverse. As the medicinal properties of Jesse's Outlaw Tobacco wear off, an even deeper paranoia sets in.

"Careful who you look at," whispers Tom. "It's like an auction. You might buy something you don't want." Suddenly the safety of the compound seems very welcoming.

"Toga party?" suggests Haynes. "TOGA PARTY!" we yell in unison, and leg it back to the chalet to get dressed up for the big event.

Tom goes for a two-sheet, cut-on-the-bias Vivienne Westwood-influenced design. I embrace the classic over-dressed Greco-Roman look, while Haynes goes for the Tony Curtis in *Spartacus* look, with a torn T-shirt that barely covers one nipple and allows his 'bits' to swing freely in the breeze. Ugh. As if things weren't bad enough. Predictably, the toga party is a swirling pit of club-footed hunchbacks punching the air and chanting "Toga! Toga!" like Nuremburg never happened. They have obviously spent hours manipulating their togas into strange nappies and bikinis that display the maximum amount of fat.

Suddenly it all becomes clear: these people really don't have any idea how grotesque they are. Perhaps this is the secret of Hedonism – the knowledge that, however much your belly grows and your tits sag, at Hedonism you can be a Greek god. Just as long as everyone wears the same rose-tinted sunglasses as you.

Excited by these revelations, I insist we head for the heart of Hedonism: the nude Jacuzzi. It is here that we will find the answers we seek.

As we sneak up, parting the ferns around the pool like three David Attenboroughs stalking rare stoats, I spot a familiar figure – Lenny, our friendly swingin' chum.

"What-ho Lenny!" I cry. "How's promiscuity treating you?"

Lenny looks up with hollow eyes. "Old women…" he whispers, utterly dispirited. "Doing so many things with dildos…"

Lenny puts his head in his hands. Slowly we turn and walk towards the nude Jacuzzi, the swingers' fountain of youth. It is empty. And we all weep together. ◼

Thanks to Sky One, whose new 'uncovered' series is Hot Summer Down Under, *shown on Sundays at 10pm.*

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Been there, done that, doin' it all again. Led Zep legends

story by JON WILDE photos by CHRIS DUFFY

HEAVEN

Jimmy Page and Robert Plant return to glory

"Come on Planty, let's go party"

LIFE, ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT Turkish proverb, is a cucumber: "Today it is in your hands. Tomorrow it's stuck up your arse." Isn't that always the way? Though, all things considered, a bumper-sized cucumber up the bumhole might be a lot less uncomfortable than what the assembled hordes of the Turkish media are having to endure right now. Bang in the centre of Istanbul, in a hotel within spitting distance of the ancient city walls, Page & Plant are holding a press conference. Outside, it's all hectically alive. The city hums with manic activity. A million mad Turkish blokes rush about loudly attempting to flog everything from dodgy carpets to freshly prepared cop kebab (literally "testicle kebab" but as for whose testicles they were, nobody's telling).

In contrast, Jimmy Page and Robert 'Percy' Plant are attempting to flog nothing more exotic than their latest LP. And, in contrast to the mayhem out on the streets, it's as dead as a boneyard in here. So dead it gives off a pong much like a small army of rodents crawling up a tramp's behind and lying down to die. The problem being that these Turkish media types turned up in the belief that the former Led Zep hellraisers will be tickled pink at the prospect of spending an afternoon discussing the finer details of their uproarious past with Johnny Foreigner. Whereas, if truth be told, Page & Plant are here to plug their latest product and couldn't give a tuppeny hoot for chewing over memories of life in the chop-chop lane of the mighty Zeppelin.

Thus, as questions about hotel room havoc and underage groupies are hurled towards them, the two rock gods look about as comfortable as men with 10-ton weights attached to their testicles. Which, come to think of it, must be exactly what it feels like to carry around the kind of salty past that these two have.

It's been nearly 20 years since Led Zep went toe-up following the death of drummer John 'Bonzo' Bonham. Since which time, Page & Plant have wrestled with the problem of how to come to terms with the golden daze while, at the same time, trying to carve out a credible, workable future for themselves. Like falling off a log it has not proven to be. Solo projects have come and gone for both of them (some good, some not so good, some bloody terrible – Plant's charity knees-up with Ian Gillan and the goshawful Brian May; Page's hellishly grim collaboration with Whitesnake's David Coverdale). But their collective past continues to throw the longest shadow – forever threatening to obliterate their latest endeavours, making their new work all but meaningless. An afterthought at best.

Until now that is. This month brings a corking new Page & Plant album – their first collection of all-new material since Zep's 1979 *In Through The Out Door* – shortly to be followed by a full British tour. Their extended warm-up throughout Eastern Europe, offering an inspired mix of old and new material, has gone down an electric storm. All of which suggests they've made almighty strides in terms of learning to live with the glory and glorious ruin of way back when.

"I spent too much time in the past pretending I didn't use to be the singer in Led Zeppelin," says Plant. "I now realise that Zeppelin is present tense, whether I like it or not. Dealing with the whole Zeppelin thing – it's been like a kind of psychosis. But we're learning to live with that and learning to move on."

IT'S NOW EXACTLY 30 YEARS SINCE LED Zeppelin started out. Trousers aflame, they hit the ground running with their eponymous debut album and from there on in, there was no stopping the bastards. From the off, they were big. In every conceivable sense. Christ, even their manager Peter Grant was big – fucking enormous in fact, a veritable submerged coast of a man – and, along the way, Grant actively encouraged their every mad excess. To the hilt.

They were fond of a bit of excess were Zep. Indeed, they set new standards of excessive behaviour that rock'n'roll bands across the globe have tried and notably failed to emulate. Sex with sharks, octopuses and various other forms of marine life. Snooker tables hurled out of hotel

"Oof!"

Well, if you will make a pact with the Devil...

windows. Motorbikes steered around hotel lobbies. Hotel rooms chopped up with samurai swords. Roomfuls of willingly moist underage groupies. Enough class-A drugs to sink a fleet of battleships. Violence. All manner of screwy, irresponsible behaviour, and all of it lovingly detailed in such wonderfully scuzzy biographies as Stephen Davis's classic *Hammer Of The Gods*.

Massive portions of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll. That would be enough for most bands. But Zep had something else. A little bit extra. A pact with the devil, no less. Or so it is said. As the myth runs, they traded in their souls to Old Nick himself in exchange for success and wealth. And, despite the efforts of Page & Plant to shrug it off, the myth refuses to shove off in a hurry.

"You'd think," says Plant, "that the Zeppelin story was really, really dark. At least if you believe the biographies. Well, fair enough, it *was* dark and bleak at times. Basically, there was a time in our lives when, quite simply, we were in pursuit of hedonism. But that kind of behaviour isn't confined to the world of rock'n'roll. I've seen rugby teams behave worse than Led Zeppelin ever did. Sure, we behaved badly. And I'm not going to pretend that there was anything artistic or honourable about that kind of behaviour. But I will say that it was a lot of fun. You don't get that sense of fun from the biographies. But a lot of it was funny at the time. When I think of some of the things we did back then, I laugh my fucking bollocks off.'

"BACK IN THE ZEP DAYS, WE'D HAVE HELICOPTERS, ARMOURED TANKS, THE LOT. THE SCALE OF IT WAS SO FKING VAST"**

"The captain says to wear your seatbelts and he'll have no more silliness"

Plant – 49, now a grandad who reads copies of **loaded** loaned to him by his son – and Page, 55, are parked in a Turkish caff just around the corner from their hotel. In sharp contrast to their mood at the previous day's press shindig, they appear surprisingly affable and open – prepared to talk about anything and everything, past and present. Sure enough, they look more than a little rough around the edges. Up close, they possess features that speak volumes for the sort of lives they've led – their faces have more trenches and wrinkles than Denis Healey's testicles after being dipped in a piping hot bath.

Istanbul represents the last stop on their Eastern European jaunt. A pretty surreal experience by all accounts. "They shag in the streets in Bucharest," offers Plant, by way of an explanation, "because the street lights don't work." That's not something they tell you in the guide books.

According to the small handful of crew members who've survived from the Zep days, the latest Page & Plant shows are as electrifying as anything they achieved onstage back in the '70s. "I'd go along with that," says Plant. "I think it helps that we're going out with a mixture of new stuff and old. I think the vitality of the new songs is on a par with the old favourites. There's a lot of bands who are travelling around doing the same old shit, without a single new song to their name. That would never be good enough for us. I mean, we were never gonna turn into Showaddywaddy."

Plant once remarked that, when he performed with Led Zep, he often felt like he was having sex with the entire front frow of the audience. Is it still like that?

"Well, no not exactly," he sheepishly admits. "Which is just as well because the front row these days tends to be made up of blokes with beards and baseball caps. Not the kind of people I choose to have sex with, quite frankly."

That's not the only thing that's changed. Back in the '70s, when they were both the biggest and best band on the planet – a double whammy that no band has convincingly pulled off since – they'd travel around in their own private jet, the infamous Starship which witnessed the kind of unruly behaviour that would turn Caligula's shit green overnight. According to Page, even their groupies had their own private planes in those days. For these two gigs in Istanbul, where traffic congestion makes it virtually impossible to move for much of the day, they'll make their way to the venue by public ferry and humble mini-bus.

"The scale of things is certainly different," Plant muses. "I mean, back in the Zep days, Peter Grant certainly wouldn't have had us travelling by ferry. He'd have helicopters, armoured tanks, the lot. It was really over the top. The scale of it was so fucking vast. At least while we were touring as a band. As soon as we came off the road, it was like the whole thing just disappeared.

"The thing with Zeppelin was that it mushroomed so quickly, we weren't even aware how big it was until it was all over. We didn't even have time to reflect on the grossness of it. As far as we were concerned, it was essentially four blokes playing how many more times in the same key. It was only when we came off tour that you'd find yourself thinking: 'Jesus! I'm not sure if I like the size of all this. It's bloody crazy. I think I'll get away from it all and fuck off to the match.' That's how I kept a perspective on it all – by sodding off to watch Wolves play. That was my panacea, standing in the South Bank at Molineux with my meat pie and mug of Bovril. That was my way of unwinding. One day I'd be standing on a hotel balcony in Spain raising my fists to heaven and declaring that I was a golden god. The next day, I'd be standing on the terraces in the pissing rain watching Wolves take a hammering. That sort of thing helps give you a sense of perspective."

While Plant was at the footie, Page, as legend has it, would prefer to relax by taking loads of smack and indulging in a spot of devil worship in the privacy of his own home near Loch Ness, previously owned by Aleister Crowley, self-styled wickedest man in the world. Not that Page would thank you for mentioning that.

"I had my own ways of taking a breather," he says, just a tad evasively. "I was never really into football like Robert. It comes from being at school. At that time, while everyone else was off kicking a ball around, I was totally obsessed with playing my guitar. I used to take it to school with me. So football never came into it for me."

"Although," Plant smirks, "I think Jimmy would have made a decent footballer if he'd put his mind to it. I see him as an Ian Wright type. The ball has to be just in front of him, he'll do a few fancy twists, stick it in the back of the net, lift his shirt over his 'ead and tell everyone to fuck off. That's how he tends to operate."

Plant was a pretty useful player himself, by all accounts. Keen in the tackle and all that.

"Well, I wasn't that bloody keen. I mean I wasn't quite as rough as Norman Hunter. But I could work a one-two with an overlapping full-back when I felt like it. Though it largely depended on how much I'd consumed the night before the Sunday League match. If I'd become a professional footballer, I'd have retired long ago. I'd be running a pub now, on the outskirts of ✈

Robert and Jimmy in the middle of cold Turkey

laugh with him as well. Just sitting around talking bollocks, which is just how it should be. Then when we were leaving, he popped his head round the door and started singing, "Treat me like a fool…" So I joined in. And there we were in the corridor, doing the whole song together. Singing away like a couple of geezers getting pissed up at the back of a football coach. At moments like that, you just feel… blessed. Makes it worth all the dark nights of the soul."

THAT EVENING THEY GO ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS with all the gusto of a dog licking its own balls, playing a blinder of a show that has the Istanbul audience going completely ding-a-ling. A felching great show, so it is. Songs from the fierce new album heartily rub shoulders with old Zep favourites ('Ramble On', 'Babe I'm Gonna Leave You', 'Heartbreaker', 'Whole Lotta Love' etc) and it works a sodding treat. Afterwards, back at the hotel, Plant is chuckling to himself like a cement mixer starting up on a below-freezing morning.

"Fucking great show!" he enthuses. "Y'know, it's on nights like this that you thank your lucky stars you managed to come through all the shit. And, between us, we have come through a lot of shit. Maybe we didn't get away with it all. But we came through."

In the words of top poet William Blake, the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom. Has that proven to be the case for Page & Plant?

"It certainly led us in that direction," says Plant. "We've never actually got to the palace, but we know where it is if we need to find it. Junction 10 on the M6, in case you're interested…"

"We've done all the excess," Plant concludes with a sigh. "We learned all there is to learn from it. That's why there could never be a sequel to *Hammer Of The Gods*. Unless we can interest someone in a biography about two old blokes who sit around in their slippers, with an ounce of Ogden's Nut Gold, watching the golf on the telly. That's about as close as it gets to a pact with Satan these days. Just as fucking well if you ask me." ■

Page & Plant's new LP, Walking Into Clarksdale *is out now on Fontana/Mercury.*

"ONE DAY, I'D BE DECLARING THAT I WAS A GOLDEN GOD. THE NEXT DAY, I'D BE STANDING IN THE PISSING RAIN WATCHING WOLVES TAKE A HAMMERING"

Walsall. In terms of my career though, I feel a bit like a testy midfielder. Going forward a lot, then ambling back to do a bit of defending. That's the sort of game I've always played."

Not that Plant, or any of the Zeppelin gang, ever truly played the game. Throughout the '70s and beyond, they always gave the impression of being a band who played by a set of rules that they gleefully made up as they went along. And bugger the consequences.

"Well," laughs Plant, "there's a certain amount of truth in that. We didn't play the game in 1968 and we're not playing it now. The fact that we refused to play the game meant that the media were always suspicious of us. Then, when punk happened, they decided that we were the most loathsome thing going."

At which precise point in time, copies of *Physical Graffiti* were traded in for copies of the first Clash LP and, at least for a while, Zeppelin were consigned to the dustbin of history.

"I suppose there were times when we were the most unfashionable thing going," Page muses. "Not that we ever gave a fuck. If people wanted to write us off, we didn't give a toss. We had nothing to prove to those bastards. And we've got nothing to prove now to anyone else. The only thing we have to prove is to ourselves. 'Cos we've got to live by what we do. We've got to prove to ourselves that we're not wasting our time."

Do they feel at all like they're in competition with any other bands these days?

"Do we fuck!" says Plant. "We have no interest in fighting for chart supremacy with The Seahorses. Nor do we have any interest in being The Seahorses. Because… we already are! We've done all that. At the same time, we're not deluding ourselves. It used to be said that Zeppelin inspired fear in people. That might have been true once, but I don't think your readers would even consider that. They're probably more interested in whether Shearer's been circumcised or not."

Asked to name any notable highlights over the past 30 years, they both agree that meeting Elvis in '74 would take some beating.

"I always wanted to be Elvis," says Plant. "So finally getting to meet him was an incredible thrill. We had a great

And on the fifth day, round about teatime, God created... ROCK!"

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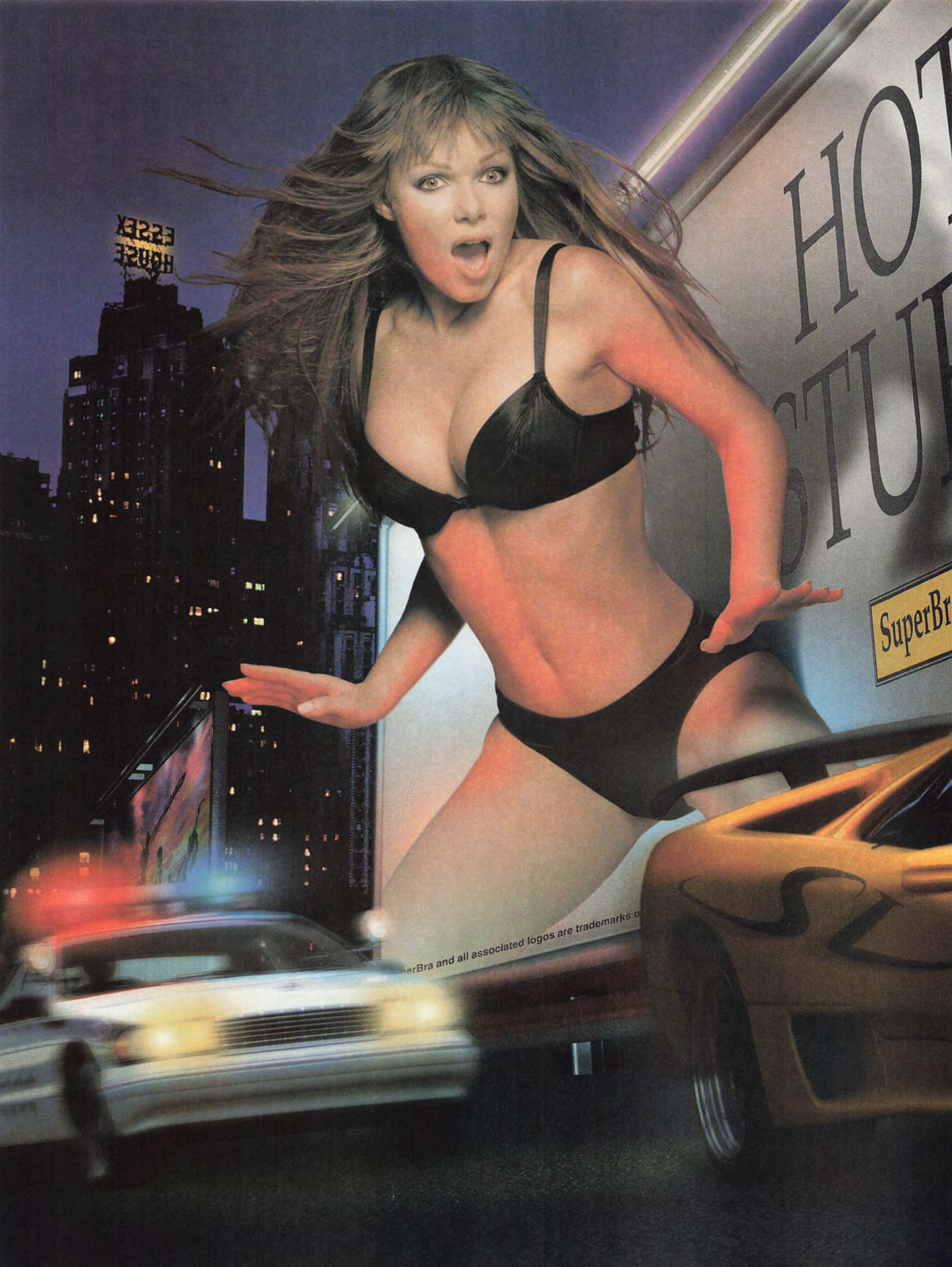
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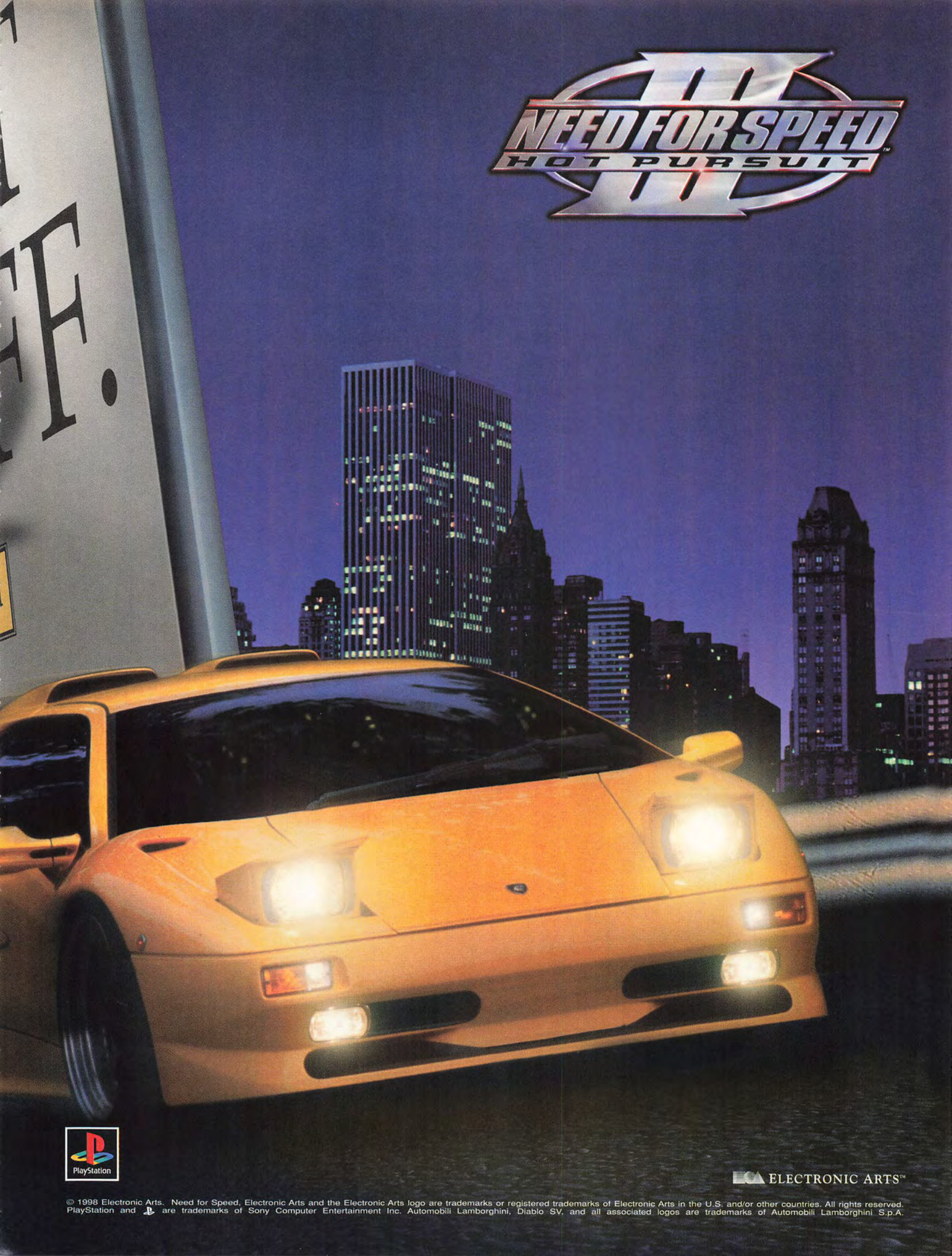

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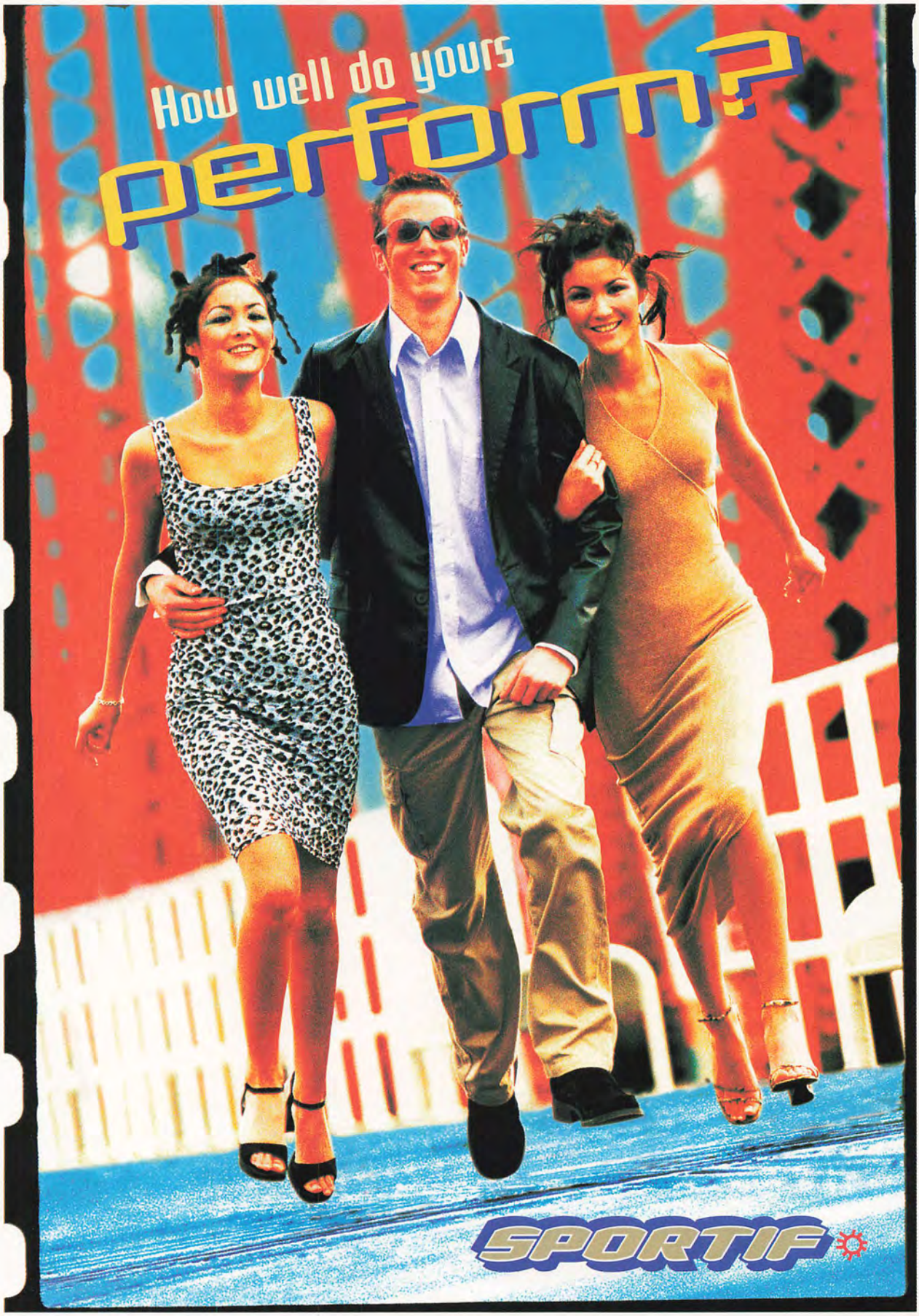

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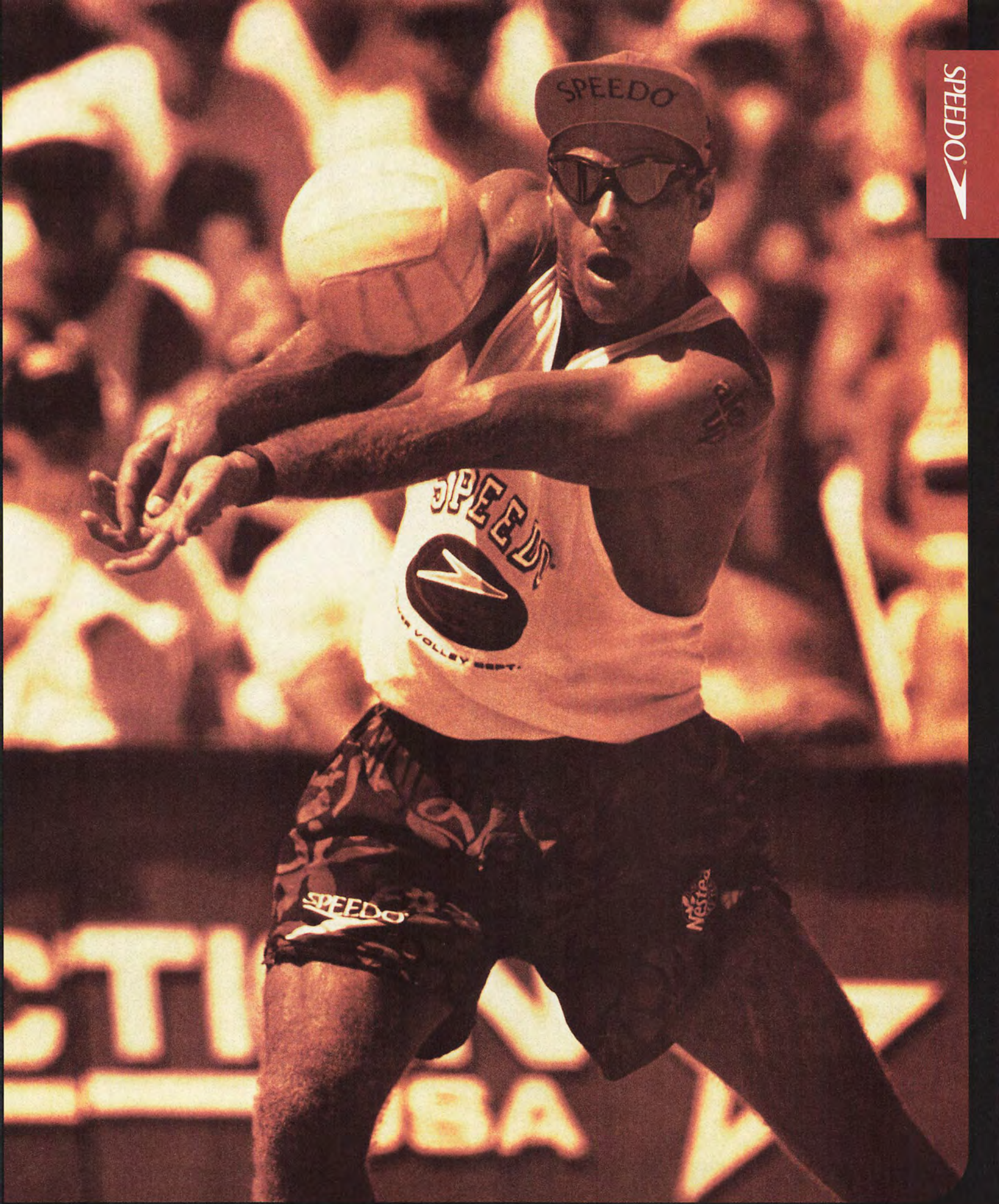

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photography and styling by BETH SUMMERS photography assistant NICKY EMMERSON styling assistant MARTHA TAYLOR

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Grey suede bomber jacket £545 **red crew neck top** £99 **grey trousers** £125 (**black lace up ankle boots** £195 by Russell & Bromley)

Navy pinstripe double-breasted suit £525 **grey shirt** £69 (**shoes** £85 by French Connection)

REPLAY
Brown pinstripe trousers £89 and **jacket** £230 **purple shirt** £145 (**sandals** £130 by Armando Pollini)

Petrol blue trousers £94 and **jacket** £235 **petrol green stripe shirt** £145 (**shoes** £85 by French Connection)

your wardrobe

WOODHOUSE
Blue single-breasted suit £349 **blue short sleeve shirt** £79.95 (**black loafers** £140 by Jeffery West)

Grey long single-breasted jacket £249.95 and **trousers** £79.95 **navy shirt** £89.95 (**black loafers** £85 by French Connection)

Marl grey combat trousers £89.95 **black leather jacket** £295.95 **black zip knit** £89.95 (**loafers** £155 from Russell & Bromley)

YSL
Navy golf jacket £95 **green moleskin jeans** £75 (**pale green boots** £115 by French Connection)

Green/brown single-breasted suit £350 **brown/blue shirt** £40 (**black lace-up boots** £195 from Russell & Bromley)

JIGSAW MENSWEAR
Brown silk trousers £85 and **shirt** £69 **Burgundy loafer** £119

Red tonic suit £295 **diamond knit jumper** £115 (**brown brogue boots** £140 by Jeffery West)

CK BY CALVIN KLEIN
Camel suede jacket £600 **brown stripe knit** £130 **brown suit trousers** £130 (**sandals** £59.95 from Jigsaw)

Taupe suit £570 **iridescent shirt** £74 (**boots** £195 from Russell & Bromley)

Olive suit trousers £120 **moss green polo knit** £135 (**lace-up brogues** £210 from Russell & Bromley)

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VERSUS BY VERSACE
Black pinstripe suit £690 **black sleeveless T-shirt** £75 **shoes** £250

Grey jeans £150 **navy collarless shirt** £125 **shoes** £250

For stockists see page 126

PERSON TRAINE

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photos by DAVE BURTON
story by MARTHA TAYLOR

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Red and white suede **Road Star** £39.99.

Blue suede **Acupuncture Boyarap** £64.95.
Brown suede **Caterpillar Trecker** £64.99.
Green striped **Fila Zoltan** £59.99.
Red and blue **Diesel Paveway** £54.99.
Navy suede **Stride Sidewinder** £74.99.

For stockists see page 126

Silver kagoul £99 by Sympatex
black cycling mask £26.99 by Halfords **black fly sunglasses** model's own

GAMESMASTER FLASH

...and the furious seven pages of futuristic hip-hop retro-arcade fashion

photos & styling by BETH SUMMERS photography assistant NICKY EMMERSON styling assistant MARTHA TAYLOR

600
WAV

(left) **Navy jacket and lime jacket** £95 by DKNY Jeans **visor sunglasses** £74.95 by Reebok **black nylon trousers with reflective strips** £120 by Spiewak

(above) **White cycling mitts** £12.99 from Halfords **sheer drawstring top** £165 by Helmut Lang **pump-up watch** £200 by Seiko

Red leather driving hat £130 and **red leather trimmed driving goggles** £120 both by Connolly Leather **fluoro yellow rain jacket** £19.99 from Halfords

White leather driving hat £130 and **white leather trimmed driving goggles** £120 both by Connolly Leather **pu cotton two-tone reflector jacket** £180 by Nigel Cabourn

1000

Sheer draw-string top £165 and **white string T-shirt** £60 both by Helmut Lang **black shellsuit bottoms** £79 by DKNY **white cycling mitts** £12.99 from Halfords **pump-up watch** £200 by Seiko

GAME OVER

For stockists see page 126

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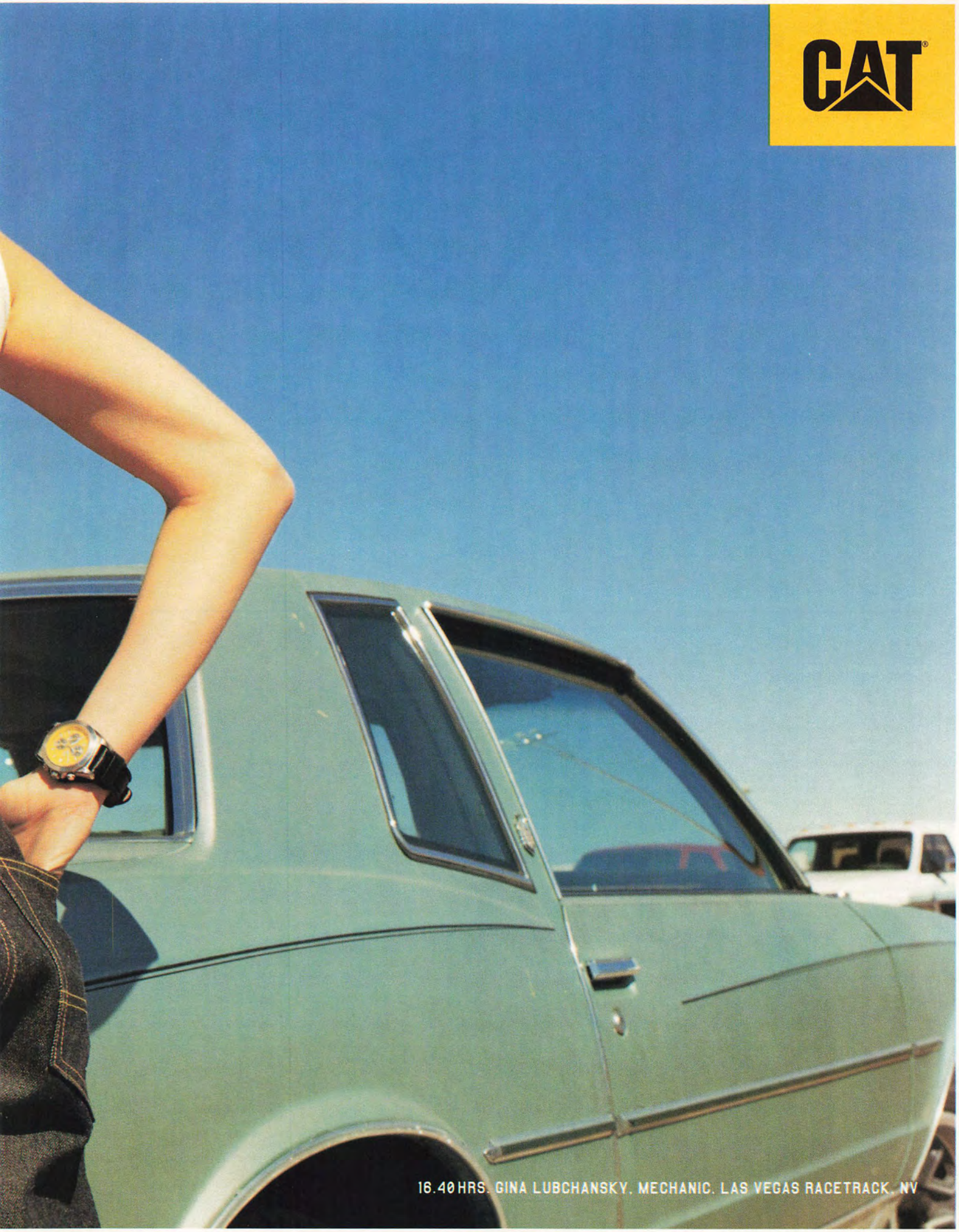
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PERSONAL TRAINERS STOCKISTS (from page 114)

Acupuncture Terrafirma, High St Kensington, London W10; Schuh, 118-120 Argyle St, Glasgow; Aspecto 7 Vale St, Manchester; Office, Neal Street, London WC2. Stockist enquiries 0171 580 8600 **Adidas** Offspring, 221 Camden High St, London NW1; J-D Sports nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0161 419 2500 **Caterpillar** Office, King's Road, London SW3; Schuh, 141 New Street, Birmingham; 59-61 Church Street, Liverpool; Sidegate, Eldon Square Shopping Centre, Newcastle upon Tyne. Stockist enquiries 0171 722 2132 **Converse** Shelley's, Neal Street, London WC2 and High Street, Kensington, London W10; Raw Shoes, Marlone Hse, Churchill Way Industrial Estate, Saddington Road, Fleckney, Leics; Schuh, 1 Neilson Square, Deans Industrial Estate, Livingstone EH54 8RQ. Stockist enquiries 01372 731 343 **Diesel** 43 Earlham St, London WC1 and 116/120 Buchanan St, Glasgow **Fila** available nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0191 495 4900 **Patrick** Office, Neal Street, London, WC2; Schuh, 141 New St, Birmingham and Market St, Manchester; Busc & Co, High Street, Cardiff. Stockist enquiries 01753 575 201 **Stride** Offspring, 221 Camden High St, London NW1 and 60 Neil St, Covent Garden, London WC2; Schuh, 7/9 Cowgate, Dundee and 119/120 Argyle St, Glasgow; HIP, 14 Thorntons Arcade, Leeds. Stockist enquiries 0171 722 2132 **Vans** Club Blue Room, 141 Park Lane, London W1; Dogfish, 17 Bedford St, Norwich; Shark Bite, 68 Park Row, Clifton, Bristol; North Shore, 34-37 Fore Street, Newquay. Stockist enquiries 0181 877 9907.

GAMESMASTER FLASH STOCKISTS (from page 116)

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FRED PERRY
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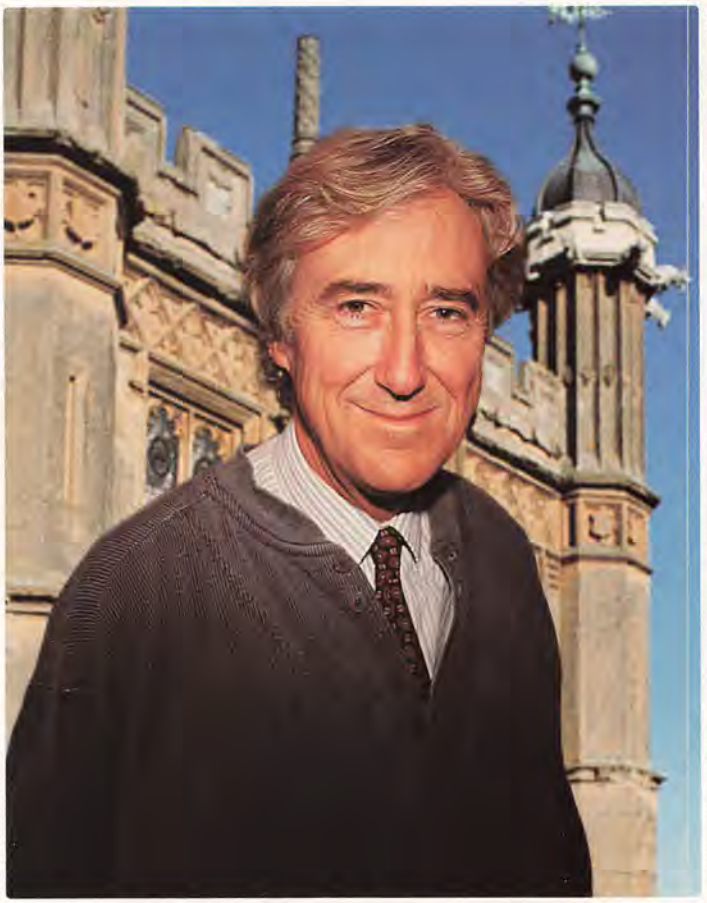

Lord David Cobbold

Knebworth nob

The turned-on toff who invites thousands of unwashed rock-lovers into the grounds of his country mansion every year

How did you become owner of Knebworth House?

It's my mother's family home and has been in her family since it was built 500 years ago. My mother had two brothers but one was killed before the war and one during, so my grandfather wanted it to go to his eldest daughter. In 1970 I told my parents that my wife and I would like to have a go at keeping the house going for another generation. My father thought we were crazy, but my mother thought it was a lovely idea. So they moved out and we moved in, and we opened it to the public. We built the big road off the motorway and jumped from nearly 7,000 visitors in 1970 to 121,000 in 1971.

When did the rock'n'roll arrive?

The concerts started in 1974. The first one was with the Allman Brothers, Van Morrison, The Doobie Brothers and The Mahavishnu Orchestra – it was great, really.

Where did you get the idea to host these monster concerts?

It was all Freddie Bannister's doing. He was a promoter at that time. He'd done the Bath Festival and he was looking for a site near London which was suitable for outdoor events. He appeared one day and said this was the site. It's just off the motorway and you can bring in lots of people very easily. It has a natural bowl – it's a valley and a natural amphitheatre, not overlooked at all, so it turned out to be an absolutely ideal site. He came up to us and said, "Would you consider doing it?" and we said, "Cool, why not? Sounds like a good idea".

What's been you favourite concert?

Well, I think the great all-time favourite concert for me was the Pink Floyd one when they did *Dark Side Of The Moon* in 1975. It's also one of my favourite records. That was very spectacular at the time. They were really the first band to do the visual stuff as well as the music. They played the first half of their set in daylight and the second half just after it had got dark, with an interval in between. When the second half began there was this crane holding a wire which stretched right across the audience onto the stage. Just as the music started, a rocket came right across the crowd on this wire, straight into the stage, then about 40 rockets went up and a siren came on at full blast. It was just absolutely incredible – it still sends shivers down my spine when I think about that. But there have been some other very good concerts here. One of the best, I thought, was The Beach Boys in 1980. That was a really good dance party.

PHOTOS: MARTYN GOODACRE

How did the Oasis gig compare to the Pink Floyd experience?

Well, Oasis... I think some of their music is very good and they certainly pulled in the people. I was very much involved in doing the Oasis concert, rushing about organising it, so I really didn't get the best out of it. You have to be right in the middle of the crowd enjoying it, and if you're running around worrying about the catering or the security then you don't have a chance to get involved. They put on a very good show. It was certainly the biggest event we've ever done by quite a long way. We have a licence for 125,000 people, which is huge. Oasis was the first time we'd ever done two days running, a Saturday and a Sunday. So we had a quarter of a million people in over the weekend. I personally didn't think we could achieve that. I just didn't know how we were going to clean up the arena between them. But we did it. It happened. We had people working all night tidying up. We just finished as the arena opened for the new intake the next morning.

Do you ever let yourself go at these gigs, or are you always too busy organising things?

I try to a bit, but as I said, it's quite difficult. It was much more relaxed in the '70s – there weren't so many rules and regulations. There was very little infrastructure, not much backstage. Now we have hospitality tents, vast catering stands and flushing toilets. We used to have just a hole in the ground.

What's your favourite tipple?

I'm a wine drinker. We have a small house down in southwest France, and I'm bit of an addict for wine from the Bordeaux region. We have our own house label wine, which we get direct from a vineyard in southwest France. We buy about one sixth of their whole production. We do a big catering business here all year round.

This year you're hosting the Universe '98 dance music festival. Are you a keen dance fan?

I love dancing. I've always liked dancing and I'm looking forward to this event very much. I'm not sure I'm going to be able to dance to all the types of music represented. I'm not quite into the rap and that sort of thing.

Do you ever go to any dancing clubs?

I haven't done recently, no. I'm young at heart but it's some time since I danced all night.

What was the big dance in your day?

We started jiving, we started doing the twist – all sorts of modern dancing, I guess. I was listening to Elvis Presley, that sort of age. I got into dancing with the Beatles and the Beach Boys.

Are you looking forward to having 100 DJs, 50 live acts and 60,000 loved-up clubbers trampling over your fields?

No problem. Very much looking forward to it. 60,000 doesn't bother us really. We're used to double that number so we can handle 60,000 – there'll be plenty of room for everybody.

Hosting a dance festival is a different ball game to a '70s rock gig. Are you going to be able to cope?

Well, we've done all sorts of different things. The closest thing, I suppose, was the Green Belt Festival – a sort of religious event. We had lots and lots of marquees and a stage, but that was not quite as big as this.

Who is your favourite DJ?

I have to say I'm on virgin territory. I'd have to consult my next-generation advisers.

Is running Knebworth your sole occupation in life?

Well, it is at this moment. I've retired, really. I've been in the City, been a banker all my life, but I got leave of absence from my bank in the early '70s to start this business off. I was 60 last year and I've given up most of my city engagements, although I'm still a director of a merchant bank in the City. I've moved back here, taken up the reins and it's business again – and I'm thoroughly enjoying myself. It's good to get stuck in again.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Universe '98 will be taking place at Knebworth House, near Stevenage, Hertfordshire on 23/24 May. Tickets are £60 including camping and parking. Bookings: 0115 912 9129. Tickets are available from all Virgin Megastores. There's more info at www.universe.co.uk.

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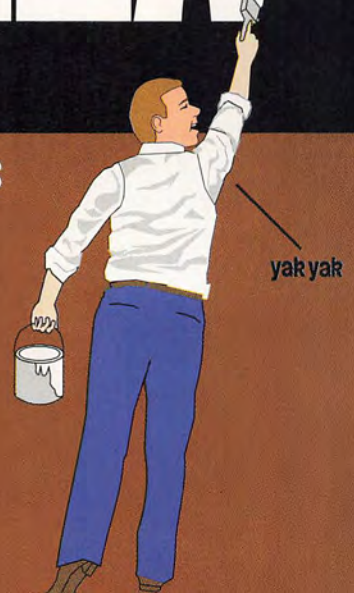
Plus

Bits from old editions found behind the fridge and loads of new stuff we haven't thought of yet, but no doubt containing the usual puerile references to breasts



On sale Wednesday 13 May

The Hedonists' Handbook

What's going on in the world at the moment

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146	clubs	Sheffield clubs, Glen Gunner, Brahms & Playlist, You Dancin'?
154	film	Peter Fonda, the Coen brothers, *U-Turn*, *Scream 2* and a giant Japanese turtle
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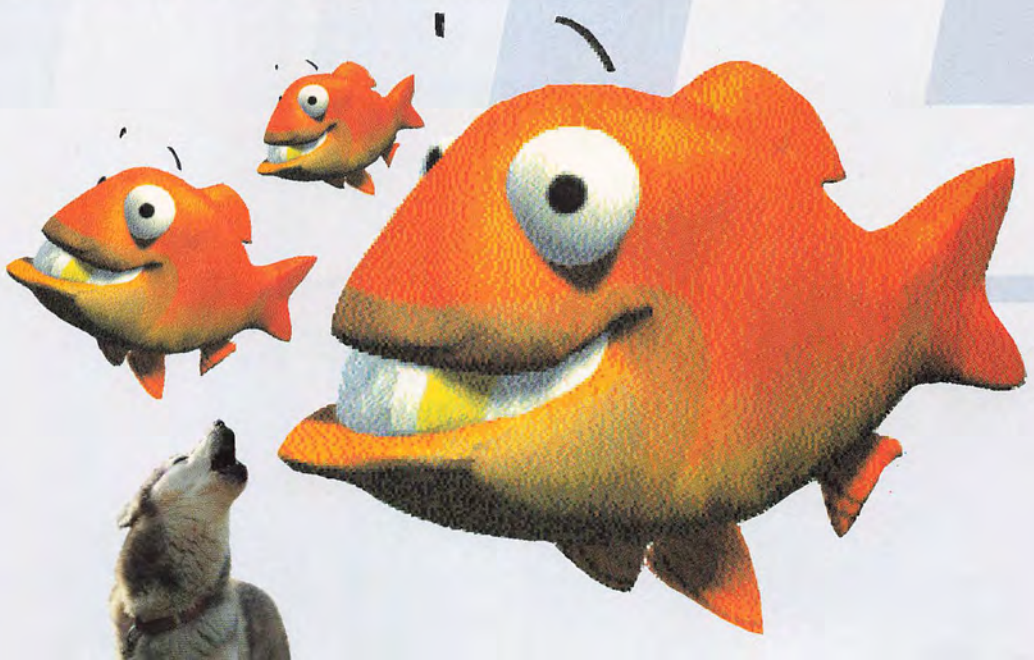
166	books	Reviews, the greatest book about cocaine smuggling ever
168	food & drink	The bars of New York, hangover cures, pub of the month
170	darkness	Edgar Allan Poe, grandfather of horror
171	art	Recreating the pub in an art gallery
172	technology	News on the net, blowing up buildings, games reviews



new asian provocateurs

Asian Dub Foundation: dubby, punky, drum'n'bass protest singers

Standing on the roof of their base camp in southeast London, with the temples of Babylon – AKA NatWest tower and the Lloyds building – behind them, Asian Dub Foundation pull the shapes required by press photographers. They've been pulling more shapes since Primal Scream started ranting their praises, and then took the almost unknown rebel music outfit on tour last year.

Since then this band's punk, pop, jungle riddim has come good. Many have tried to do the rebel politics, dance style sound clash and many have failed. Remember Senser? Radical Dance Faction? Colonel Abrams? ADF have blasted their memories to the back of the dance hall.

Despite the powerful backing from Bobby Gillespie, you may not have heard the last single, 'Free Satpal Ram', about a man who, ADF say, was wrongly imprisoned for murder after resisting a racist attack in 1986. It was rumoured to be too political for mainstream radio playlists. Truth is, it was probably too damn groovy for the bespectacled, lard-arsed radio ponces. Live, the five piece (pictured left to right: DJ Pandit G, bassist Dr Das, provider of electronic noise and crazy-mental dancing Sun-J, guitarist Chandrasonic, and rapper Master D) are the most successful combination of drum'n'bass rhythm, punkish guitar, Asian wobble, dub production and ranting raps around. They've been known to get even the most bovine indie crowd jumping.

Since they formed in '93, recognition has been a long time coming. The new album, *Rafi's Revenge*, was first released in France under the title *Rafi* in early '97, and while they were packing over 700 people in London's LA2 without a record deal, British labels didn't want to know. Now London Records, home of All Saints, has taken them on, and even put thousands of Free Satpal Ram posters up all over town. Swings and radical roundabouts, innit.

Now that Dame Fortune beckons, are ADF up for the trappings of pop fame?

"What's that?" asks Chandrasonic.

"You talking about cocaine?" says fast-talking young 'un Master D.

Alright, what about that?

"See, I told you," mutters Pandit G, unimpressed with the direction the interview's taking. "These fucking people man…"

Chandrasonic is quick to jump in: "You see this is just a different thing altogether. ADF couldn't exist or sound like it does without the educational and social philosophy. The kind of thing that is in the music press, and your magazine is a definite example, is like nobody's interested in anything, everyone just wants to get out of their heads and wank or something."

There's a place for everything.

"Not at all," says Pandit G, warming to the fight.

"No, it's fine," says Chandrasonic, diplomatically, "but putting that idea across all the time precludes other things. We've been told no one wants to hear what we're singing about. But you wouldn't believe the letters that have gone to Satpal in prison, the money we've raised."

"We're for a conscious party, rather than an unconscious party," says Sun-J, the man with the nuttiest dance legs in the business.

"Let's let people feel they've got collective power. That can feel good as well," says Chandrasonic, on a roll now, "rather than just thinking everyone's gotta get pissed and fight…"

"And take charlie," adds D, again. (He started it, honest.) "And that everything means nothing and we've all gotta fall down some drug-addled, drunken hole."

You mean the rock'n'roll lifestyle?

"Yeah, and it's boring. We're not interested in the lifestyle. We're interested in the music and passion and excitement. You get groups signed up 'cos they lead the lifestyle but their music is retrogressive shit which would have been ordinary in 1968," says Chandrasonic, dismissing a generation of North London hopefuls.

The best rock music has been made by angry outsiders, but these days rock is the mainstream. ADF reckon they are truly rock'n'roll, without the drink and drugs. It's a revelation. And not necessarily a policy endorsed by **loaded**. Is it all serious with this band, surely they like a laugh?

"We've got a clown prosecution service," says Das. "We're gonna get Bernard Manning, Chubby Brown and Jim Davidson, that'd make us laugh."

"We've got a clown prosecution service. We're gonna get Manning, Chubby Brown and Davidson"

"Yeah, torturing comedians!" laughs Chandrasonic.

"Settin' them on fiyah!" chants D.

Blimey! Help save the traditional comics. Hurry up and buy ADF's records so they can afford a yacht, and maybe a Mediterranean villa. The edge might come off their anger and their music should go baggy in the middle. By the time they're buying Ferraris in sets of three they'll be ready to record songs about homeless people with Phil Collins. And the rest. Knighthoods. Royal variety shows. Solo performances on Wimbledon's centre court. Fuck it, they'll probably be able to buy NatWest tower before they're finished. It's for sale, you know.

DANNY PLUNKETT

Rafi's Revenge *is out on FFRR on 20 April. ADF have also done the soundtrack to the Institute of Race Relations* HomeBeats *CD-Rom. Info about the Satpal Ram campaign is on ADF's single.*

PHOTOS: MARTYN GOODACRE

Asian Dub Foundation take a stand against sunshine while buildings sprout from their heads

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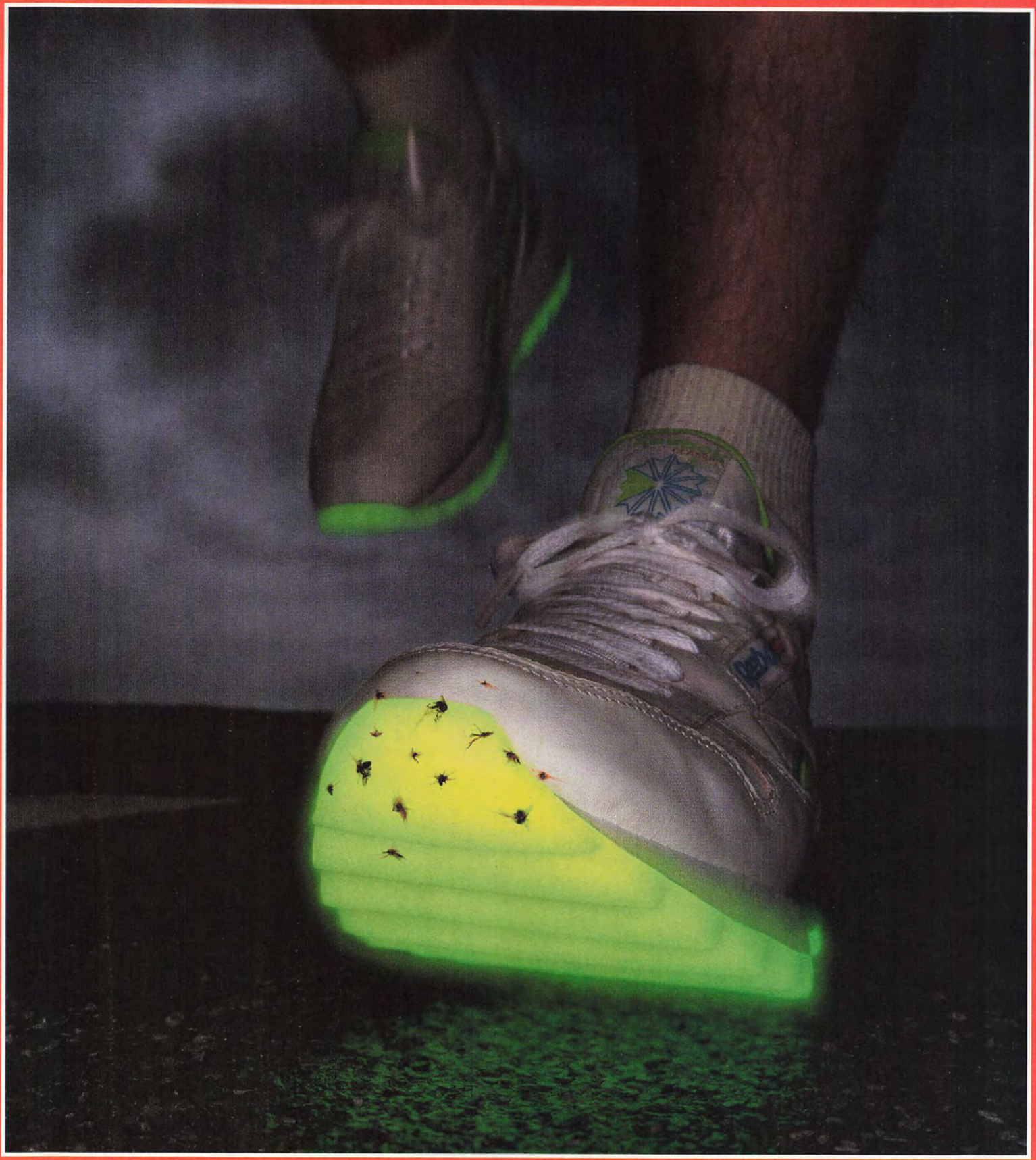

Glow-in-the-dark Reebok Classics. Only at Foot Locker.

"OK, so who left the keys in the transit"

White lines, do it

Headswim have covered a lot of tarmac to get where they are

No shitting on the bus. That's the rule. Shoot as much smack as you like, shag as many groupies as you can lay your filthy paws on, and chuck electrical appliances out of hotel windows to your heart's content. Just as long as you keep a firm grip on your bowels.

"Harsh, but fair," says hearthrob singer Dan Glendining, of Headswim's one tour rule. "You have to be strict about these things when you tour as much as we do."

Indeed, the Essex scowlrock quartet Headswim have the most chronic case of White Line Fever in pop history. Since their formation back in the transit-friendly days of fraggle-grunge, Headswim must have played every rat-infested shed on the toilet circuit ("Best days of our lives!" smirks Dan). Yep, if you ever want a map of the nation's Little Chefs drawn up, Headswim are your fellas.

Happily, now Headswim are top pop stars following their top 30 smasheroony, the glistening Radiohead-only-happier melodies of 'Tourniquet', they can afford a better class of bus.

"Now we've got a slightly bigger Transit," says magnificently-titled bassist Clovis Digweed Taylor. "It's got a little TV!" he adds proudly.

Still, the life of the electric gypsy has taken it's toll on Headswim. Dan is currently recuperating from an operation to whip his tonsils out, which forced Headswim to cancel their 'Become Bigger Than Bush' let's-crack-America tour.

"We had our bags packed and everything," croaks Dan miserably. Luckily, tour or no tour, Headswim are already making waves across the pond since supporting Kula Shaker last year.

So what are the differences between driving a transit up the M6 and driving a tourbus up the Noo Joisey turnpike?

"In America they put an enormous head on the Guinness," observes Clovis. "And they expect you to play darts on these shit Argos plastic boards with velcro darts."

"But America's really good for strippers,"

"Groupies? Too many to count. It's just too easy"

reckons Dan. "They're everywhere! Street corners, bars, on stage when we're playing..."

And groupies? "Yeah...too many to count," groans Dan. "It's just too easy." Eh? Sorry?

"You get girls everywhere," sighs Clovis wearily. "In America, you do get girls wanting to shag you just 'cos you're in an English band. You get guys bringing their girlfriends along to the show so you can get off with her while the bloke's standing there! And because you're in the band it's OK!"

Erm, so are we to gather that Headswim are a bunch of miserable gets? After all, their anthemic new single 'Better Made' is backed with songs like 'Last Subway Coma' and 'Revory Position'.

"Nah! We don't have a miserable manifesto!" laughs Dan. "Our songs might have dark subject matter, but most of them are actually quite jaunty. And it's not that we mind all that drugs, sex and booze malarkey, it's just we need an even bigger bus to get a proper run-up!"

"Either way," smirks Clovis, "Now we're proper rock stars, we know we'll never have to play Birkenhead or Mansfield ever again!"

JOHN PERRY

'Better Made' is out 28 April on Epic , the new album Despite Yourself *is out 11 May. Headswim tour the UK in May and June and will be at V98, Glastonbury and T In The Park this summer.*

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a monthly catalogue of filth from the world of rock'n'roll

MOONDOG

Moondog, a blind musician whose 'Stamping Ground' forms part of the soundtrack to the new Coen Brothers movie, *The Big Lebowski*, has never, as far as we know, ever been involved in anything scandalous. Even so, he sure is weird. He's been around forever – since 1916 actually, and is a blind guy who rose to fame during the late '40s, wandering the streets of New York playing instruments of his own invention such as the oo, uni, samisen and trimba. When he made records, they often included the sounds of cars or ships in the New York docks, all of which he considered part of his music. He once successfully sued DJ Alan Freed for nicking his name. He's worked with everyone from Charlie Parker, Lenny Bruce and Tiny Tim to Julie Andrews and once, scared by rumour of an atomic war, fled to Salt Lake City. He's also a notoriously snappy dresser who was often spotted roaming Times Square clad in army surplus blankets and a viking helmet. We repeat, well weird.

PHOTO: REDFERNS

RAY CHARLES

Seems that Ray Charles has finally stopped bailing out his daughter, singer Sheila Jean Robinson, a crack addict who took to crime to fund her habit, allegedly stealing cheques and credit cards from mailboxes. For years he's been doling out child support and footing bills for the daughter who was born out of wedlock. Ray knows about drug problems from first-hand experience – he was into drugs as early as the '40s. Done for possession in 1964, he was hauled in again during 1966 and went cold turkey for 92 hours in an effort to beat the charge. As for his sex life, the fact that Sheila Jean is around confirms Ray's past ability to perform as well in bed as on-stage, though he's often been inclined to mix showbusiness with pleasure, one definition of his Rae-lettes (his female backing group) being any girl that let Ray.

AXL ROSE

By Axl's own standards, his recent bust-up with a baggage checker at Phoenix airport was small potatoes. Just a disorderly conduct charge followed in the wake of a reported fracas about searching the Guns N' Roses' icon's luggage. Quite mild really, compared to the rather heavy attitude Axl adopted when he decided he wanted to marry Erin Everly, Don Everly's daughter. Turning up at her house in the wee small hours he threatened to blow his brains out if Erin didn't accompany him to a Vegas chapel. She foolishly agreed and since then the new Mrs Rose has witnessed Axl's temper tantrums cause an estimated $100,000-worth of damage to their home. Still, it's nice to know that the man born William Bruce Bailey's not become a Prozac victim. The world of **loaded** can sleep easily at night.

FRED DELLAR

Spaghetti whistlin'

The man whose blow-jobs gave the man with no name his name

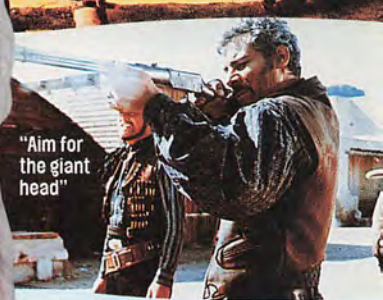
Italian men aren't exactly famous for making music with their lips. Indeed, women the world over would probably testify that wolf-whistling forms their major contribution to the art form. But there are exceptions. Remember the whistling in the music to *A Fistful Of Dollars* and its sequels? Good, wasn't it? But it weren't no fancy gadget, fool. It was all the work of Alessandro Alessandroni, the legendary Italian soundtrack performer and arranger, whose parents certainly knew a thing or two about picking easily-remembered names for their kids.

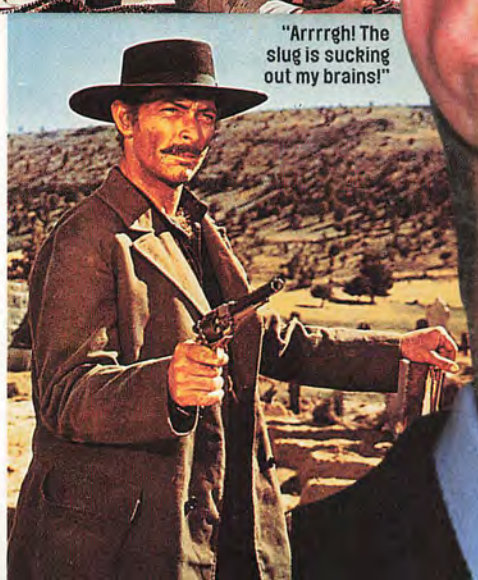
Seeing as he was in town for the launch of *Erotica Italia*, a film soundtrack compilation from the Sound Creators which features a couple of his tunes, we jumped at the chance of an audience with the man whose contribution to the Spaghetti Western makes him as much of a legend as Clint Eastwood.

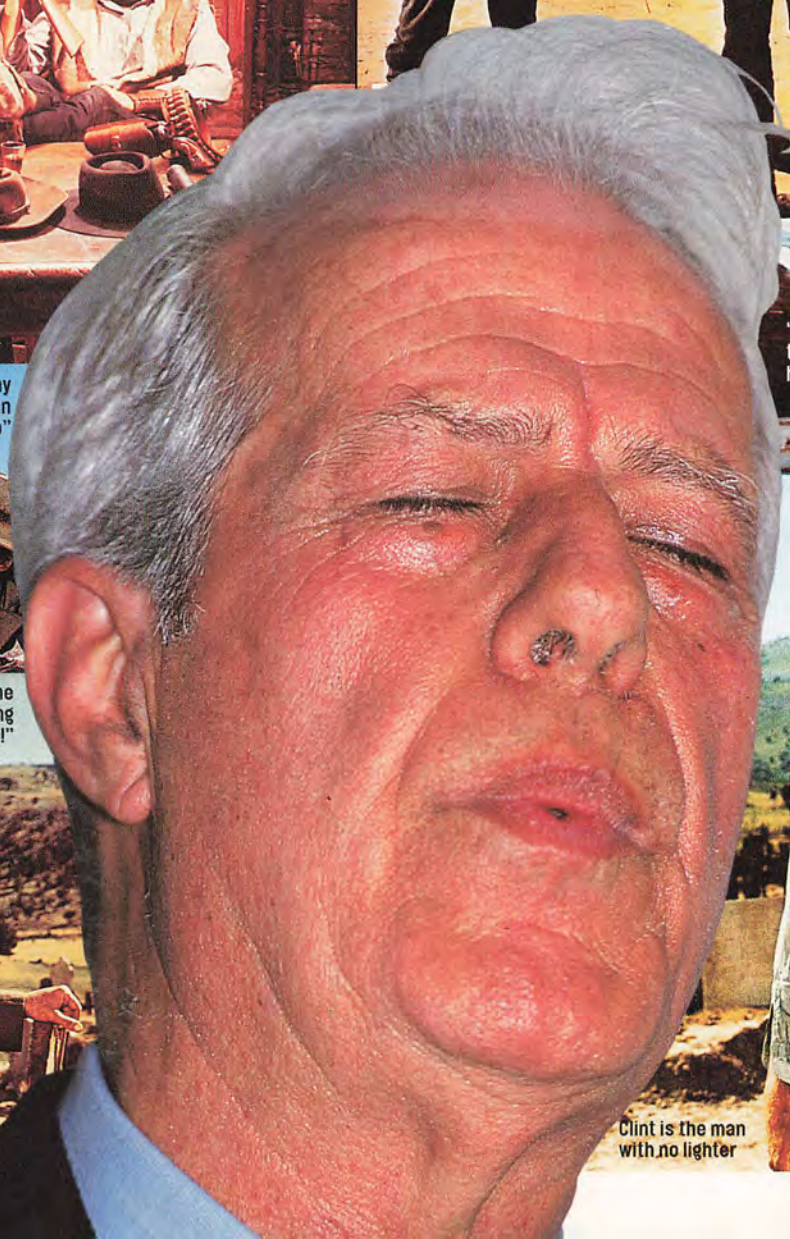
At least, that's our opinion, but Alessandro's having none of it. "Stop, it's too much!" he says. "It is enough of a reward that you are interested in me." In addition to modesty, Alessandro's also mastered the odd instrument or two, and sings in a choir. Bit of a one-man band, really. And he broke into wind quite by chance.

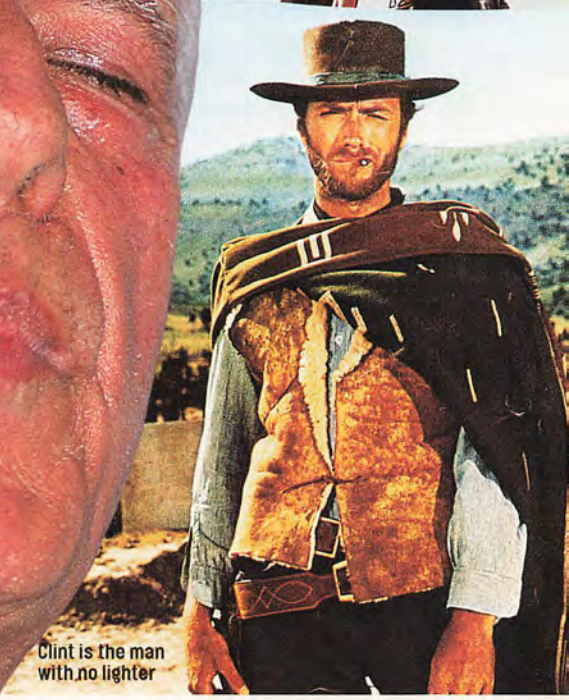
"I was playing the guitar in an orchestra, and at the end of a recording, Nino Rota [*who did the music for* The Godfather] asked if there was anyone there who could whistle," he remembers. "I said, 'Maestro, maybe I can try?' I didn't know if my whistle was right, so I just did it and they said 'Belissimo!' From that day, I began to be used for whistling."

A natural, it seems. But then we've all heard blokes down the market having a blast, so what









makes his so special?

"All people are able to whistle, but most of what they get out is breath, and a small quantity is the sound," he explains. "My whistle is 90 per cent sound and 10 per cent breath. That's the difference. I keep the wind to the minimum – the microphone does not like the air. It likes the sound."

It's always nice to have science explained to you in a way that

"That's the difference – I keep the wind to the minimum"

makes perfect sense. But it isn't nice when the five or so people sitting around you now start trying to copy the great man's technique, launching into pathetic renditions of what sound like low-rent ditties favoured by the milkman.

"Bet you can't whistle like those blokes on *One Man And His Dog*," I venture. Alessandro hasn't heard of it – lucky him – so snapper Tony and I explain the format of TV's most interesting programme of the last 25 years. "No, it is very difficult," Alessandro says. "I can't whistle like a shepherd. I'm sorry."

Now it's time for the few dollars more question: just how did he get to whistle for the Sergio Leone Westerns? "Ennio Morricone [*the Italian movie music maestro*] called me because he knew about me and said, 'Alessandro, can you come and do a little whistle for *A Fistful Of Dollars*?' We didn't believe in that film – nobody believed in that film – and they didn't spend much money on the soundtrack, but I said yes. They had a lot of success."

So did you get paid a fortune for such an unforgettable contribution?

"Ha ha. Later, I had a letter from RCA and they thanked me for the nice recording. And they said, as the sale of the film's soundtrack record was scoring so good, we thought we'd give you a cheque for 50,000 lire." That's about £18.46, but Alessandro's not bitter. "I was always surprised, because I was paid to amuse myself."

And with that, he's off to belt out a few classic tunes for the 100 or so people waiting. But not before I persuade him to whistle us the *Fistful Of Dollars* theme – which he's more than happy to do – only to be greeted by raucous shouts of "Sublime! Sublime!" from some pissed-up fucker who stumbled into the proceedings claiming to represent a men's magazine.

NIALL HAMPTON

Erotica Italia, *'the* Kama Sutra *of Italian erotic movie music from the '60s and '70s', is out now on Bistro.*

albums reviewed by cheeky

Pulp: This Is Hardcore (Island)
Students arise. Your lord has returned in his ill-fitting hipsters. In this next chapter of the word of Cocker he continues his lectures on dishes, old people and porn. "And no I didn't need your annoying dog/eating the cheese from my sarnie and my chocolate log" – is not one of the lines from the album but some are a bit like that. The music to *This is Hardcore* is like everything they've done before except slightly darker around the edges. Jarvis mutters a lot more, which is nice. A few guitars go a bit mad at the start. Then it all goes a bit lazy and smoky bar-type stuff. On the whole it's great and Cocker still talks rubbish. Good luck to them.

The Smurfs: The Smurfs' Greatest Hits (EMI)
These little blue twats are always good for a laugh. Then after about two or three days they're not. Shite and good at the same time.

Blue Oyster Cult: Heaven Forbid (SPV)
This lot should really have shut up in the '70s if they knew what was good for them. Tripe.

DJ Alfredo: The Sound Of The Underground (Ibiza)
Underground is most definitely the best place for DJ Alfredo, his gypsy-shit grooves, his whistle and his goblin-like followers. Preferably about six feet underground. Woof woof.

Iron Maiden: Virtual XI (EMI)
Still not dead and still making a godawful ageing racket. Fantastic.

Massive Attack: Mezzanine (Virgin)
There is no other state to listen to Massive Attack than stoned. Their enticing whispered grooves stick very comfortably in second gear and never really budge. As soon as marijuana is legalised, Massive Attack will be bigger than The Beatles. Believe me. Bristol styleeee!

Ninja Cuts 3: Funkungfusion (Ninja Tune)
Banging assortment of big beat grooves and anthemic monsters. Like finding yourself locked up in a sweet shop overnight except the sweets are big beats and, er, well actually a sweet shop that sells big beats is a record shop so that doesn't make sense. And you'd get sick of just eating sweets all night. Er. What I'm trying to say is that this album is worth having and you won't be sick of it. Sweet.

UB40: UB40 Presents The Dancehall Album (Virgin)
Another collection of soft reggae pap to help this gargantuan troop of Midlands pseudo rastas pay the mortgages on their penthouse flats in Wolverhampton. With this one they've even had their mates in Jamaica sing their songs which must have made Ali Campbell's day. Here's a theory: if there's about, ooh, let's say, 73 band members in UB40 and they've all presumably got loads of mates and really large families then it makes sense that if each of them buy the record, it's bound to go in the charts. Genius really, isn't it? Unlike this album.

REVIEWS CONTINUE PG 141

cheeky recommends

Cappadonna: The Village (Epic)
Angry hip-hop/rap shit produced, it seems, through the wall of a toilet at Newport Pagnell service station. Still good though.

Fantastic Plastic Machine (Bungalow)
Step to Tomyuki Tanaka's album of floaty, funky, groovy, twistin', rockin', pumpin', kickin' toons. Japan.... it's the new France.

Skinny: The Weekend (Cheeky)
Loafer style grooves to take you from the arse end of Friday to the glaring reality of Monday morning without you actually having to move. Nice.

Swayzak: Snowboarding In Argentina (Pagan)
Pulsing tunes that fall backwards over themselves in their effort to get horizontal. Chilled out beep noises and music to dance to on a waterbed. Lovely.

David Holmes: Stop Arresting Artists (Go Beat)
The best thing to come out of Belfast since Georgie Best chucks in another sterling collection of mixes, twixes and shindigs from the choice tracks of his last album. It's a vinyl-only experience so beware warping. Choice.

The loaded Ultraviolence Origin Unknown Page

Johnny Violent, the Darth Vader of techno

This man is not a Christian. This man may not be well. Just listen to his hard-fast-dark-techno exorcism, with a voice rattling like the screams of a thousand loosened geography teachers. The venomous tongue of an amphetamined-up Darth Vader from Nottingham who calls himself Johnny Violent. We had to make contact...

Why do you call yourself Johnny Violent?

I thought, to make it easier, I'd refer to myself as the name of the band. It's meant to be bit of an ironic joke because in real life, I'm not particularly violent at all. I'm quite quiet. I just change my personality on stage.

Your music is mental enough on CD, what happens on stage?

Normally with live PAs, it's me yelling plus Roger angle-grinding and making loads of sparks.

On your new LP *Killing God* you've covered Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid'. Are you a kind of dark techno metal fan?

I've always seen techno as being quite dark. In the '80s I was listening to stuff like Sisters Of Mercy, Front 242, and I like what people refer to as doom-laden classical music – Wagner etc. I think that music goes well with dark techno. I think this album is more varied than my others because it starts out quiet, then towards the end you get the darker stuff.

Where does your 'darker stuff' come from?

I don't know, I find it very cathartic though. I don't do anything particularly aggressive. I go mountain biking 40mph downhill and get drunk a lot on red wine. When I was younger I used to burn my arms with cigarettes. My techno is about actual issues that affect me more on an emotional level. I did a full concept album called *Psychodrama*, all about male aggression... which was pretty cathartic. After that, for a few months I was really happy, outgoing and chirpy, then I needed another fix... I've got to go and do it again.

Is the title of 'Bombs In My Head' [*a track on the new LP*] a description of what the music does?

I wrote that about two years ago. It's quite an interesting story. I had a one night stand with this woman and she told me she was a psychotherapist but it turned out she was an outpatient. She was clinically mad. It did my head in a bit, which is why the music is so intense.

And 'Killing God'?

It's about the idea of rejecting your known creator. It isn't literally about killing God because I'm an atheist. It's about rejecting your own existence. Its a big thing with serial killers...

Are you trying to kill the audience?

The audience seem to have a whale of a time, I hope they get out of it what I do. They get very angry, fight each other and mosh-around, then after that they probably feel a lot better. I get such a mixture of people at my gigs; rockers, ravers, cyber goths.

Are you a product of the so-called rave culture?

I don't think I've ever been part of any culture, I used to go to raves occasionally but at the same time I used to visit rock clubs or goth nights. Not necessarily adhering to any of the dress codes, I was just into the music. I go to Covent Garden to watch opera and still wear exactly the same clothes as I would to a rave or goth night.

"I'm not particularly violent at all. I'm quiet"

How would you describe the feeling of your sound?

People are starting to call it psycho... It's pretty ambiguous. I'd kind of like it to be called Ultraviolence.

TERRY TERNTABLES

Ultraviolence's Killing God *is out now on Earache.*

Back seat drivers of the drum'n'bass juggernaut that is Origin Unknown

"It's a kind of contradiction, innit?" Origin Unknown's Andy C is wondering what's in their name. "We didn't want to put faces to the music, so you might find us taking even more of a back seat if things mushroom a bit." And they're bound to with the release their new album, *Sound In Motion*, which looks set to redefine the Hornchurch duo as "Origin Well-Known" in drum'n'bass circles and beyond. The follow-up to 1997's much-revered *Speed Of Sound*, the new LP features Andy and partner Ant Miles alongside Ram Records labelmates Shimon, DJ Freedom, Moving Fusion and Red One. "It's the best that every artist on the label can do and we're really proud of it," says Andy. "We consciously made an effort to make more of a journey-type album this time." Which it is – an eclectic mix of throbbing basslines topped with Eastern-sounding loops, oscillating strings and distorted vocal snatches. It's all a long way from the school playground where the Ram posse used to swap football stickers. And when they're not haring around the UK and Europe testing out

"We didn't want to put faces to the music"

dubplates on up-for-it dancefloors ("You know it. Busy as, man.") and doing remixes for their heroes Busta Rhymes and Adam F, Origin Unknown and the Ram posse still relish a day out to see their beloved West Ham. So how would they feel about the team running out at Upton Park to one of their tunes? "That would be the pinnacle of my life!", says Andy. "'We're Forever Blowing Bubbles' is a more traditional flavour, though. But if they did do it, everything would be dry-roasted, man."

NIALL HAMPTON

Sound In Motion *is out now on Ram Records. See them live at Atomics, Maidstone (11 April), The End, London (24 April) and Cambridge Junction (23 May).*

albums reviewed by cheeky ctd...

Rapper pictured actual size. Contents may have settled in transit

Big Punisher: Capital Punishment (Loud/RCA)
Big Punisher is a very large gentleman from the South Bronx. He's so big that when he's in the South Bronx he's in the North Bronx at the same time. If you were to carpet this man from head to toe it would take over 15 rolls of Axminster to do the job. I cannot underline any more the extent of this gargantuan frame. And the music? Well, it's a magic slice of hip hop... from a big bloke. Large.

Bernard Butler: People Move On (Creation)
Long overdue a haircut on the album cover and really long overdue to stop harping on about inane gubbins. This is Suedy at the edges and arsy in the middle. It has the appeal of a pair of a Velcro underpants worn on a hot day. Butler has tried to make an all-powerful monster of an album and has only come up with a hamster in cycling shorts. Bernard also looks like he didn't drink enough milk when he was a kid. Pasty-arsed rubbish.

Harmonium: Spirit Of Tranquility (Global TV)
From the arse end of Enya comes a collection of music slap bang in the 'moods' end of the shop alongside the perfumed candles and the healing crystals. 'Snowdrop', 'Sanctuary Of The Whale' and 'Breath Of Fresh Air' are just a few examples of the floating candle arseness going on here. Only a Pet Shop Boys album could be worse than this. Why listening to a distressed parrot sat in the middle of a sodden rainforest could calm someone down is beyond me. The following are better ways to relax: read, see a film, go for a walk, bang one out, alphabetise your records, look at Ceefax, bang one out. That is the law. Obey.

Gomez: Bring It On (Hut)
Five young blokes from the north arsing about with instruments and vocals. The lead singer sometimes sounds like a toilet is flushing continuously in his gob but still sounds great. The music is an eclectic mix of Tom Waits and Beck type stuff with a twirling cacophony of sound thrown in on top like an immense cherry on a massive cake. Fantastic.

What we're listening to

1 **Bee Gees** 'New York Mining Disaster 1941'
2 **Sugarhill Gang** 'Rapper's Delight'
3 Italian porn music
4 **Iron Butterfly** *InnaGaddadaVida*
3 **NWA** 'Express Yourself'
6 **Traditional** 'The Wheels On The Bus Go Round And Round'
7 **Taking Of Pelham 123 soundtrack**
8 **Asian Dub Foundation** 'Free Satpal Ram'
9 Phil's fart box
10 **Martha Reeves And The Vandellas** 'One Way Out'
11 **Deejay Punkroc**
12 **Vince Osprey** *Back In Flight*
13 **Dust Junkys** *Done And Dusted*

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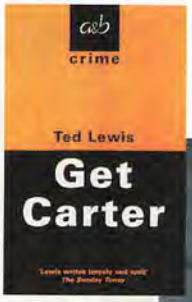
Modern classics for the person who doesn't have time to bugger about

the book

Get Carter, Ted Lewis, Allison & Busby, £5.99

It was never going to be a major date in the publishing calendar, but it certainly did the business for us. Last month's re-issue of *Get Carter* after a five-year absence was criminally overdue and deserves a resounding Good Work Fella! all round.

First published as *Jack's Return Home* in 1970, this book was credited as ushering in the noir school of British crime-writing with its seedy settings and sinister, uncompromising characters. Ted Lewis went on to pen another two Jack Carter stories, an option he had because of *Get Carter*'s ambiguous ending – unlike in the film, where Michael Caine gets it smack in the forehead on the beach. Pretty conclusive, really. There are a few more differences between the book and the film, but this is in no way the poor relation to Caine's finest two hours.



Jack's trip north to Doncaster to bury his brother Frank – the film's location was changed to Newcastle by director Mike Hodges – is just as eventful, from the famous opening line, "Pint of bitter... in a thin glass please," to the final shoot-out. Along the way, we're guided by Jack's concise attention to detail: "She wasn't bad. About 40, probably the right side of it, hair permed, squarish face, well powdered, big tits, open-necked blouse shoved tight into her skirt." And there's plenty of attitude to go with it: "Have they got shooters? Because they'll bloody well need them!" Jack may be a charmer with a fondness for the one-liner, but he's also a vicious bastard, roughing up anyone he thinks is standing in the way of the truth about Frank's death.

Local villains, former lovers, randy landladies and various forms of lowlife all succumb to his violent indulgences, but he still emerges as someone you'd want to go for a drink with. This is a top read with a breezy style that unweaves like a good pub story. Seeing as **loaded** couldn't quite finish its *Get Carter* cartoon strip for legal reasons, this is the nearest you'll ever get to Jack's real story, so give it a go.

NIALL HAMPTON

the video

Romper Stomper, written & directed by Geoffrey Wright, 1992, 4-Front Video, £5.99

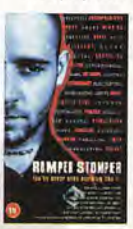
Aussies tend to make dramatic films relying on performances rather than big-budget effects. Consequently this film, which follows a group of Melbourne skinheads on their road to ruin, is a fantastic and brutal one-and-a-half hours' viewing.

Russell Crowe (recently of *LA Confidential*) gives a brilliant performance as Hando, the skins' leader who's so far gone in his following of racist Nazi dogma that it's only a matter of time before he loses any passing acquaintance with logic or rational thought. His best mate Davey and the rest of the gang are more along for the ride (though still quite happy to indulge in racist violence) and the dippy, druggy, epileptic girl Hando gets off with in the first five minutes becomes the fulcrum around which the carnage and tragedy that follows revolves.

The opening scene in which the gang, hanging out in a pedestrian subway, attack a young Vietnamese guy and his sister, sets in motion a chain of events that can only end badly. It's not that the film is moralistic, it's just the only way these characters can ultimately go.

Romper Stomper is a very violent, exciting, captivating and often funny movie, which says a lot about peer pressure, the bonds of friendship and the inherent stupidity of being a racist skin with bad taste in music and a penchant for Nazi memorabilia.

Wright's view of the bleak industrial wastes on the outskirts of Melbourne give the whole thing a slightly 'anywhere' feel – it could be set in England just as much as Australia, and it's about as far from the popular vision of Oz, as portrayed in soaps and holiday shows, as you can get.



The film caused a huge stir in Australia – a country still having real difficulty with racism, even in mainstream politics – and was a massive success, especially for Crowe, who's gone on to be one of the southern hemisphere's most interesting acting exports, without ever having been in *Neighbours*. Astounding.

DEREK HARBINSON

PHOTOS: RONALD GRANT

the cd

Marvin Gaye, Trouble Man, 1972

You have to take notice when an artist of the calibre of Marvin Gaye describes a record as the finest in his considerable canon of work. In fact he described two albums thus, the second being *I Want You* from '76. But then he smoked a lot of weed, did Marvin.

Arriving as it did between two bona fide classics – the sublimely spiritual *What's Going On?* and the deliciously fruity *Let's Get It On* – this blaxploitation soundtrack has long been overlooked. The film was the usual pile of cops'n'robbers manure, but Gaye's music is more than capable of holding its own in the company of the genre's twin pillars of excellence: Isaac Hayes' *Shaft* and Curtis Mayfield's *Superfly*.

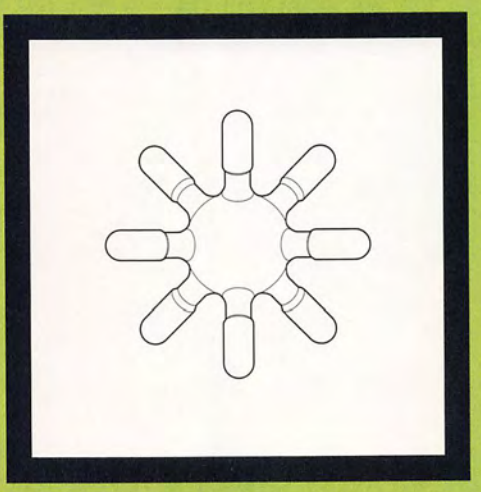
Gaye enjoyed the black action films of the era and was fascinated by gangsters, often seeking out their company just for the buzz. He had always wanted to produce some jazz instrumental work, so when the chance to score *Trouble Man* was presented he seized it, shipped out to the West Coast, holed up in his apartment and absorbed himself in the mood of the piece. He later said he was listening to a lot of Gershwin at the time – hence the big-band arrangements by the likes of J J Johnson and Dale Oehler, on a record that oozes soul and is as funky in places as James Brown's laundry basket.

Marvin was a big admirer of the Moog, and his moody keyboard combines with the pristine sax of Trevor Lawrence to conjure up an ambience that has rarely been equalled. The overall lack of vocals worried Motown, but was viewed as an avant-garde masterstroke by Euro-jazz chin strokers.

The exquisite title track (the only real song here) was a hit, and Marvin's pleading falsetto never sounded better. He sings in the first person, lamenting that only three things are certain in life – "taxes, death and trouble" – which, you have to admit, is pretty much on the money. As such, *Trouble Man* can be seen as an apt accompaniment to Gaye's own dramatic life story, especially given that the last sound we hear, like Marvin when he was smoked by his father Marvin Senior in 1984, is a gunshot.

CHAS CHANDLER

PETE TONG
ESSENTIAL SELECTION



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loaded gets the full monty under a full moon in Sheffield

Sheffield, city of love. We can't open the train door properly because a magnetically joined couple are tonguing each other's tonsils clean. The concourse pigeons are making love, eggs or whatever it is they do, and Little Graham (one of **loaded**'s design team) announces his lusty intentions to find "some skirt".

PHOTOS: ANTHONY CULLEN

It must be a full moon. A good sign in the club world, not just for those with a bank full of money, a hut in Goa and a toilet roll's worth of acid. Back in England, a full moon happens privately behind the conveyor belt of cloud, the hidden menace of cosmic magnetism causing salmon to swim backwards and clubbers to 'feel it'. And, as well we all know, nightclubs are a natural hive for the altered states of lunacy. A breeding ground for potential tambourine Christians – tomorrow's human league of bored gurners – all sorted out for Jesus bliss. No one wants to smile forever in the eternal disco inferno… do they?

First stop the Halcyon bar, next to The Forum bar, at the end or start of Devonshire Street. It is packed and lively with house, funk, DJs and Saturday night warm-up fever. The Forum is similarly packed and lively. In fact all the city's bars are packed, lively with pop-pump, DJs and varied degrees of Saturday night fever. The difference resting on the contents of the DJ's pump and the flashing intensity of the ceiling's lights. The

Janet Street Porter's still down with the kids

Isn't that Velma off *Scooby Doo*?

Sheffield

It's a full moon, and clubs are a natural hive for the altered state of lunacy

Forum and Halcyon are catering for the sexier end of the discerning club afficionados. They are low on lights and the sound is in sympathy with the Pete Tongy.

The nearby Washington pub, with its *Coronation Street* vibe, is the amiable haunt of the older indies. They sit amongst an *Antiques Roadshow*'s worth of wirelesses which have replaced the previous decor of vintage teapots. But the last bell ruins everything and the long-coated sozzled head off, sniffing for a disco. Following the crowds, our first jive takes place in the gargantuan space of the Music Factory. NY Sushi they call it. An unusual name for a nightclub, and one which caters for a crowd allowed to wear trainers. Surprisingly, since the '70s, trainers on club carpet have been causing a doodlebug effect on the average disco manager's piles. Shoes mean class – trainers mean piles.

This place is massive. Four packed rooms, Playstations to eyeball, drum'n'bass, house, hip-hop and Wall Of Sound in the main room spinning a non-cheesy mix of new and old classics. Musically, this night is on a par with the legendary Heavenly Jukebox. The crowd aren't your average shiny house set either. Thanks to the shirt, trousers and shoes entrance-fascism being relaxed, the individuals have appeared. You no longer have to

Bouncing an invisible basketball is the shape to make this month

ENTRENCHED WITH SOCIAL VENOM

"Do you think I'm a bit over dressed?"

"Would you like to buy my sister? She has strong thighs"

It's a seething football pitch-worth of near-naked girls pumping their bodies

dress for the doorman or routinely display a little fluffy something to hide the genitals. This lot have got a bit of savvy. But, thankfully, it doesn't hinder the debauchery – it is still "like having a cup of tea".

After a couple of hours' sweating, we try the Leadmill club but the doorman says "go away". Fair enough, you don't argue with bears. The next stop is Gatecrasher at The Republic. They should rename it Gateway. Not after the supermarket but the unbelievable effect it has on young people. Voodooers kill chickens and eat hallucinogenics to reach this kind of crazy. This is very nearly a young woman's *Full Monty*. If it wasn't for the elastic bands of material hiding the rude stuff, there'd be all manner of trouble. Poor skirt-hungry Little Graham. He's having big trouble on the edge of the dancefloor.

Like the rest of us, he doesn't know where to look and disappears into a cloud of smoke. Has he gone completely off his radar?

Yet, just like the shopkeeper in *Mr Benn*, he reappears on the balcony between two girls. Has he been practising the Egyptian method of sonic levitation? A previously unproved hypothesis which believes the ancient E's projected the stones of the great pyramids into place via beams of sound created by trumpets. All night long there's been talk of a bugle and it is quite possible he has tooted himself above our plane. It takes me 10 minutes, using conventional methods (stairs) to reach his railing.

On his level I can see what he wants. Half a seething football pitch-worth of near-naked girls pumping their bodies in the direction of the DJ's box. All of them shaking their hips and waving invisible dusters around on invisible windows before the whites of their enormous, enlarging eyes. This could be a happy optometrists' party, judging by the flowery smiles and the abundant black fly coating of thick-rimmed secretary glasses. "Blimey!" squeals Graham. "Blimey. Blimey. Blimey."

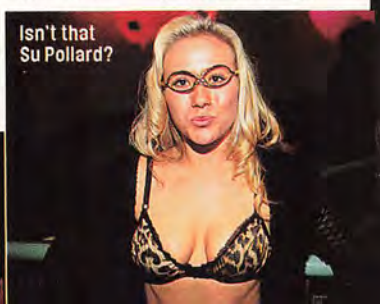
Occasionally the young sirens pause when the DJ cuts the 'uplifting pumping house' and sends waves of ambient strings vibrating through their delirium. Then back roll the beats and up rises the sea of hands, palms forward, as they all show Tall Paul the DJ a silky smooth gloss of perfumed armpits, all wet with ecstasy. Then back come the dusters and they're off... Good work Mr Sheen!

This display of loved-up invisible housework is mental. Ten years on and yes, we've finally reached it, the wiggly world of Acid Housework. To be continued...

ROWAN CHERNIN

Sheffield's clubs and bars

First the bars...
Halcyon Devonshire Street.
Forum Devonshire Street.
Then some discotheques...
Republic 112 Arundel Street. Monthly Fridays: Bubblegum Nite £3, £2 members, 10-2. Saturdays: Gatecrashers, pumping house rampage. £10.50-12.50. Doors 9.30-6am. Tel: 0114 249 2210.
Music Factory 33 London Road. Fridays: old skool eclectic stuff, £5, £4 members, 10.30-2.30. Saturdays: NY Sushi, £8, £7 concessions, 10-3.30. Tel: 0114 279 9022.
Leadmill 6-7 Leadmill Road. Fridays: Rise house night, £9, £7 members, 10-4. Saturdays: Joyrider – cost depends on bands. Doors 8.30-3, if you can get in. Tel: 0114 275 4500.



THE BRAHMS & PLAYLIST

Who's playing what you want and where...

Cultural Vibes

An "evil" uplifting house and garage night filled with 1,000 of the coolest Southenders. Apparently the Dreem Teem DJs "had the roof off" and one of the punters had the loo rolls. Resident DJs Glen Giddens and Mark Hudson. Saturdays at Zero, Aviation Way, Southend. 9-2. £5 membs/£6. Tel: 01702 540117

1 Dreem Teem 'The Theme'
2 Fabulous Baker Boys 'Rumours'
3 Indo 'Are You Sleeping'
4 187 Lockdown 'Kung Fu'
5 MJ Cole 'Sincere'

The Big Kahuna Burger Co

The "evil" night of twisting returns with a speed roster of guest DJs including the likes of David Holmes, Darren Emerson, Tim Burgess etc. Every 2nd Saturday at Mars, Sutton Row, London W1. Doors 9.30-3.30. £5 NUS before 10/ £8. Tel: 0171 482 7166.

1 Vicious Razor & Scribble 'Runs House'
2 FC Kahuna 'Bright Morning White'
3 Co-Fusion '180 EP'
4 Progression 'You Can't Stop (This Movement)'
5 Soul Of Man 'Between The Eyes'

Drama

Hosted by the Rainy Label, this "evil" night of alternative sound varies each week. Blood Sugar, DIY's Floppy Disco and Restless Soul rotate their nights and play a leftfield box of tunes from funky electronic house to techno, African percussion to wobbly electronica. Saturdays, The Music Box, 65a Oxford Rd, Manchester. 10-4. £5. Tel: 0161 236 2662.

1 The Blak Beatniks Vs Boogie Brothers 'Do You Want Me'
2 Maurizio 'Mango Walk'
3 Atmosfear 'Untitled'
4 BFTP 'Warm & Easy Vibes'
5 Rob Hood 'Breaking The Chains'

Scottish Sundissential

Saturday 2 May sees the return of the smart trouser house promoters from Birmingham. With top men from the Scottingham Birmish "evil" school of DJing. Saturdays, Room At The Top, Menzies Road, Bathgate, Scotland. Doors 10.30-4. £10. Tel: 01902 837 007.

1 Jason Nevins Vs Summer Junkies
2 Black Connection 'Give Me Rhythm'
3 Todd Terry 'Ready For A New Day'
4 Fire Island 'Shout To The Top'
5 Essence 'The Promise'

PHOTOS: REX/ SIPA PRESS

Very old skool

Get knee-deep in cold shit folk metal dub disco

Remember that bit in *Sid And Nancy* where the Johnny Rotten character does an impression of a Dalek going "Boring, boring, boring..."? So it is that Pontefract, a West Yorkshire mining town that until recently held the world record for the highest number of pubs per square yard, has gobbed like a punk Davros at the supposed 'socialism' that has sprung out of the London club scene. You want a hardcore socialism night out? Look no further than the rebellious jukebox that is Punchdrunk.

To call it a club is straying well off the garden path. It's a 'do', in a pub: cheap booze, four record collections and a resident band that "combines free-form northern folk metal soul dub disco with a 58-year-old club singer." To quote myself.

Toe Hughes – one part 'The Hood' from *Thunderbirds*, one part power-station worker, four parts top bloke – explains the birth of Punchdrunk. "It was me missus Sharron's birthday and we fancied having a do at the local. I asked some mates – Chris Madden [*from Soundclash*], Dave Beer [*Back To Basics*], Gary Lethbridge [*Herb Garden assistant editor*] and 'Mad Techno' Dale Cusworth – to come along and do it for Sharron. Everyone had a right old time so it seemed like a good idea to have a regular knees-up. Getting Punchdrunk in the Punchbowl. Nice."

Put simply, it's a piss-up for a group of club vet mates, tired of the same old shit and fancying a few pints instead – while indulging in drunken banter to a soundtrack as diverse as you like. "It's by us, for us," says Gary. "It's a night for our mates, and if that's being exclusive then so what? We don't care who comes through the door as long as they're armed with an open mind and are up for a bit of a session. That's what this night is all about. And I mean, where else can you hear Skinny getting played with Karen Carpenter, 2 Lone Swordsmen, Funkadelic, Sizzla, Jeff Buckley, Decoder, Led Zeppelin, Beta Band, Northern Soul, some dub, punk – the lot, basically?"

And the resident band? "This time it's Cold Shit Action, Allen Kellet's '60s group. It's a proper club turn, a bit like an intelligent drum'n'kiddy-rave surf reggae version of Primal Scream. I tell you, if Bobby Gillespie's still strutting it like Allen does when he's 58, I'll buy him a jar," chortles Chris into his pint pot.

Take note – the future has arrived, from the top of a pile of freshly dug coke (not the drug, of course), and it's steaming. To you punters they say: demand the impossible. You can change the world if you really want to.

It's a 'do' in a pub: cheap booze and kiddy rave

BENTLE MONTINE

Punchdrunk usually happens on the last Friday of the month. The next one is probably on 24 April at the Punchbowl, Low Street, Brotherton, nr Pontefract. Tel: 01977 671426. 'Kick Out The Jam Rave Motherfuckers' by Cold Shit Action is out on Steroid Abuse in the summer.

COMPETITION

WIN FESTIVAL TICKETS Free overnight stay in a field! Yes, that's right! A field! The time is fast approaching when many of us will take leave of our senses and wander round in fields talking rubbish to strangers. You must not ignore these urges. They are normal, and to help you satisfy them we've secured some tickets for Creamfields, which takes place at Matterley Estate in Hampshire from 2 to 3 May. There's nine arenas of music and the top line-up includes Tongy, Oakey, Ramplingy, Boy Georgey, Dafty Punky and Rogery Sanchezy and, er... Laurent Garnier. You can get full details on 0151 709 7023.
We've got five pairs of tickets to give away plus some other lovely Cream merchandise. First prize is two VIP tickets plus one of those nice big Cream jackets, a Laurent Garnier album and T-shirt. The next four will get pairs of tickets and a T-shirt. Five runners up will each receive a pair of VIP passes to Cream in Liverpool.
Send your entries to the Rinse It Up In A Field competition, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS, with the answer to the following question: Which of the following fish rhymes with Cream? a) haddock; b) bream; c) starry smoothhound.

YOU DANCIN'?

records you're always too messed up to ask the name of

Wamdue Project: 'Where Do We Go' (Eruption)
A deep catering mixture of disco infused with funky house. It will refresh your club in the same way a pyramid teabag works like a teapot. Lots of flavour.

Oh Po-Lo: 'Italian Job' (White Label)
One to blow the lid off your record box. The '60s soundtrack samples with today's funky beats wide enough to keep Mr Bridger happy. A winkle picker for today's bud-heads.

Lyricist Lounge: Volume On (Rawkus)
An evil insight into the contemporary New York hip hop* scene. Fantastic.

Glamorous Hooligan Stone: 'Island Estate' (Arthrob)
A barbwire cob full of dub heavy breakbeats and an evil polemical rap. Surly.

Return To The Source: Shamanic Trance (Positiva)
PR says: "It's not an album. It's underground. It's a lifestyle. It's a culture and a way of life. It's pure energy." It's pure drugs, you fools.

Various: The Essential Selection mixed by Pete Tong (FFRR)
P'Tong-yong-clubber-bong delivers an evil selection of rude, contemporary club classics. Tong.

Mystic Brew: The Flavour Of Fat City (Fat City Records)
The ideal educational LP for pillheads who only listen to house. A free range of influence from '60s psychedelic funk, reggae, drum'n'bass, soul, jazz... Evil.

Various: Jumpin'! (Harmless)
A selection of 12 original, evil, full-length classics from the disco underground on one LP. This is proper music. Not like the rubbish you pull faces to today.

Bob Azzam: 'Batucadu Por Favor/ Airto Tombo' (Mr Bongos)
An accelerating Latino drum roll which stirs the crowd like a carnival of love spoons.

Various: Header 2 (Header)
Apparently this compilation is, "ideal for the, all-singing, all-dancing, cyber-surfing, roller-skating, extreme sports techno bods." Not for people who gurn on the spot for 12 hours, then?

Various: Kickin' Classics (Kickin' Records)
A rave hot poker to burst the neighbours' karma. Loud Vicks Vapour breaks from the late-'80s and early-90's for nostalgic sweaties. Unlevel.

David Holmes: 'Stop Arresting Artists' (Go! Beat)
A four-piece vinyl collectors box set full of evil. Loads of remixes covering a range of sounds from lazy background '60s psychedelic funk, twisted soul, funky beats. Popular.

Various: High Octane mixed by Dave Tipper (MCI)
A breakbeat drag race LP from a premier Ming The Merciless DT .

The Fog: 'Been A Long Time' (Pukka)
This happy house, old singsong reappears periodically, with loads of remixes. E-Souper.

Various: Disco 2000 (Boka)
Music specially recorded with the book, of the same title about club culture, in mind. Ideal for people who like staying in.

Monkey Mafia: Shoot The Boss (Heavenly)
Bass bins, dancehall fever, breakbeats and mutant astral electronics. An LP for bud-heads and Colombian empathy.

Akasha: Cinematique (Wall Of Sound)
Rich cinematic headphone rambling beanbag jazz, with a cover of Guns N' Roses 'Sweet Child O' Mine'. Cocktail loafing.

ROWAN CHERNIN

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Got any Reynolds Girls?

"Earache affects my mouth," explains a rather confused Glen Gunner, who made his name DJ-ing for drunken tourists in Ibiza

Glen Gunner. Is that your real name or are you just being an obvious Arsenal fan?

Well, I'm not an Arsenal fan but I did have to change my real name. The first ever club I DJ'd at, The Warehouse at the Electric Ballroom in Camden around 1984-85, the promoter didn't like my name. And no, I'm not telling you what it was. I changed it and he liked it. I was a resident there and sometimes I had to do the whole night, when it became the Camden Slammer, on my own from 10.30 to 3.30.

In the early '90s you were one the stars of the so called Balearic beats. Were they like the jazz-bearded beatnik-club-daddyo-disco types?

I don't know how it all happened really. I got a gig with the Flying trip to Ibiza in 1990 and I managed to wrangle a residency at the Cafe Del Mar. I was the first British DJ ever to play there because José had taken a year off. And I was just playing soul, reggae – all the Balearic beats as they called them. But there ain't like a formula to it. It's feeling – lovely vibes, man.

"I broke my traffic lights from over-use. They don't make them now, do they?"

What about the big beats. Are they a bunch of Kerouacs?

Well, big beats sound like the old Balearic beats, just a bit harder. It's like, sort of the indie dance. Just a bit harder though.

Would you ever carry your record box on a shopping trolley to prevent the unavoidable DJ's elbow?

Definitely... or get somebody else to carry them for me.

Have you got a nice set of wheels on your box?

No. I've got a very flash American import record bag with heat-resistant foam, so the records won't melt.

The jawless society of gurners are forever in search of a new sound. Rather than waste old records, do you think it would be a nice idea to ship them out, with some pills, to Iraq? To calm them down a bit?

Most definitely. Put the pills in the water and play the records on national radio and TV.

Do you find that, after you have been DJ-ing, you go home and start mixing all your clothes up? Or ripping pages out of phone books and putting them into a new order?

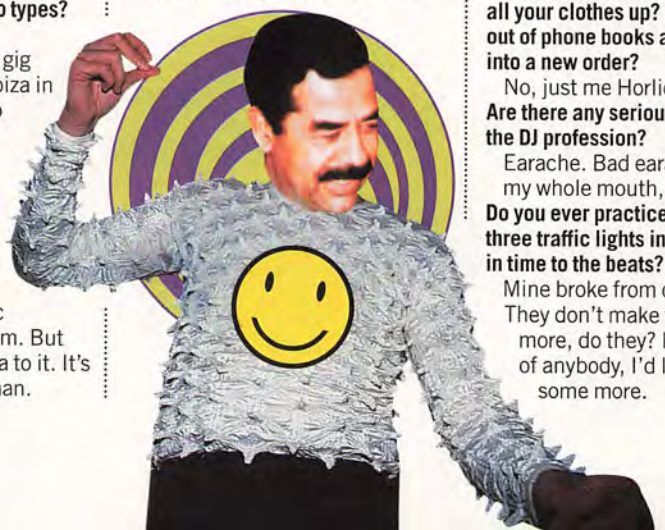
No, just me Horlicks.

Are there any serious side-effects to the DJ profession?

Earache. Bad earache. It affects my whole mouth, I can't eat.

Do you ever practice at home with three traffic lights in a box flashing in time to the beats?

Mine broke from over-use. They don't make them any more, do they? If you know of anybody, I'd like to get some more.



What style of modern dance do you spin?

Old. I'm bored with the new, so I've gone back to the old. Old anything really. When the Warehouse was going, I played literally anything: Northern Soul, the Hawaii 5-0 Theme, electro, rap, James Brown, The Clash... the good old days.

Have you got the Reynolds Girls among the old faithfuls?

I remember them... not guilty.

Which floor of the speed garage are you polishing?

Don't understand the music or the fuss. What's it all about?

Who is the keeper of the Holy Grail? Can it be found by dancing?

People take it all far too seriously. Go out there and have a good time. My best night recently has been Body And Soul with DJs Joe Claussell and François Kervorkian. It was at a club called Vinyl, which is the old Shelter club in New York. People were putting talcum powder on the floor and the guy doing the lights was playing the console like keyboards. Unbelievable. It was perfect. I hadn't even had a lager... a natural high.

What is your ultimate DJ fantasy, whether it be a gig, wheeled record box, Lycra headphones, a supportive arm-DJ-chair etc?

Playing to All Saints.

Any particular location?

My bedroom.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Glen and his partner Pete Z's debut LP, (under the name of Street Corner Symphony) No Running, No Bombing, No Petting, *is out now on Street Corner Records. Glen DJs on Saturdays at Drop The Bomb, The Bomb club, Bridlesmith's Gate, Nottingham; first Saturday of each month at Lift, Blue Note, Hoxton Square, London; monthly Saturdays upstairs at Happiness Stans, The Jazz Bistro, Farringdon Road, London.*

"Up Front Oldies" (Glen's UFOs)

1 **Northend** 'Tees Happy'
2 **Johnny Harris** 'Odyssey'
3 **Four Below Zero** 'My Baby's Got ESP'
4 **The Mob** 'I Dig Everything About You'
5 **Frankie Smith** 'Double Dutch Bus'
6 **Rafael Cameron** 'Boogie's Gonna Get Ya'
7 **Eddy Grant** 'Nobody's Got Time'
8 **Rahni Harris** 'Six Million Steps'
9 **Dazz** 'Brick'
10 **The Brothers Johnson** 'Ain't We Funkin' Now'

PHOTOS: MSI/REX

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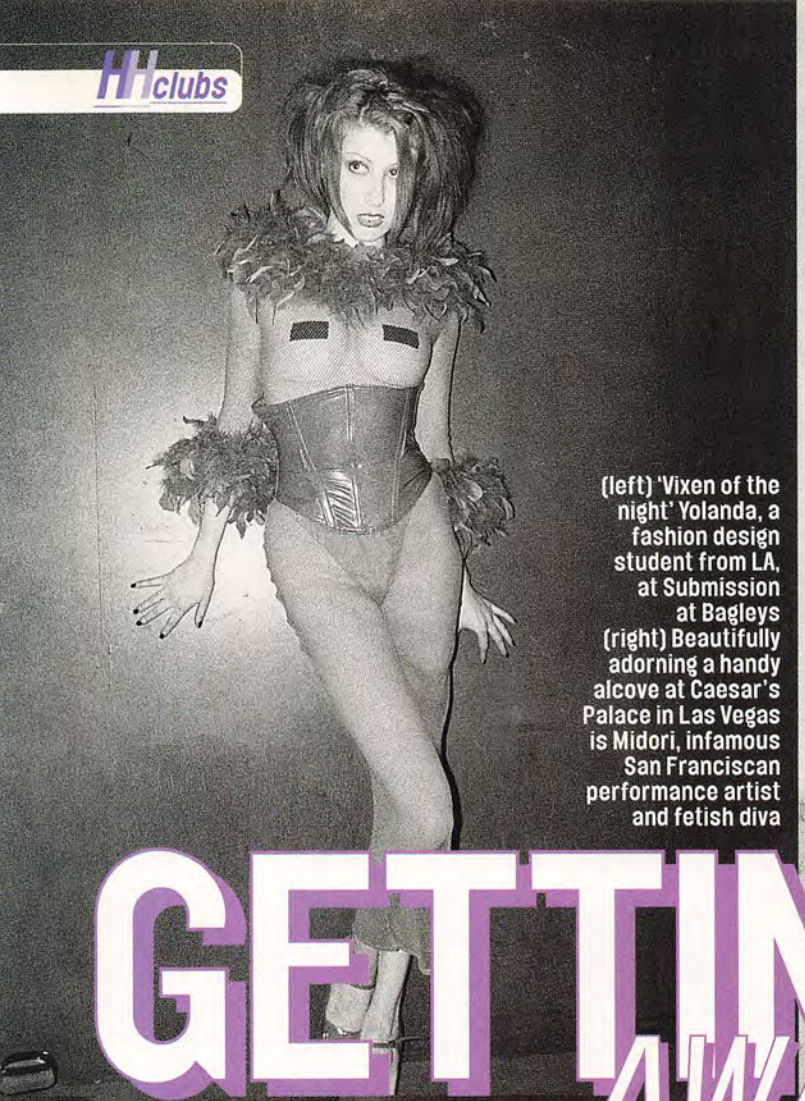
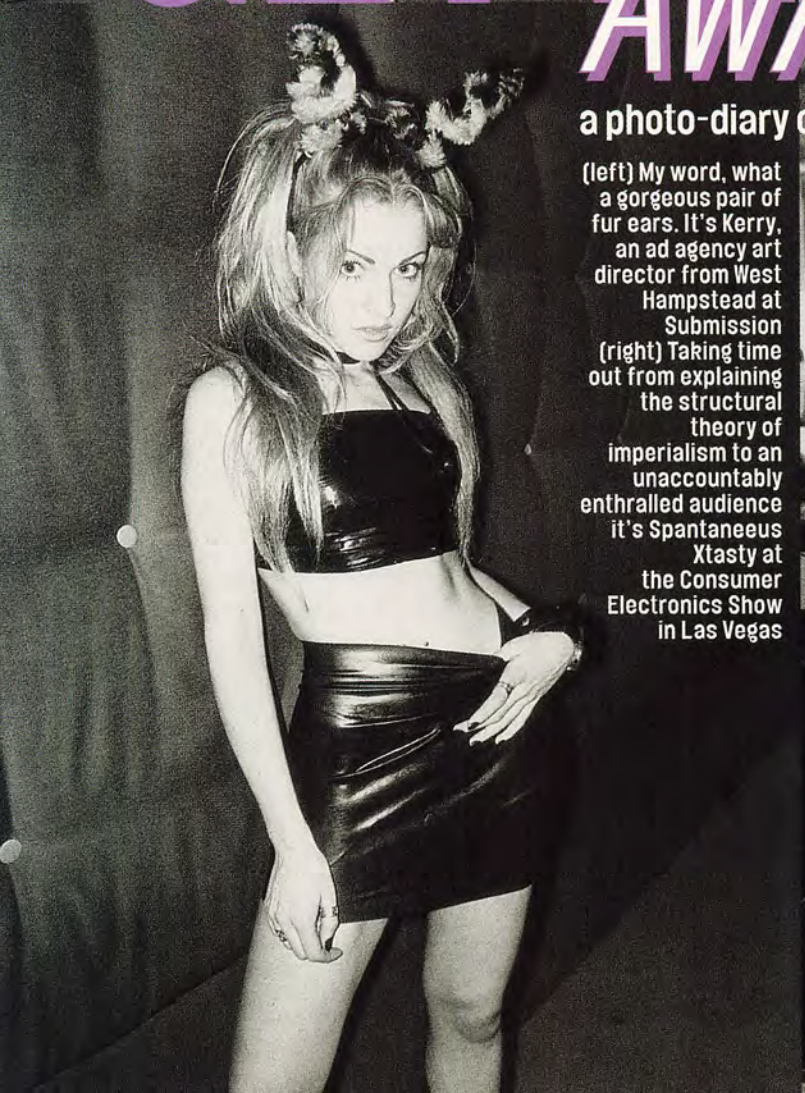


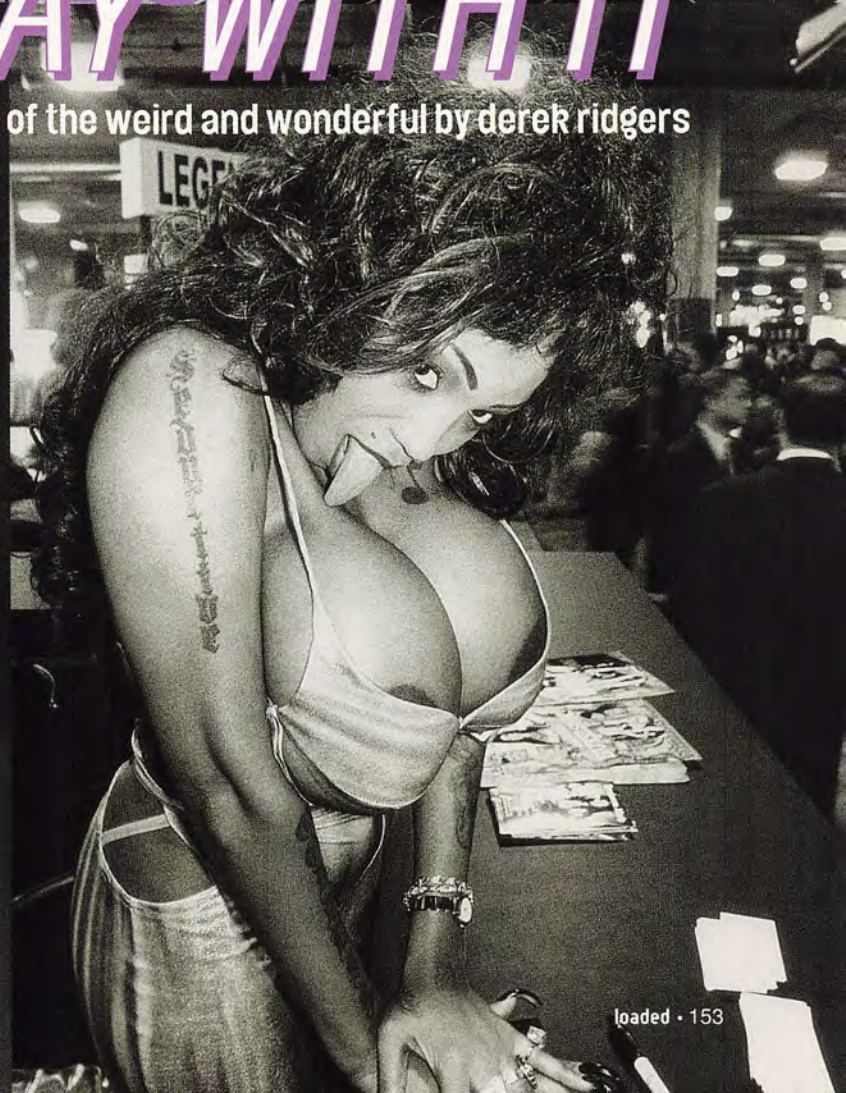
(left) 'Vixen of the night' Yolanda, a fashion design student from LA, at Submission at Bagleys (right) Beautifully adorning a handy alcove at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas is Midori, infamous San Franciscan performance artist and fetish diva

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

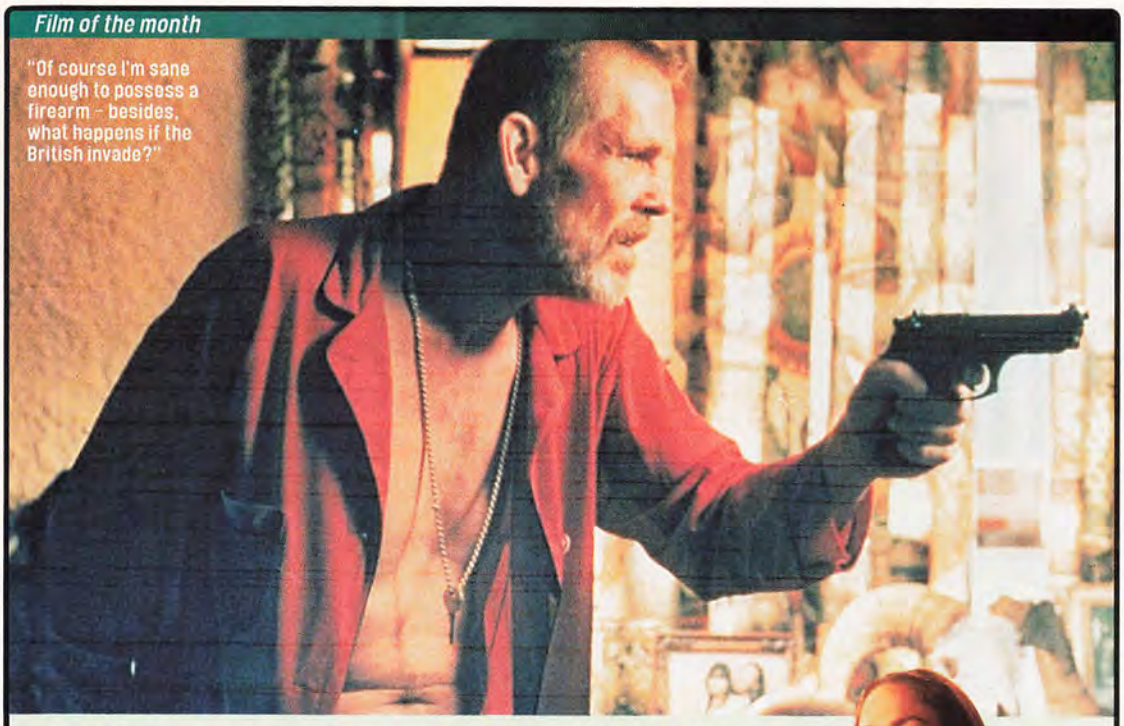
a photo-diary of the weird and wonderful by derek ridgers



(left) My word, what a gorgeous pair of fur ears. It's Kerry, an ad agency art director from West Hampstead at Submission (right) Taking time out from explaining the structural theory of imperialism to an unaccountably enthralled audience it's Spantaneeus Xtasty at the Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas



Film of the month


"Of course I'm sane enough to possess a firearm – besides, what happens if the British invade?"

Oliver's twists

Stone's new flick is as slippery and gory as JFK's head flap

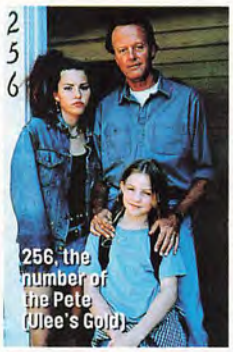
U-Turn

In a nutshell? Oliver Stone abandons his loony conspiracy theories and gets meaner than a low-down rattlesnake in this vicious thriller set in the Arizona desert.
What's the story? Small-time hood Sean Penn nicks Mr Big's cash and heads for Las Vegas but – doh! – breaks down in a one-horse town along the way. He promptly loses the loot in a grisly heist and becomes caught up in a murderous plot with Nick Nolte and the lovely Jennifer Lopez.
Clever stuff? It looks brilliant and the triple-cross plot keeps you flummoxed right to the end. Oh, and Jon Voight has a cool cameo as a cantankerous blind Indian.
Stupid stuff? *U-Turn*'s uncanny similarity to *Red Rock West* and Sean Penn's unfeasible idiocy throughout.
Lust? A gratuitously graphic shag scene that ends with Penn wanking against a tree.
Carnage? Penn is stabbed, battered, shot, thrown off a cliff and has two fingers snipped off with wire-cutters. Possibly the nastiest, most mean-spirited film ever made. Ace.
Verdict: 8/10
JOHN PERRY

"Did you see the squirrel that time? OK, I'll show you just one last time" (U-Turn)

Ulee's Gold

What's the story? Wrinkled, miserable sod Peter Fonda as Ulee tries to get to grips with his increasingly rebellious family while tending to bees.
Bees? Yes, that's his 'gold' of the title. Clever, eh? The women in his life, namely his granddaughters and son's wife bring him untold misery and thus fall into stereotypes the world over. His son is banged up for armed robbery, and the knock-on effects of this piss Fonda off even more. He really just wants everyone to get lost and leave him alone with his honey chums.


256, the number of the Pete (Ulee's Gold)

Clever stuff? The acting isn't bad. If you've happened to see *On Golden Pond* starring his dad, Henry Fonda, you won't be able to stop making comparisons.
Stupid stuff? There are no fatal, close-up, bee-stinging incidents, which is disappointing. No real carnage, sex or special effects and it all ends up a bit lame.
Verdict: 6/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

Scream 2

In a nutshell? More semi-ironic teen slaughter from Wes Craven.
What's the story? Neve Campbell, having survived *Scream*, goes to college and once more gets chased around by persons unknown in a frightening mask, waving a big knife.
Clever stuff? Having stitched up slasher flicks in the first movie, *Scream 2* sticks the blade into sequels: "Rule one – the body count must be higher", etc.
Stupid stuff? Yes, but only in a clever kind of way.
Lust? A bit, featuring Courtney Cox, swiftly followed by...
Carnage? Let the blood run free.
Special effects overkill: Up close and gory.
Quote for poster: I was laughing and afraid, so I was.
Best line? Black geezer runs away explaining, "Brothers never last too long in these situations."
Verdict? Good, sticky stuff. 7.5/10
DAVID BENNUN

"There it goes again! Flickering. Have we got a spare bulb?" (*Scream 2*)

Gamera

What's the story? Three flying bat monsters attack Japanese people. A mutant Ninja terrapin, Gamera – The Guardian Of The Universe, with jetpack capabilities – tries to stop them. Much silliness ensues.
Any reason for this? Not really. The Japanese love this stuff though. See the huge back catalogue of films like *Godzilla Meets Mothra* and *Godzilla Fights A Badly Painted Glove Puppet* for evidence. It's good timing for stirring up monster madness in anticipation of the new Hollywood Godzilla remake.
Clever stuff? Jim Henson would weep at the obvious man-in-a-turtle-suit school of special effects, but you can marvel at the sheer lack of time and money used.
Stupid stuff? The use of only one female and two male actors for the dubbing of the entire cast in textbook English. A Japanese textbook that is. And the addition of a frenzied 250bpm German techno track as film score.
Carnage? Have a word! Four plasma-firing, hungry, gigantic, reptilian monsters having a scrap over Japan! There's no sex scenes, before you ask, apart from several Japanese schoolgirls in uniform looking petrified. Then again...
Best line? The dubbing makes for some strange-sounding lines, the best being, "A creature has appeared in fuck-you-over!" Of course the classic "It's eating humans!" must get a mention.
Verdict: Has to be seen to be believed. 8/10 **PT**

There was no stopping the giant turtle's head (*Gamera*)

The paintball outing had begun to get personal (*Most Wanted*)

Twilight Of The Ice Nymphs

In a nutshell? *The Company Of Ostriches.*
What's the story? In a dream-like fantasyland called Mandragora, a former political prisoner, Peter Glahn, returns home to get tangled up with two eccentric fairy-type broads (Pascale Bussieres, Alice Krige). His sister, played by Shelley Duvall, runs an ostrich farm and steadily goes loopy longing for the attentions of sophisticated amputee Dr Solti. A statue of Venus, with whom the doctor is in love, seems to hold sway over everybody in this forest netherworld where the sun never sets.
Clever stuff? Star turn is former Vegas impressionist Frank Gorshin as Cain Ball, who rants and raves like a man who's ripped his ball bag on a nail. Which he has.
Lust? Oh yes, but artfully done.
Carnage? Shelley Duvall knocks a nail into Gorshin's skull and burns down the farm.
Sample enquiry? "Are these hands wild or gentle after so much love?"
Verdict? A dream to some, a nightmare to others. It's very colourful, though, and may prove entertaining on drugs. 5/10
CHAS CHANDLER

Most Wanted

In a nutshell? Scraps from the tables of *The Dirty Dozen*, *Heat*, *The Fugitive*, *JFK* and *Die Hard* mixed together in a pot called 'Action Thriller' and served with garnish labelled 'Intrigue'.
What's the story? Disgraced Gulf War vet James Dunn (Keenen Ivory Wayans) is offered a reprieve from Death Row by the leader of a covert assassination squad (Jon Voight), who wants him to hit a rich industrialist at a public function. But the job goes tits up when the First Lady cops it instead and Dunn gets fitted up as the killer. Cue his action-packed flight from the authorities and fight to clear his name.
Lust? A fit doctor (Jill Hennessey) just happens to videotape the assassination, so she's the key to proving Dunn's innocence.
Carnage? Shootouts with SWAT teams, punch-ups, chopper pursuits and freeway pile-ups. A bit like *The A-Team*, no one really seems to get seriously hurt.
Best line? Armed guard to Dunn: "So what did you do that was so bad you ended up on Death Row?" Dunn: "I fucked your sister, man."
Verdict? Good in parts, but loses it towards the end. 6.5/10
NIALL HAMPTON

"Please go down" (*Twilight Of The Ice Nymphs*)

Great Expectations

In a nutshell? The Dickens classic, updated à la *Romeo And Juliet*.
What's the story? A young, orphaned and aspiring artist (Ethan Hawke) helps a convict (De Niro) escape from the authorities. Years later, he is summoned to paint for the filthy rich and utterly bonkers Anne Bancroft, whose disturbing behaviour is a result of being jilted on her wedding day 30 years previously. It just so happens she has a gorgeous niece. Enter love interest Gwyneth Paltrow, who he wouldn't mind a bit of behind-the-bikeshed action with, but she's having none of it and buggers off to New York. Hence his decline into self-pity, poverty, depression and a refusal to appreciate his own artistic talents, until a mysterious benefactor flashes the green and packs our hero off to the Big Apple in search of fame, fortune and hopefully a shag.
Lust? You get a glimpse of Paltrow's goods as she gets her kit off in the manner of a high-class hooker to allow the gob-smacked 'all my Christmases have come at once' Hawke to paint her. No prizes for guessing which artist's tool he chooses to use.
Verdict? A sickly, candy-coated, half-assed cash-in on a classic story. Wetter than John Prescott at a pop-star bash and more cheesy than a Frenchman's pantry. 5/10
ANNA-LOUISE WEATHERLEY

"You talking to me? Ya fuckin' fuck" (Great Expectations)

The Big Lebowski

In a nutshell? Characteristically convoluted farce from the Coen Brothers involving mistaken identity, kidnapping, nihilists and bowling.
What's the story? The Dude (Jeff Bridges), an easy-going, drug-addled '60s relic who lives for his bowling team (John Goodman and Steve Buscemi), gets mixed up in bizarre and inept criminal conspiracy that takes him around LA and gives him no end of bother. There's a fantastic cameo appearance by John Turturro.
Clever stuff? Loads, this being the Coens. Two highly-choreographed acid flashback dream sequences stand out.
Stupid stuff? It's a bit weak compared to the brothers' best work, but funny for all that.
Lust? Julianne Moore appears as a naked avant-garde artist
Carnage? John Goodman goes postal every so often, which is always good to see.
Quote for poster: Slight but fun.
Best line? "I'm gonna stick that gun up your ass and pull the trigger until it goes *click*."
Verdict: 7/10 **DB**

"Has it gone down yet? Mine either" (The Big Lebowski)

quick ones

Gummo

Another incisive view of Middle America in all its dankness and dreariness, directed by Harmony Korine, the bloke who penned the screenplay to Larry Clark's *Kids*. A group of teenage friends, who live in a town ravaged by a tornado some 20 years earlier, hang around aimlessly, ride bikes, kill cats, sniff glue and dress up in silly clothes, sampling the emaciated underbelly of the American Dream. And if you think that's bad, wait until you see their parents... Not the most upbeat, feelgood film by any means but it is darkly funny. Chloe Sevigny from *Kids* and *Trees Lounge* is in it too. Verdict 6.5/10 **NH**

The Easter Bunny saved his life (*Gummo*)

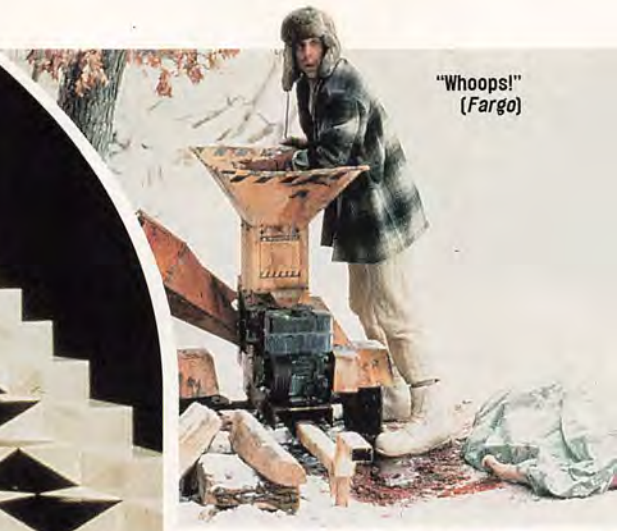
Money Talks

Gum-itchingly, unfunny buddy-buddy dross. Charlie Sheen plays another yuppie, this time a TV news reporter. He's a loose cannon in the news room blah blah blah, marrying a rich sort blah blah blah, bumps into noisy gutter-mouth hustler (Chris Somethingorother) who's hiding out on a murder charge blah blah blah. Sheen needs the story, Chris Somethingorother needs to find the real murderer. Ahhhhhhhhhh Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhit. Verdict 3/10
PHIL ROBINSON

Sliding Doors

The plot is inspired by a real-life incident affecting writer/director Peter Howitt, leather-trousered Joey from *Bread*. He once nearly got run over. What if he had been hit by the car? he wonders. How would lives have changed? After you've seen John '*Four Weddings*' McCallum' Hannah re-running Monty Python sketches and singing rowing songs, you may just wish Howitt had been mown down. At least you can pass the time deciding whether Gwyneth Paltrow looks better with long, brown hair or short blonde hair (both are on offer here). If you enjoyed *Peter's Truly Mad Friends At A Funeral*, you'll love this. 4/10
JOHNNY ALDRED

"Let's do the Timewarp again" "Not now, Jeff, we're making a film" (*The Big Lebowski* set)



"Whoops!" (*Fargo*)

"And we'll be replacing your brain with this device here" (Joel & Ethan on the set of *The Big Lebowski*)

Blessed are the freak

Strangely sinister cinema from America's Coen brothers

"That was a joke! That was a joke! The toenail thing was a joke!" Joel and Ethan Coen have joined the burgeoning ranks of that most exclusive club: celebrities who have laughed at **loaded**'s stupidity.

Yeah, laugh all you like, rich Hollywood film types, from your ivory tower of glamour and wealth. But consider that without people like me paying cash to view your intense, innovative, idiosyncratic movies every couple of years you'd probably be living out of a skip in Bayswater asking old ladies to pose in a couple of Dutch-funded shorts for a bit of gas money – instead of hanging around a posh hotel to plug the release of your new effort, *The Big Lebowski*.

The reason for their mocking is that I happened to raise the subject of their films' extreme violence – like the bit in *Fargo* when a body gets pushed through a tree grinder. I'd stupidly asked if it was true that they were asked to drop a scene from a movie that involved the pulling out of a man's toenails with a pair of pliers. Apparently not, then.

Since starting out in 1984 the brothers have produced a new movie every couple of years, each time attacking a different kind of story and 'mushing' up genres with an originality that won Joel the Best Director prize at Cannes for *Fargo* and best movie for *Barton Fink*. All their movies – see *Blood Simple*, *Raising Arizona* and *The Hudsucker Proxy* – seem to defy pigeonholing. Have they made one movie your mum loves? No. Nor are they likely to make a film with Sandra Bullock – unless they get her to play a dart-throwing baboon in a dream sequence. They make films that sort of resemble the fantastical daydreams of an over-stimulated young circus midget. And they look like Penn and Teller, only with more hair and less weight.

"It's not actually that interesting making a movie," says director Joel, his finger resting guardedly on his chin. "It's too long and drawn out – you see so many stages of cutting and sound. It's too long, too technical and too mushy a process."

His co-writer and producer Ethan offers a shifty little giggle: "Our characters tend to be pathetic, a mixed bag of losers. Which is probably why we don't tend to get a lot of hate mail. We get an irate letter every now and then, but most people are really amused by what we do. Most people don't want to identify with a loser. In terms of our characters, we try to think up the most interesting stories and populate them with people who have some kind of interesting trait – people who are more likely to get themselves into trouble."

"Our characters tend to be pathetic, a mixed bag of losers"

A major influence on the pair was (and still is) the American budget horror genius Sam Raimi. Joel's big break in the film business was editing Raimi's video classic *The Evil Dead*.

"He was a huge influence on us because he helped us get our first movie together," says Joel. "We copied his modus operandi in terms of financing, and applied it to *Blood Simple*. Now we collaborate directly with him."

Of all the brothers' films, is there one that they are most proud of, that they like the most?

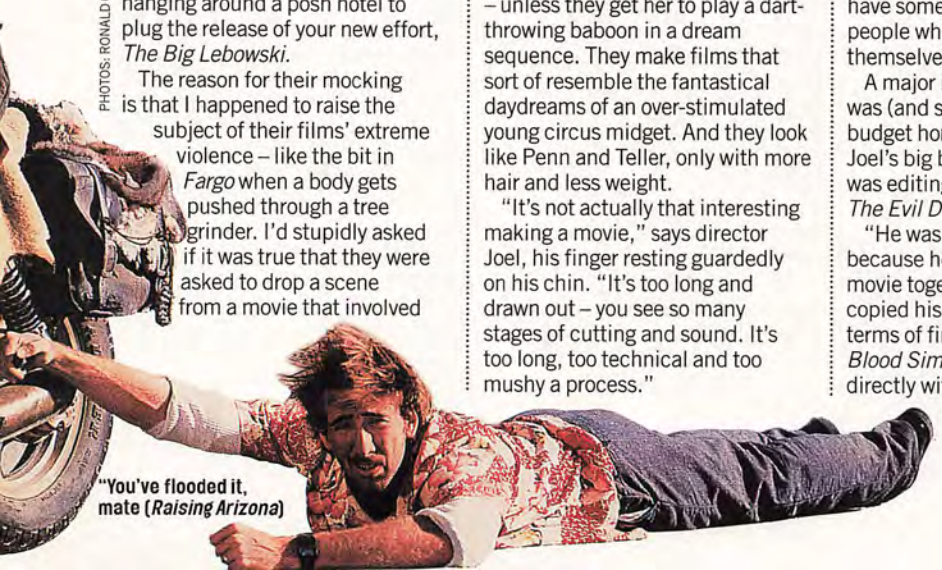
Joel's finger goes back to the underside of his chin. "It's hard to say – it's usually the movie that you haven't seen recently."

Ethan's face breaks into a daft smile: "I don't know. I kinda liked all the stuff that Sam shot on *Hudsucker* the most. Ha ha! On *The Hudsucker Proxy* he directed some great stuff – he did the Hula Hoop montage, which was really popular. It's like we didn't have to worry about it because Sam was doing it. Also, if it didn't end up making any money we could have always blamed it on him."

Whatever they might say, the Coens have no one else to blame if one of their films stinks. Their combination of Joel as writer/director and Ethan as writer/producer is probably as close as Hollywood ever gets to complete creative control. They do the script, they produce it (find the money themselves) and finally direct it, ensuring their original creative vision isn't compromised because the producer's latest bint wants a big singing part. The reason the brothers are still making the quirkiest movies in America is that they work hard at maintaining this almost anal control, making each movie as personal as possible. Toenails or no toenails.

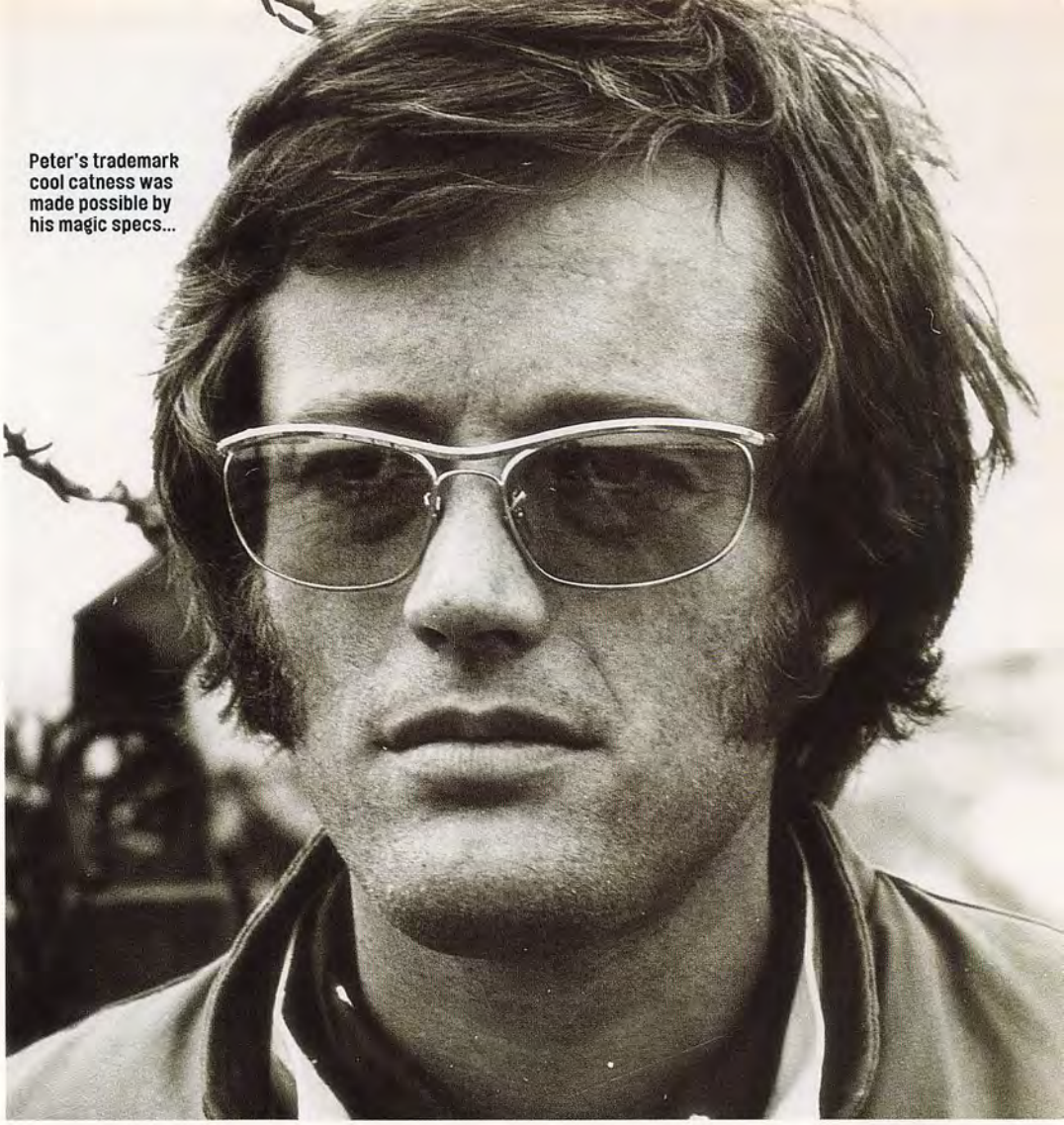
PHIL ROBINSON

The Coen brothers' new film The Big Lebowski *is released on 24 April.*



"You've flooded it, mate (*Raising Arizona*)

PHOTOS: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE/ PICTORIAL PRESS LIMITED



Peter's trademark cool catness was made possible by his magic specs...

Fonda acclaim

Peter's life wasn't always an easy ride in a family hatchback

"Yes I did shoot myself when I was 10." Peter Fonda, the Greatest Living Californian has just woken up. In his trademark whisper, barely audible over the transatlantic phone line he continues: "It was a terrible accident, skeet shooting with my friends. They brought along this this antique pistol that broke open like a shot gun and ejected the shell. The trigger didn't have a trigger guard. I slapped the barrel in position and twisted the whole thing into my hand shooting myself just past my heart. In hospital when the doctors where trying to find the path of the bullet I was still very much awake and alert, I had so much blood in my cavity they thought it'd blown my abdominal aorta, not realising that it had actually blown off the tip of my liver. Man, an inch either way and I wouldn't be here."

Some people seem destined to play their lives out dangerously. If it hadn't been for the random decision of that bullet to hang a sharp right just before his heart, Peter Fonda wouldn't have made *Easy Rider* with Dennis Hopper, wouldn't have set down his rebel yell on film and made all the squares and the bread-heads sit up and take notice of what the kids were saying. Was he looking to start a revolution?

"Man, I wanted a really cool bike, and I thought if I did a movie to go with it they'd have to make it for me."

Does he still hate the government?

"I'm not angry now but I think government is just a bunch of bullshit. When only 30 per cent of the electorate vote it ceases to be representative democracy. Somehow our politicians have managed to miss the point entirely."

Having won this year's Golden Globe best actor award, as well as receiving an Oscar nomination for his new movie *Ulee's Gold*, he finally looks like picking up the big one. Not bad for a supposedly libertine, chemically addled beatnik. Despite being the son of clean-cut Hollywood legend Henry, he soon managed to carve himself out a reputation as a drug-abusing hippy with leads in movies like Roger Corman's *The Trip*.

"I didn't do a lot of drugs, I just got a bad reputation."

You weren't as hardcore as Dennis then?

"No, fortunately for me, and unfortunately for Dennis, he was an addictive character and my character is not addictive. I'm lucky."

He got further attached to the anti-establishment LSD culture when he reported, as ordered, to the Marine Draft Office only to walk out into the street naked.

"They tried to grab me when I was in London shooting a movie and they made me report to a three-star general in London, who told me to report into the draft office when I got back home. I couldn't handle it so I just walked out during the medical. This Marine sergeant came running out of the centre with a big coat. I said don't touch me. He said, 'Don't be stupid man you're going to catch your death of cold, stick the coat on, you're going to get popped for indecent exposure.' Anyway I wasn't listening. I was almost across the street when I realised that I'd left my car keys back in my trousers."

They should thank their lucky stars they never asked to see him shoot.

PHIL ROBINSON

Peter Fonda's new film, Ulee's Gold, *is on general release now.*

...whether he was getting wankered with Dennis Hopper...

... or scorching across sun-bleached desert prairies on a chopper

Without them, though, he was a jibbering girl of a man

However, he did find time to invent Jarvis Cocker

Sex, Lies And The Simpsons, £12.99, Fox

Video collections need two things: 1) a shelf (doesn't have to be pretty); 2) a *Simpsons* compilation. All these episodes feature sex-orientated story lines. In the best episode *Bart After Dark* Homer punishes Bart in Marge's absence by mistakenly forcing him to work on the door in a brothel. The episode culminates with a lynch mob tearing the brothel apart and a musical number in which all the prostitutes offer an impassioned plea for the legalisation of prostitution. By now you'll have worked out for yourself that *The Simpsons* is a successful humorous series. I'll tell you to buy this, but I know you'll get three feet off the bus with your money burning a hole in your pocket and end up blowing it all on fried chicken. Then you'll have a belly full of poultry and nothing funny on tape to watch over and over again – the laughter dying on your slippery lips with every digestive twinge. Why?

Austin Powers International Man of Mystery, rental

I could waste your time telling you to watch this film to see the funniest pissing sketch ever written. But then you'll get your facts muddled in HMV, lose the piece of paper that you clumsily wrote the title on and come out with *The History of Pissing*, narrated by Glyn Christian. Or something.

Jeremiah Johnson, £9.99, Warner Bros

This 1970 John Milius-scripted movie has Robert Redford playing a naive ex-soldier who wants to become a mountain man and heads into the woods with not a clue of how to catch a fish, fight grizzly bears and or even make hats out of twigs. It's really the patches of dark realism and spectacular scenery that make this movie. Leaving you feeling so cold you almost want to wear a jumper and ward off scavengers by pooing yourself for warmth.

Shock Corridor, £12.99, Tartan video

There comes a time when you tire of making crank calls to old girlfriends and you've spoilt the fun by breaking something large and too irritating to mend – like the little glass window in the middle of the front door you used to peer at the postman from. Suddenly you feel tired and weepy. You'll want to calm the horror show out of yourself with a scary film.

Directed by B-flick supremo Sam Fuller, *Shock Corridor* is kind of blaxploitation for mental people. An ambitious newspaper reporter asks a psychiatrist to teach him how to act mentally ill to get the inside track on a murder in a mental asylum. Amazing camera work that emulates the journalist's real descent into madness, shadows all over the hospital simulate the illness, the darkness creeping across his brain. One dream sequence involves his stripper girlfriend, nine inches high, standing on his neck while he's in hospital, trying to get him to come home and chiding him about having sex with his best mate.

If you want a serious video collection that you can use for personal enjoyment as well as impressing strangers who you've managed to imprison in your flat then buy this. But then I'll tell you to buy it, knowing that when it comes to the crunch you'll go into HMV and end up buying *Kathy Lloyd Celebrity Centrefold*. Like I always say, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't help if it stops three foot from the puddle and starts masturbating.

PHIL ROBINSON

video of the month – not that you care

Kathy was nominated for a Palm d'Or for her breasts

Kathy, come at home

A handy, new self-expression aid for bachelors

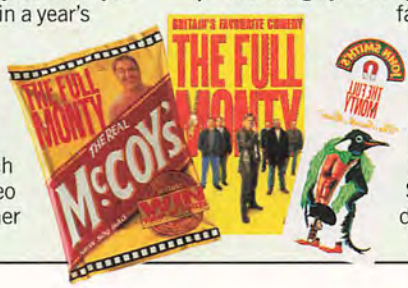
Kathy Lloyd Celebrity Centrefold, £14.99, Playboy UK

Feeling lonely? Empty space next you in bed? No one to walk with through the park in the sunshine. "We'll hold hands, and share an ice cream? Whoops clumsy, you've got it all over your chin."

"Let's go to the zoo and laugh at the monkeys," she says. "I love you!" I say. "And I don't need monkeys!" Miss her, don't you? Miss the way she used to look at you? Feel sad, feel guilty? What have you got now? Nothing. You'll probably be wanting to explore yourself while watching a saucy film. Your tears mingling with your pleasure. Lucky you. This, perhaps one of the best celebrity centrefolds yet, only tipped in the classic stakes by the Jenny McCarthy one that came out the other month. This is Kathy caught at her peak, memorably thrashing about in alleyways and stairwells like some naked, angry tramp. In the old days I would have bothered saying that this was unbeatable at twice the price. **PR**

COMPETITION

To put a big smile on a few faces **loaded** bring you an opportunity to win a booze, crisp, video and CD combination of the highest order. The *Full Monty* kind to be precise. In return for a few moments of your time, you have the chance to win a year's supply (yes, one whole year's worth) of John Smith's Extra Smooth booze and Real McCoy's crisps and a copy each of the *Full Monty* video and CD. Fourteen other lucky people will win a copy each of the video and CD courtesy of 20th Century Fox Home Entertainment. Each prize comes with its own postage and packing paid for absolutely free! Answers to the following by 13 May: What is Sheffield famous for? Send cards marked '*Full Monty* Competition' to **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS. The Judge's decision is biased.



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Chariots of Fido

Husky racing in the unfrozen wastes of Norfolk

Huskies chase an imaginary mechanical hare

Huskies love racing. So much so that if you come a cropper and fall off the rig they're pulling, they don't give a shit. They'll carry on legging it into the distance, oblivious to your pain and embarrassment. They're like that – the race is all that matters to them. "You've got to try to teach the dogs to crap while running," I'm advised. "Otherwise there may be a turd break round the first bend and you've lost your lead." Good point.

Husky racing evokes images of cold, mysterious and beautiful landscapes conquered by man and his trusty dogs. Ancient ways. Inuit eating whale flesh, surviving the most extreme conditions. Possibly clubbing the odd seal, just for the crack.

Reality finds **loaded** townies freezing their bollocks off in the depths of the country at 7.30 on a Sunday morning.

Elvedon Forest in Norfolk, to be precise. The final of the British Husky Racing Championships has transformed this quiet piece of English woodland into a four-legged Glastonbury.

It's an amateur sport in this country, so most of the kit is home-made: the rigs are welded tricycles with BMX wheels, handlebars and back brakes. Most of the owners of the 71 teams here have regular jobs. They have been converted to this canine scripture by word of mouth, according to Steve Rooke, our guide. Six years ago he found himself babysitting a friend's pooch and was hooked by the beautiful critter. After being shown a film of them racing there was no turning back. Now it's a full-time job looking after his four racers. Today he's running Logan and Tiger, two-year-old dogs in wolves' clothing that look about as puppyish as I look like the Queen Mother.

They can shift up to about 22mph, and most competitors agree that's bloody fast when you're inches off the ground. The

"Must not eat baby. Must not eat baby"

PHOTOS: RICHARD FAWCETT

Mush puppies

The biggest world event husky-wise is the Iditarod, a 1,049-mile race across the frozen wastes of Alaska. It commemorates a 674-mile run made in 1925, when a diphtheria epidemic threatened to kill hundreds. As the temperature plummeted below -40°C, planes were unable to deliver the serum. Heroic husky packs made the trip in less than six days. Beat that, Lassie.

"The handbrake, you fool!"

"Must not eat photographer's gonads. Oh, just this once then"

"Just go out there and express yourself, son"

average dog can pull three times its own bodyweight, so a puny human on a tricycle is no problem.

The dogs race against the clock, not each other, so a *Ben Hur* scenario with spikes on the wheels and dogs in armour won't be witnessed. "The most important thing is the dogs' safety," says Steve. "The bow brace at the front ensures that if the rig catches the dogs up it won't hurt them. It hurts the rider, though."

The huskies pace quietly in their trailers, but it takes just one of them getting a whiff of the race and they're all off. They drag their owners over to the start, indicated by a banner and an increase in dog decibels. It's deafening. Then silence as the off is given. They bolt forwards, dragging the rigs behind them with the riders clinging on for their lives.

"If you let them off the lead they'll just keep on running," says Heather Lyons, a founder of the British husky movement in the late 70s. "They make great pets but once they get a chance to run, their instincts take over. They're still very close to the wolf." So how much is that doggie in your window? "Not much. She's worth about £500." By my calculations then, there's about £142,000 running around here yelping.

Steve takes up his race position. "A lot is down to technique. The dogs will only run as fast as they want to. Once they're tired you just have to try to work with them. Spectators help – even on the 2.7-mile course they can hear people cheering at the finish line from about halfway round. You can see them prick up their ears and they're off again."

Within seconds the rig shoots off and, 10 minutes later, two slavering animals and a knackered one sprint across the finishing line. Steve's come in third. After calming down his beasts, he explains his Holy Grail of husky racing. "Because of quarantine law we can't take our dogs abroad, but I've saved enough cash to go to the Iditarod race in Alaska this year. Hopefully I can rent a team out there. That would be brilliant. Can't wait!"

With that he's off to see a man about a dog.

PIERS TOWNLEY

The British Sleddog Husky Racing Association season starts in November at Bedgebury Forest. Tel: Steve Rooke 01732 832087. They're looking for sponsors if anyone's got a few bob going.

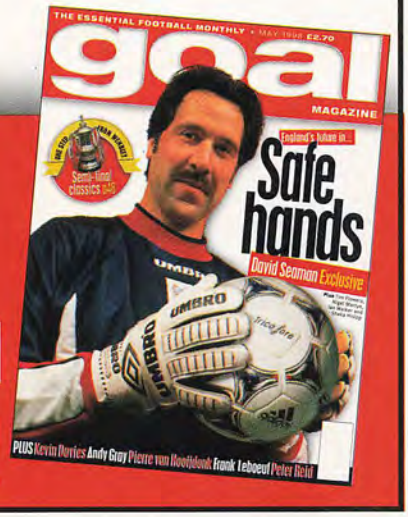
They're great pets but instinct takes over. They're very close to the wolf

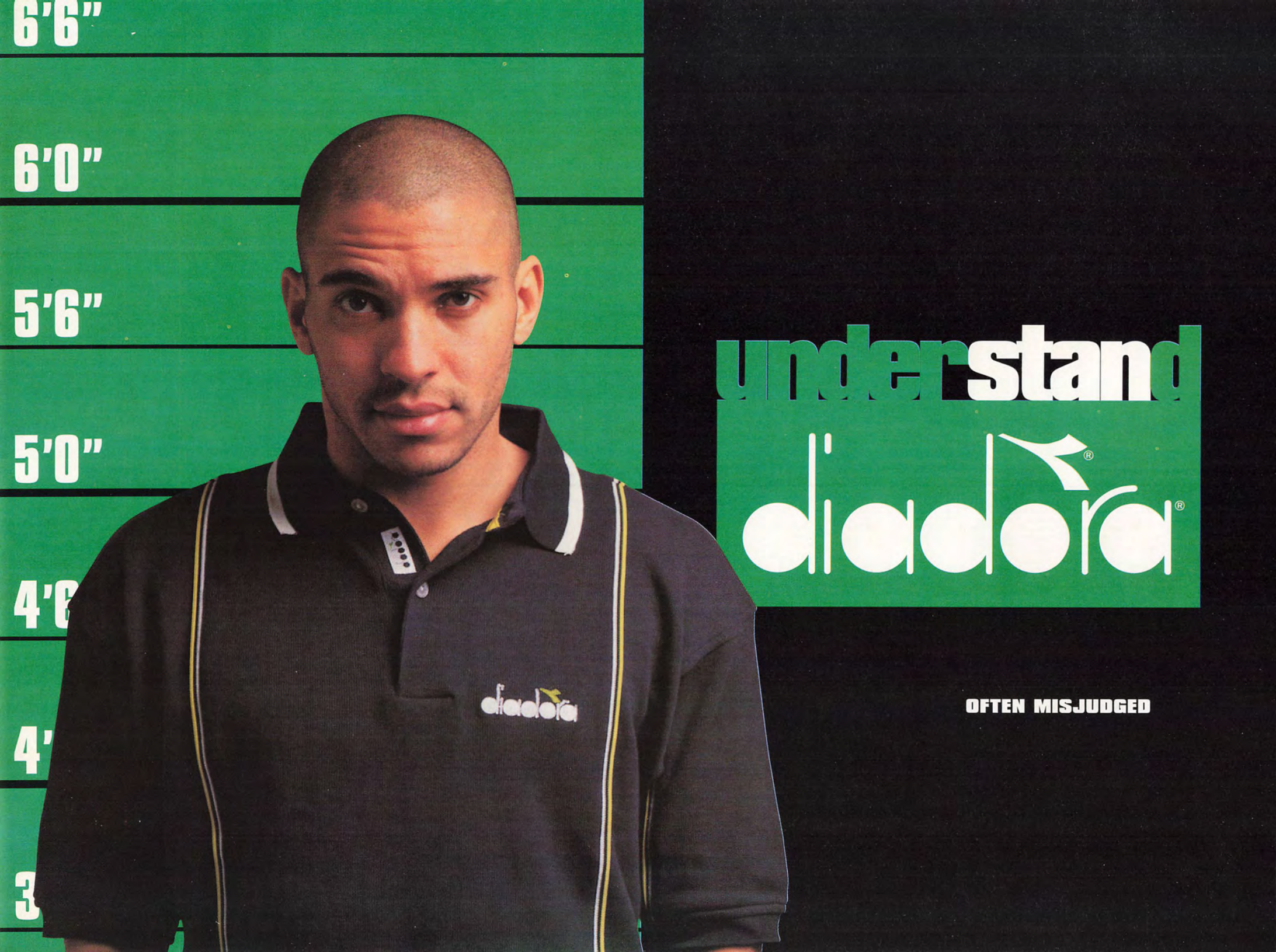
Ouch!

"I had a hole in my bollocks the size of a penny"

Tales from the scrotally-challenged

Only in this month's goal
On sale now!

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OFTEN MISJUDGED

Yes way, José

From the heart of Africa to the Heart of Midlothian

Some footballers think it's all gone pear-shaped when their manicurist turns up late. Others can't get out of bed without their agent specifying a monumental wedge. Not José Quitongo.

José was born in Luanda, the capital of war-ravaged Angola, some 23 years ago. Since then quite a few things have changed for the loveable, incredibly popular Hearts player. "I was taken by Benfica in Portugal aged 10 – they took me from home and I stayed in a hotel. They thought 'he is a boy of the future', and I was in the team with Rui Costa, José Dominguez and Paulo Sousa. Everyone at Benfica was so nice to me. But it is a big club, a very big club. I played twice for the first team, then they bought many players from Sweden and Spain and I couldn't get in the team."

In the meantime, the diminutive striker has been unable to get home.

"I have never been back to Angola. I haven't seen my mother or my five brothers and three sisters. It is very very hard in Luanda, the work is very hard. There isn't any. There has been a long war but now it is a bit better there. I send back clothes and money, and my mother is going to come here in August to see me because now I have a wee boy called Jai, five months old. I want to live in Scotland and buy a wee house."

"When I first came to Scotland the people sounded weird, crazy. But now, no problem"

One of the reasons he wants to stay in Scotland, apart from his son and girlfriend, is his new-found form and celebrity. In the season when Hearts have managed a fine challenge to the 'boring two' of Rangers and Celtic, José arrived from the mighty Hamilton Accies. Then, after many substitute appearances and just a few starts, he netted the massive 92nd-minute equaliser against Celtic that confirmed the Edinburgh club's arrival at the top of the Scottish Premier league.

"Ooh, what a goal! Yes it was lovely, no problem," he recalls, using his two favourite phrases. Indeed, those two phrases might well describe the charismatic forward himself. As he walks into Tynecastle, everyone around shouts "José!" and he waves in response, laughing. The youth team virtually leap up in unison, so pleased are they to see him.

Outside, a burly Jambo fan decorating the club's new offices waves to him.

"José, José, ye fuckin' marvel. Ye like me van?" He points at his A-reg mauve Ford Transit.

"Ooh yes, lovely, lovely van," laughs José. At the end of almost every sentence he lets out a huge sigh, almost as if he can't believe his luck. When I ask him what happened in between Benfica and Hearts, he says "Boy, I been everywhere," his hands replicating the flightpath of an aeroplane .

"First a team called Estudio Playa in Portugal on loan, but I broke my leg and everyone said I was finished. Then I went to Port Vale for a month, Swansea for a month, Darlington, Waterford for six months, then Hamilton Accies. At the end of this season I go to Malmo in Sweden for the summer. I been everywhere." He laughs and sighs again. "When I first came to Scotland I understood no one. They sounded weird, crazy, but now no problem, no problem.

"And now I am so happy. The manager Jim Jefferies is so good to me, so good. The fans sing my name and people like me. I like to entertain. I love to dance – in the house I dance all the time. Maybe one day I will become a dancer or a model. I would like to make music too. Disco music, you know?"

When you consider the pampered lifestyle most modern footballers live, it's hard to see why José, so far from home and family, should be quite the jovial jester that he is. In his finest jape so far, he told Sky Sports his granddad back in Angola was eaten by a lion – a tale even some of his his team-mates believed. "That was funny, oh yes, how lovely that was. A lion indeed! I never seen a lion!

"I am used to being away from home now. I am mentally strong. When I was little it was frightening sometimes, but not now. It's lovely at Hearts and we can win the league. And I can score the winning goal in the last game, no problem..."

ADAM PORTER

Hearts play Hibs away on 11 April, St Johnstone at home on 18 April, Rangers (h) on 25 April, Aberdeen (a) on 2 May and Dunfermline (h) on 9 May.

Memories of Angola's fearsome one-legged vultures still haunt Jose

PHOTOS: SCOTTISH NEWS AND SPORT

Young Hearts run free

LOADED PROMOTION

This month marks the start of a series of hair washing antics by Vince and Virginia Vosene. Position of the month: Foamy wolf style

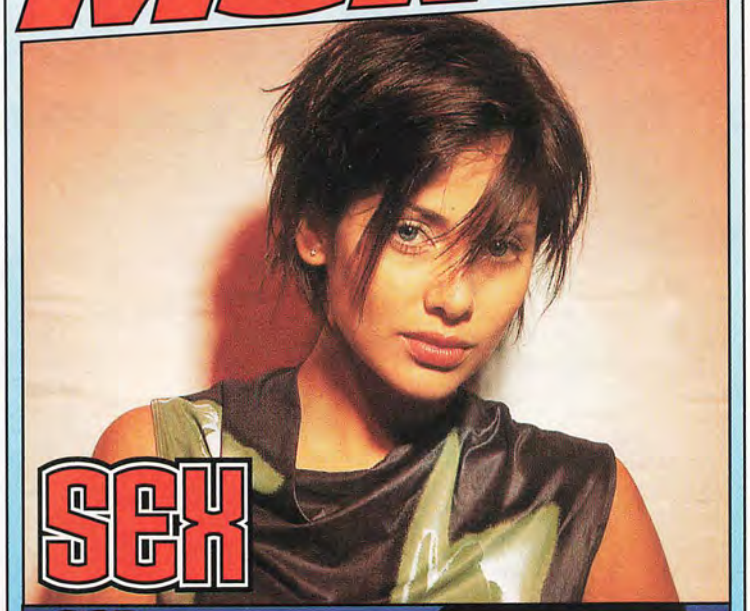
Clean hair is essential, especially when it's time to get down to a bit of steamy bathroom action. There's no better shampoo to get deep down clean and impress the ladies like Vosene Frequent, the no nonsense shampoo for men. Convenient, invigorating Vosense Frequent gives you all the protection you need against dandruff as well as leaving you with great smelling, great looking, healthy hair - just what you need to pull the birds. Vosene Frequent's refreshing combination of mild medication plus conditioners mean that it's also gentle enough to be used every day. Use Vosene Frequent and you never know who you'll end up with in your bath.

Watch out for more bath time adventures with Vince and Virginia next month...

MR RUBBER LOVER

CUT OUT AND KEEP

MELODY ALL-NEW! Maker



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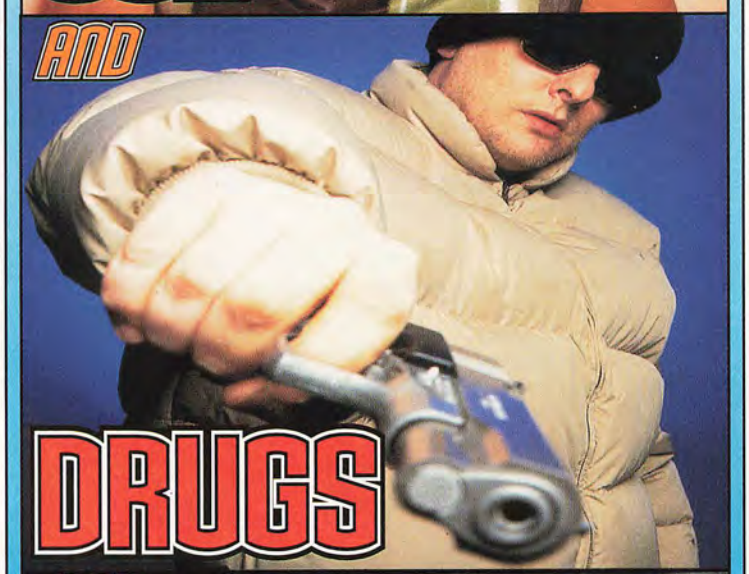

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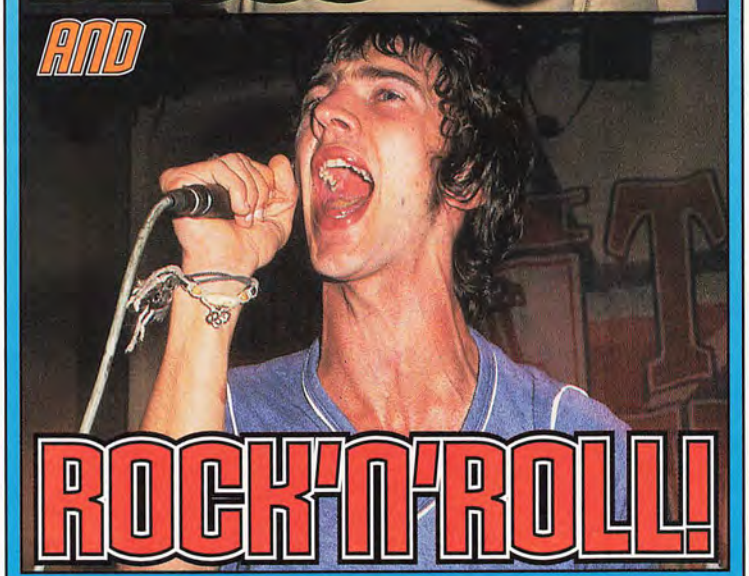

ROCK'N'ROLL!

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EVERY WEDNESDAY
ONLY 90p

That's not what sleeping policemen are for, you know

First priority is always the comfort of the passenger

"Scared? Nah, I always smell like this"

Rally, no chopper

loaded learner driver wins British championship race

Just like Essex on a Saturday night. Boys in bad outfits with big tools and helmets rev up their super turbo-charged engines, burn rubber and fill their tanks with a mixture of fuel and testosterone. But there isn't a white sock or a dodgy nightclub in sight, and why would there be? This is Silverstone, the racing track in deepest Northamptonshire. I'm about to risk my neck sitting in the co-driver's seat with top racers as they start their bids for the 1998 Mobil British Rally Championship on the RallySprint circuit.

They come from all corners: England, Ireland, Scotland, Sweden, Finland... and they're all here to do one thing – drive like nutters without getting nicked.

PHOTOS: JEFF BLOXHAM/JOHN COLLEY

Never smoke around that much petrol

Despite the fact that I'm currently one of those infuriating learner drivers that you always get stuck behind on your way back from Sainsbury's, I'm given an ill-fitting red suit and told that my first ride will be with Finnish ace Lars-Goran Andersson. He's driving the 210bhp Ford Escort MKII Kit Car, and we're up against Robbie Head in the Nissan Sunny GTi. Piece of piss, mate.

"Are you sure you won't be sick?" asks the Finn, obviously warned of my hangover. There's no time to answer, as Lars transforms from softly spoken Scandinavian into Dick Dastardly. With no time for me to remind him "mirror, signal, manoeuvre", I am catapulted into the world of RallySprint with bowel-moving force.

We hit the first yump at around 80mph. It feels more like 200. "Aaaarrrgggghhhh!" Lars fights with the steering wheel as we approach the hairpin, almost taking out a small Michelin factory along the way. We smash over another yump, full throttle, allowing me to leave my stomach behind – only to run into it again at the next bridge. Well it beats practicing hill-starts, that's for sure. Convinced we're going to crash and die horribly, I shut my eyes for a nanosecond. Grateful to be alive, I lean over to give Lars what is, very nearly, a technicolour kiss.

Convinced we're going to crash and die horribly, I shut my eyes for a nanosecond

Lunch firmly digested, I strap myself into Neil Wearden's Super 1600 Honda Civic. Neil has been rallying since he was 18 years old. The Blackpool boy is a part-time fireman and self-confessed adrenaline junkie. It's the final round – this one's for the title. "Strap me in," I cry, deranged with a mix of terror and excitement, "and don't forget your seat belt!" One of the few women drivers in today's event, Natalie Barrett, is up against us in another Civic. "Let's whip her ass," growls Neil.

As we approach 90mph, Neil is changing gears, accelerating, braking, steering, changing up to fifth. He's controlling about 18 different things at once. I'm suddenly very envious of his girlfriend.

As we clip the tyres on the second bend, my life flashes before me. Visions of no one turning up to my funeral are soon forgotten as we career into the outer lane and soar over the final yump. "This has to be the ultimate adrenaline experience," I think to myself as we tear through the line. A sensational finish – we've left the bird for dust. Neil has the day's Ferodo Super 1600 Cup and I feel as if I've just been given a shot of pure amphetamine.

Back at Neil's camp, and still buzzing, we pull up a chair for a chat. I ask if he's ever been hurt since he's been a pro rally driver.

"Nah, not really. Although there was this one time when I was in Norway. It was snowing and there was ice everywhere. This mad Scottish bloke in a four-wheel drive said, 'Oi, come in my car, mate.' So I did, and he crashed it, didn't he? I fractured my sternum and broke my ankle."

There's a definite lesson there somewhere. Never get in a car with a Scotsman. Or a Swede. Or a bloke from Blackpool. Or a...

ANNA-LOUISE WEATHERLEY

Future rally events include: Pirelli International Rally, 25-26 April, info: 01661 833167; Ulster Rally, 31 July to 1 August, info: 01365 388634; and Manx International Rally, 10-12 September, info: 01624 644644.

"Can we go back and make sure that hedgehog is okay?"

British Rally Championship

The rather complex Mobil British Championship consists of two classes of cars: Formula 2 and production. Formula 2 (touring) cars have a maximum 2.0 litre engine. Some modifications are allowed to engine, suspension and brakes. Kit car makers can develop the cars further, mostly in body-shape. Production (or Group N) cars compete with showroom specifications. They are 2.0 litre, turbo-charged and four-wheel drive, and can only be modified for safety reasons.

Only drivers' points were won in the RallySprint; results in all future races count for both the drivers' and manufacturers' titles.

As Super 1600 cup-holder Neil Wearden admits, "It's quite a complicated sport. If it were simplified it might gain more media attention."

Book of the month

More interesting than the photographs of nude Monopoly

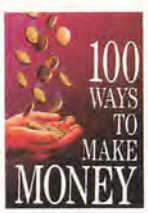
Twister sisters

Obviously we don't just like this for the pictures

The Lusty Lady by Erika Langley, Scalo, £19.95
Ms Langley originally set out to do a few photos of strippers, dancers and peep-show girls, and has never looked back. The girls all refused to be pictured unless she danced with them – she's still a dancer to this day. This is a really fascinating account of the seedy men who frequent clip joints and all that goes with it. Langley's photos reveal the Sunday footy-like camaraderie of the women (sitting around flicking each other with towels and the like) plus a bit more. Illuminating. Random quote: "As night wears on, carnival ensues."

The Soldiers' Tale by Samuel Hynes, Pimlico, £10
With an excellent account of the widespread atrocities committed by the Americans in Vietnam, a harsh look at World Wars One and Two plus accounts of other conflicts, this is a mighty tome. Mr Hynes has bypassed all the state propaganda we are fed and cut straight to the steel rain through soldiers' own words. None of this awful SAS revelation shit written by legalised sociopaths – this is the truth about killing men, women and children for the whims of government and then having to live with it. Impressive indeed. Random quote: "I wanted to be a man of honour."

Crazy From The Heat by David Lee Roth, Ebury Press, £9.99
One minute he's playing bongo breast bonanza, the next he's prancing with dwarves. The godfather of LA metal mayhem and the man who did Glenn Hoddle's favourite song ('Jump'), David Lee Roth is certainly hairy and most definitely a little bit scary. He tells us of his porn collection and makes a big deal out of being only 17 when he amassed it. Pussy. My mate Tim sent off for *Anal Sex 4* when we were 13. Random quote: "They had haircuts that weren't cut; they had suits with no lapels. Do you know what a statement that was? That was my statement."



100 Ways To Make Money by Alison Rose, Hodder & Stoughton, £6.99
There are lots of ways of making money and Alison goes through a few of them. Why not become a green consultant, or grow veg and sell it? Personally I feel she has missed a few excellent capital opportunities like playing the futures market or selling drugs. Everyone can make money doing the gardening, training other people's pets or car boot sales. But you can't travel the world, become involved in armed violence and die young doing that shit can ya? Amazingly, robbery with violence and embezzlement are also excluded. Random quote: "Enrol in a hat-making course."

Punk, Porn & Opera by Robin Miller, Robin himself, £2.99
A *soupçon* of poetry from this self-publishing bloke. It's a very thin book but has more interesting bits per page than most books. That's because it's smaller. Random poem: "I walked along the road/from my abode/hear scream of bomb/turn around/my house is gone."

The Verve: Bitter Sweet by Philip Wilding, Chameleon, £9.99
This book is the worst kind of shit going. Do not buy it. Protest to the publishing house and never read anything by the author ever again. If you are friends with anyone who made this, distance yourself from them and their family and continue to bad-mouth them for the rest of your life. It's one of those not-many-words fake book photo things. Random quote: "They have..." Sorry, I got bored halfway through the sentence.

Get By In German, BBC, £4.99
Achtung! Ich möchte bitch leihen. Hier durfen fuck sie. Ja, das bekommen hardcore analaczion hier. Fahrkarten bitte. Ich rufe die Polizei. Las mich in Ruhe. Random quote: "We have no claim to Poland."

The Chaplin Encyclopedia by Glenn Mitchell, Batsford, £15.99
If you want to know things about Charlie Chaplin then you can go and ask his friends or you can buy this book. Personally I'd rather meet all his pals, but that could take quite a long time what with the travelling and digging them up and all, so the book wins out in practical terms. However, as many of us know, the cunt wasn't funny. Thorough, though. Random quote: "He lands at his wife's feet."

Reliving The Dream – The Triumph & Tears Of Man Utd's 1968 European Cup Heroes by Derick Allsop, Mainstream, £9.99; and Manchester Slingback by Nicholas Blincoe, Picador, £9.99
Two books about Manchester? Surely one is enough. The first one is yet another missive detailing the exceptional exploits of the lovely Busby post-Babes. Georgie, Bobby, Denisy, Alexy and all that lot. It goes through the memorable match with a variety of players. Begrudgingly, despite the fact that I can't stand David Beckham, I have to admit it's quite good. Don't tell anyone I said so, though. Random quote: "I'm not bothered about it any more."

Manchester Slingback, however, is just another crime-busting, pant-filling, drug-taking, gun-toting designer Moss Side insult to the inhabitants of the city. Wubbish. Random quote: "After Moss Side they treat the Village as a second front."

Pearl Jam & Eddie Vedder: None Too Fragile by Martin Clarke, Plexus, £9.99
It's no wonder that Kurt Cobain killed himself when you size up the competition. They were hairier, they had tighter trousers and the lead singer is the dog in *Frasier*. At least in this 'biography' there are a few words to read, unlike the Verve effort. Random quote: "I don't feel like people relate to me as a normal human."

Living At The End Of The World by Marina Benjamin, Picador, £12.99
It's an interesting subject: we're told that, at the end of each millennium, everyone goes a little loopy, especially religious types. Apart from the fact that they all believe in something that doesn't exist, which makes them pretty loopy at the best of times, the ending of 10 centuries makes them even dafter. Ms Benjamin takes a good hard look at the phenomenon, and must be pleased that she's got in a couple of years early. Her photo is really annoying, though. Random quote: "All this hand wringing and doomsaying is excruciatingly familiar."

ADAM PORTER

The line king

Real life exploits of a notorious cocaine dealer

Had Zachary Swan been busted today rather than in the '70s, he'd have been staring the death sentence in the face as a result of his brief but ingenious foray into the world of cocaine smuggling. So points out Howard Marks in his introduction to the re-issue of Robert Sabbag's *Snowblind*.

Instead, despite being nicked with three and a half kilos of 89 per cent pure cocaine sitting on his Long Island mantelpiece, Swan was found innocent on all counts of possession of a dangerous drug, given three years' probation for possession of a dangerous weapon and told to go home and behave himself. Swan, a 46-year-old ex-packaging executive who became possibly the most infamous, cunning and successful coke smuggler of his time, was still being dealt unbeatable hands, as he had been most of his charmed life.

Snowblind first hit Britain in 1979, and to young punks like myself, who despised the dippy, hippy hash culture and had turned to amphetamines, it cut through the shit like a Stanley knife. It threw open the doors on a drug culture most of us knew only by proxy. Sabbag's account of Swan's methods is un-put-downable, providing a first-hand insight into a world on the brink of exploding into a billion-dollar bloodbath. In short, almost 20 years down the line, *Snowblind* is required reading for every **loaded** reader.

Bob Sabbag was working as a reporter in New York, with no real success, when an opportunity appeared that was to take him to Colombia and change his life.

"I was introduced to Swan through the book's editor while he was trying to sell his story," explains Sabbag. "The District Attorney who was prosecuting Swan didn't believe whatever story he'd been spinning to explain 13 trips to Colombia, and had suggested quite facetiously that the story would make a great book. Swan, who had a gift for finding the potential for money in everything, saw one more angle. A publishing friend introduced him to an editor, suggesting there was a great story to be had, but in reality what I think Swan was doing was orchestrating a situation so he could tell the court he was an author to explain his trips to Colombia. That was Swan all over: a born operator. If he'd turned his energy to legitimate business, he'd have been a billionaire. Meanwhile, I went from obscurity to celebrity overnight. *Snowblind*'s been very good to me."

Bob Sabbag as he was when this sort of thing was OK

But there were times when it nearly spiralled out of control, especially in Colombia.

"We were tracking down people Swan did business with, so inevitably it took us into some pretty dark areas. We were staying in a hotel in Cartagena when Swan went out to score his nightly reefer. I'd fallen asleep when there was a knock at my door, and there was Swan with a plain-clothes cop who'd arrested him. He was waiting to be paid off. Swan had brought him to my room because he didn't want him to see where he hid his money. I pretended I was going out to pick up some bread from a friend, but in reality I had to break into Swan's room and get the money out of his money belt. I paid the cop his $100, and as he reached into his waistband to get Swan's grass, his gun slipped down his trouser leg and clattered to the floor. He retrieved it, thanked me and left. That was the turning point. That kind of trouble was always skirting around me, but from then on Swan started telling me the truth. A bond was established, he felt we were in it together. That's when the book started to come alive."

Swan was a cocaine smuggler more by inclination than by profession

For two years (a coke dealer's life expectancy) Swan's risk-taking paid off handsomely, making his eventual arrest through sheer irresponsibility seem all the more implausible. Was that destiny's way of telling him his time was up? Bob reckons the climate was changing for the worse. "He was a smuggler more by inclination than profession, and it had already begun to get too heavy for him. It had begun to get real ugly real fast. The violence increased in direct relation to the value of drugs, and because cocaine became a billion-dollar industry overnight, what followed was a lot of violence and a lot of bloodshed."

Zachary Swan lived out the rest of his life dealing antiques and growing organic vegetables on the east coast of America. Three years ago he died of throat cancer at the age of 68.

Sabbag has since managed to avoid either being killed or banged up, and still contributes to *Rolling Stone* and the *New York Times Magazine* on equally hazardous subjects, such as the laundering of drug money and the US witness protection scheme. He's 51, and the timely re-issue of *Snowblind*, the best book ever written about cocaine, should establish him once more as a counter-culture kingpin.

INNES REEKIE

Snowblind *is published on 21 May by Rebel Inc, priced £6.99.*

Zachary Swan, waiting for the man

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Please apply in writing to Nick Taylor, Advertisement Director Music & Sport Group, IPC Magazines, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, stating clearly which job you are appplying for.

Micks Grill

The Big Adam's apple

Stuff you need to know about boozing in New York

When you're offered the chance to tag along with a horde of rowdy Scots as they descend on Manhattan for the mother of all pub crawls, it's hard to refuse. This is an all-expenses-paid marathon that begins in a highly unusual Chinese restaurant, takes in some of Greenwich Village's coolest watering holes and ends up in one of the city's trendiest clubs – and somehow **loaded** has managed to bluff its way on board.

Our base, and that of the 80 Budweiser competition winners we've flown over with, is the hip **Paramount Hotel (235 W46th)**, a stone's throw from Times Square and 42nd Street. The lobby is full of young dudes downing never-ending supplies of lethal cocktails and rapping in cartoon 'Noo Yoik' accents. Should we grab a couple of hours' shut-eye in preparation for the night ahead? In the city that never sleeps, it would be impolite even to consider it. Instead we embark on a suicide mission, fuelled by a litre of Pisco ($21), the Peruvian spirit with hallucinogenic qualities that can easily convince a man he's invincible. Useful in a city as danger-packed as this one.

So it is, then, that photographer Peter and myself cut loose from the rest. We've only got two hours before the rendezvous back at the hotel, so we head for **O'Donnell's Sports Bar (687 8th Avenue)** – a typically long, dark Irish-American bar with cable sports channels flickering in every corner. Our baseball banter keeps the barman happy, and we manage to imbibe for a full hour for no more than $10.

Back in the neon frenzy of Times Square and Broadway, I'm truly appalled to notice that the Disney Corporation's attempts to clean up the area have been successful. There's still some sleaze below street level though, and 25 cents for a topless dance is top value at under 10 pence per breast. We retire to **Matt Dillon's Whisky Bar** in the lobby of the Paramount, and try to kick-start the evening with some deadly $10 cocktails before we're due to hook up with the rest of the group.

The booze is playing silly buggers with my head by the time we make it downtown to **Lucky Cheng's restaurant (24 First Avenue)**. The beautiful Asian waitresses are extremely attentive as they show us to our Bud-laden tables, but something doesn't seem quite right. One looks strangely like Ru Paul, another like Lily Savage... a business card lying by my chopsticks confirms my suspicions: "The Original Drag Queen Restaurant".

As luck would have it, Steve from Edinburgh is seated at my table and happily tells me it's his birthday.

New York may be dangerous, but I've become so messy even the locals are giving me a wide berth

This awakens my strong mischievous streak, and as the young ladyboy who looks like Keanu Reeves begins to load up our table with wonderful Oriental fare I have a word in her ear. As soon as the table is cleared, two stunners in evening dress approach Steve and begin to fuss around him, nibbling his ears and then dropping their dresses to the floor to reveal hard, bikini-clad bodies apparently with all the requisite parts. Steve allows himself to be helped out of his '70s football top, blissfully unaware of the manmeat restrained by the tight bikini bottoms.

Egged on by the crowd, one ladyboy climbs onto the table and begins grinding her crotch into his willing face. Steve dives in, gets a mouthful of something he definitely didn't think was on the menu – the full nut cluster – and emerges looking jubilant. I'm gobsmacked. Soon he's giving it great guns with a can of spray cream and making lunges for his new friend's pork sword like a pike snapping at a baited hook. This is entertainment of the highest order. Nothing beats watching a mate bobbing for apples in the pants of a trannie in a crowded restaurant in New York City.

We leave Lucky Cheng's, and Peter and I strike out on our own again towards Alphabet City (Avenues A to D), home to some of the East Village's best bars. Stumbling into **B-Bar (40 E4th)** in search of supermodels behaving badly, we're disappointed to find it nearly empty. Advised it doesn't get busy till midnight, we drink up and leave. Next we find ourselves in one of the oldest Irish pubs in town: **McSorley's Old Ale House (15 E7th)**. Traditional spit'n'sawdust, and it only sells two kinds of beer, both brewed in the basement.

New York may be a dangerous place, but as we wind our way along Bleecker into Greenwich I realise I've become so messy that even the locals are giving me a wide berth. We chance our arm at the painfully hip **Spy Bar (101 Greene, between Prince and Spring)**, a former gentlemen's club recently taken over by the fashion glitterati. My blagging skills and *Trainspotting*-chic accent do the business and we're shown into the lounge. High-powered networking is the order of the day, and we're both wrecked by now so we drink up and leave.

We meet up again with the rest of the crew at **Wax Bar (114 Mercer, between Spring and Broome)**. It's a labyrinth of corridors all leading to a large, booth-lined bar and a fairly mad-for-it crowd. By the time we leave for **Twilo (530 W27th)**, perhaps New York's ultimate club space, I'm much the worse for wear. I manage to circumnavigate the huge venue once before taking up residence at the bar, powerless to do much more than stand and marvel at the non-stop glamour display that is the young, female population of this city.

If it's true that a man could lose himself in London, then he could lose his mind in New York.

INNES REEKIE

PHOTOS: PETER ROSS

Yes, we're really scraping the bottom of the barrel

Hangover cures

Stuff you need to know about next day relief

Got a hangover, have you? Mouth like the dry, rasped arse of a nun's handbag? Head full of shouting concrete? Co-ordination worse than Stephen Hawking trying to tie his shoelaces on a waterbed? The fart of a tiny mouse sounds like someone playing a 20-stone euphonium in a shed the size of London? Oof! Regret ever being born? Yep, you've got a hangover. Nature's way of telling you you've pissed away another week's wages. Should have stayed in and watched telly, shouldn't you? So what are you going to do about it? First you've got to understand what's gone wrong.

1) Alcohol is a poison. The more impurities in the booze, the more you're going to fuck your brain up. Cheap tinned lager that's been sitting on the cornershop shelves for months is bad news on this score. Expensive champagne, that's what you want. That or pure vodka. Never hear a Russian complaining about his hangover, do you? Why? 'Cos you can't understand what he's saying.

2) All alcohol dehydrates the body, causing you to piss out more fluids than you're putting in. Alcohol is a diuretic. Tea and coffee have the same effect, so whatever you do, don't drink these when you've got a hangover, you bloody fool. It's the bloody dehydration that's giving you the headache in the first place. Drink some water, you berk.

3) In digesting the booze, your stomach accidentally produces too much insulin and glucose. This makes you feel sick, but also leaves you craving sweet food. Don't eat chocolate though, 'cos that's the wrong sort of sugar. What you want, unfortunately, is a large bowl of fresh green vegetables or whole-grain rice and beans, washed down with orange juice. Which sounds miserable enough, especially if you've got to prepare it yourself, you're covered in sick and you can't stand up.

Experts agree that the best thing to do is get straight back on the booze. Hence, the most popular hangover cures involve alcohol combined with other dangerous ingredients to shock the body back to life. Here's a few winners:

Jamaican Resolve: 4 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 bottle Guinness, splash of rum, pinch of nutmeg, half teaspoon vanilla.

Mexican Relief: 1 shot of lime juice, 1 cold bottle of beer, 1 whole chilli, consume in that order.

LA Drive-By: Half glass Campbell's beef consommé, half glass tomato juice, 1 shot of vodka, 1 fresh egg. Add Tabasco, horseradish and Worcester sauces to taste.

Classic Bloody Mary: Here's a classic hangover pick-me-up recommended by Kingsley Amis who, incidentally, is now dead:

1 glass tomato juice, 1 or 2 shots of vodka, ice, salt and pepper, Worcester sauce, Tabasco, squeezed lemon. Stir the whole lot with a stick of celery then go and eat some proper food, you young scamp.

MICK BUNNAGE

Thanks to Authentic Cookery School.

Loaded staff recommend...

Little Graham's cure
Pinch that bit of skin between your thumb and first finger. It's all about pressure points. "It's Chinese," says Graham. "I can paralyse your entire body if you want..."

Derek's cure
Make yourself sick, drink Coke, have fag. Doesn't work. Pub.

John Perry's cure
Go to work. Stare at your computer till someone tells you to go home.

Pete's cure
Stick an ice cube up your arse.

Dr Mick's cure
Make something worse happen outside your head.

Chris's cure
Hair of the dog. Literally. Lick the back of a neighbour's pooch.

Johnny's cure
Go shoplifting to get the adrenaline going. Odds are you'll be caught due to lack of co-ordination. At least it gives you something else to worry about.

Dave's cure
All-night saline drip plugged into your arm as you sleep.

Anonymous
Masturbate vigorously until you pass out.

What's eating us

1 Seafood gumbo
2 All the pies
3 Bacon sarnies
4 Ham and piccalilli sandwiches
5 Yams and putty
6 Peking duck
7 Lobster and whole tiny fish
8 My pillow
9 Chocolate croissants
10 Venison and pheasant
11 The price of fags
12 Mullets (fish, not the hair-do)
13 Mini Kievs
14 Kedgeree and Kullenskink

PUB OF THE MONTH

Den of iniquity

The Saltersgate Inn, Pickering

A customs officer is buried under the fire at The Saltersgate Inn. That's the story. The Yorkshire Dales location of this lonely pub shows why the locals have the ability to come up with the biggest bunch of folking lore this side of *The Bible*. There's nowt but rolling fields, sheep and locals regarding townie 'queer folk' with suspicion. You'll get a good pint, odd decoration and enough tall tales to scare generations of kids.

The stove calling the kettle black

Apparently some 200-odd years ago the area was even more desolate; full of thieves, ne'er do wells and smugglers using the cellar for storing nicked booze, fags and anything else they could get their grubby hands on. A light in a sneaky window warned potential blaggards about customs and excise men.

The Saltersgate Inn: there is a light that never goes out

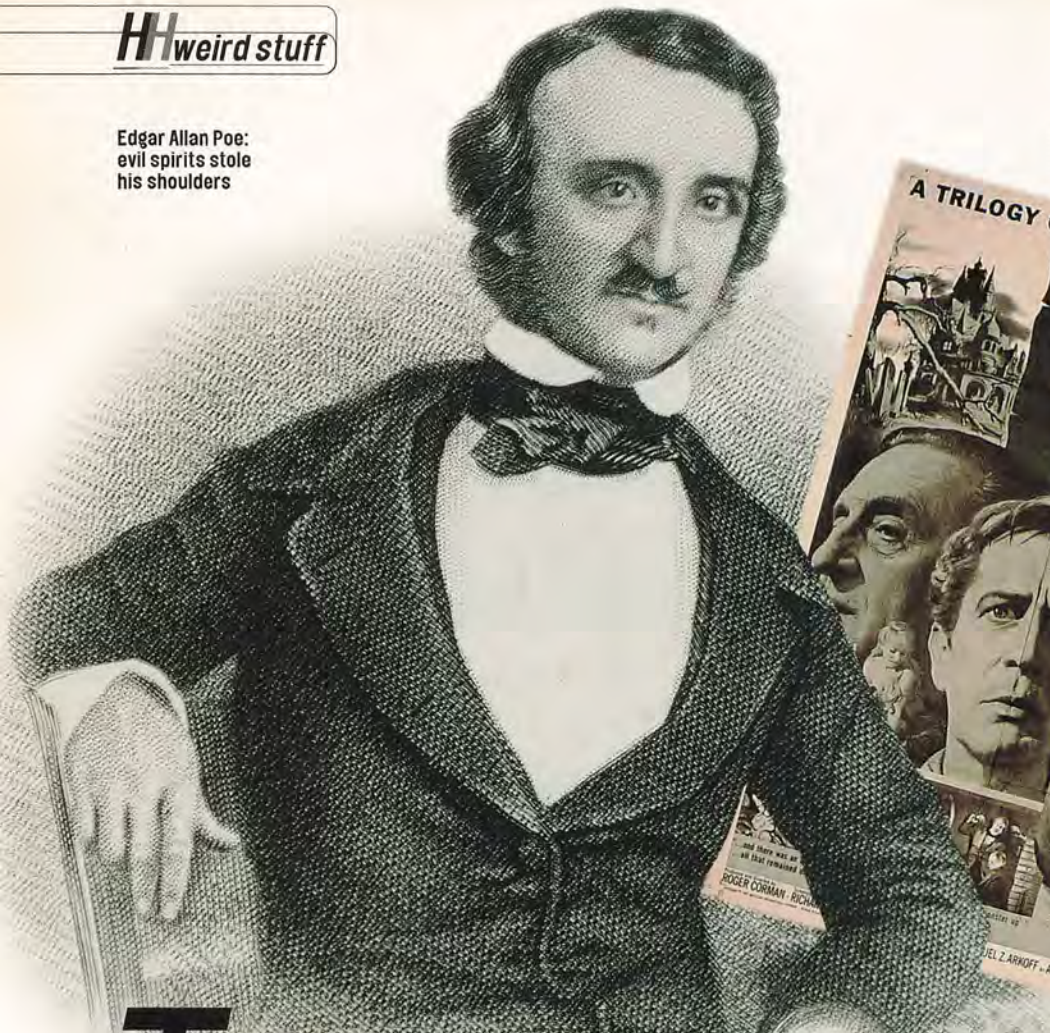
Eventually Plod got wind of this and a fight broke out during which the local ruffians despatched the officer and buried his body under the fire. If the flames ever go out he'll rise up and scare everyone shitless. The urge to spill a pint on the fire of this hostelry then, is overwhelming. If you stay to sup the selection of bitters and ales (Black Sheep, Theakstons) and fill up with a meal for under a fiver (apple & stilton lasagna recommended) you'll hear more codswallop. If that's your bag you can stay the night (rooms haunted at no extra charge).

"Aye, there's more to this place," one sloshed local continues, his good eye a-glinting. "One night, during a storm, the Devil came in to rest but a vicar recognised him and the locals bricked him up behind a wall of fire..."

See ya.

PIERS TOWNLEY

The Saltersgate Inn is situated on the Whitby Road just north of Pickering, North Yorks. B&B £40. Legends free. Tel: 01751 460237.



Edgar Allan Poe: evil spirits stole his shoulders

Terror tubby

Say eh-oh to Poe, the heavyweight of Gothic horror fiction

"Soon I was back in the embrace of the words of the poet. Dead 150 years but reaching from the grave to grip me... I found myself identifying the words and phrases with my own life. Cutting words that seemed, at least at that moment, to fit me. Poe had captured my own dread and fitful memory. My nightmare. He had reached across a century and a half to put a cold finger on my chest."

Such are the feelings that Jack McEvoy experiences in Michael Connelly's thriller *The Poet*, as he attempts to get closer to a serial killer who uses cryptic stanzas of verse from the pen of Edgar Allan Poe as a signature for his murders. Connelly's use of Poe, however, is nothing new.

Poe is responsible for fashioning the modern detective yarn, and nobody has matched him for sheer noirness. But he is best known for his tales of terror. There are no monsters to be found roaming through Poe's stories – instead he allows the inner fears of his audience to turn on them and, eventually, invade their dreams.

Ever since his mysterious death on the afternoon of 7 October 1849, after he was discovered in the street "lying in a semi-conscious state and dressed in clothes obviously not his own", the collected works of this godfather of the American Gothic movement have remained in print and spawned countless adaptations worldwide. Those touched by his genius include Charles Baudelaire, Sigmund Freud, Allen Ginsberg, Stephen King (whose *Pet Sematary* owes much to Poe's *The Black Cat*) and horror scribe HP Lovecraft.

Poe's saviour in the 20th Century was no scholar, author or poet, however, but a '60s B-movie producer called Roger Corman. Corman's past successes had included such exploitation movies as *A Bucket Of Blood*, *Attack Of The Crab Monsters* and *The Little Shop Of Horrors*. When asked to make two more cheap black and white horror films, he refused. "What I told them I'd like to do," he reveals in his autobiography *How I Made A Hundred Movies In Hollywood And Never Lost A Dime*, "is one horror film in colour. I said I'd like to do a classic." He went for Poe's *The Fall Of The House Of Usher*. When asked by the nervous film company what kind of shape the monster would be, Corman replied: "The house is the monster."

House Of Usher was released in 1960, the first movie of Corman's 'Poe cycle' with Vincent Price in many of the leading roles. "Audiences had to fear the leading man," Corman said. "I wanted a man whose mind worked beyond the minds of others."

Through solid, somewhat garish direction and dramatic acting, Corman and Price got to the root of Poe's morbid psyche. The pictures they created together (including *The Pit And The Pendulum*, *Tales Of Terror* and *The Raven*) may have caused serious scholars to squirm, but the paying public bayed for more.

Poe's most horrific story, *The Facts In The Case Of M. Valdemar* – in which the central character is transormed into an oozing liquid corpse, kept alive by mesmerism – was adapted for the screen twice: first in Corman's 1962 trilogy *Tales Of Terror*, then as half of George Romero and Dario Argento's 1990 double feature *Two Evil Eyes*. Romero's version of *Valdemar* proved a disappointment, but Argento's take on *The Black Cat* – where Poe's anti-hero axes his wife and seals her corpse behind a brick wall with (unwittingly) her still-snarling cat – was more successful. "It's true to the spirit of Poe to set his stories in the present," Argento said. "He would have understood the world today very well."

In 1998 his spirit is alive and well. Just released on Mercury Records' spoken-word label, Mouth Almighty, is *Closed On Account Of Rabies*, a collection of readings (brought together by the eccentric producer Hal Willner) from such names as Iggy Pop, Dr John, Jeff Buckley, Diamanda Galas, director Abel Ferrara and actor Christopher Walken. The title refers to a recent theory from researcher Dr R Michael Benitez, who believes Poe was killed by rabies. He claims it was "a classic case... in the brief period when he was calm and awake, Poe refused alcohol and could drink water only with great difficulty. Rabies victims frequently exhibit hydrophobia, because it is painful to swallow."

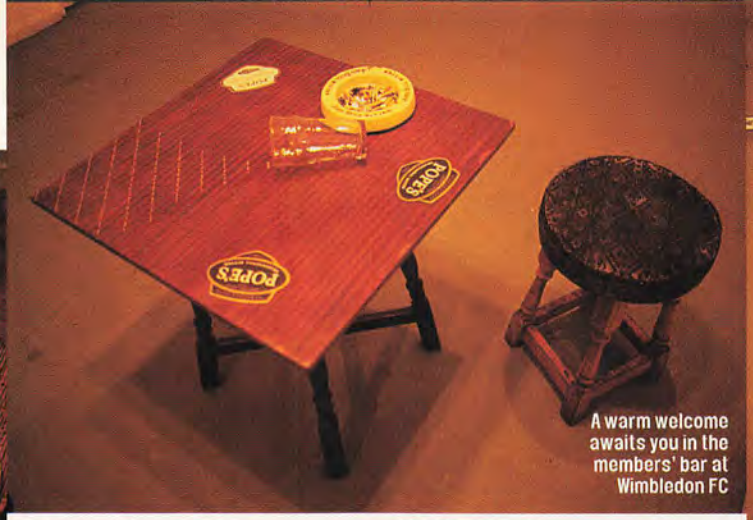
Whether this latest discovery is fact or fiction, Poe's dark imagination continues to haunt. In the words of Ginsberg, "Everything leads to Poe."

EDWIN POUNCEY

Poe allows the inner fears of his audience to invade their dreams

PHOTOS: MARY EVANS LIBRARY/ RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE/ REX

What a load of XXXX



A warm welcome awaits you in the members' bar at Wimbledon FC

Booze, fags and a back passage to slip into. In't art brilliant!

Piss artists

Hurry up Harry. We're all going down the art gallery

Artists are a strange old bunch. Take it from me – my old man's one and he's bonkers. But even he wouldn't have been up for this: take your favourite pub setting, lovingly recreate it and stick it in a gallery. That's more or less the idea behind *The Local*, a collaboration between three emerging artists that "strives to deal with the great British institution of the Pub in a variety of media."

One of them's snapped some pub interiors, another's made a film about a pint while the other one has made full-size replicas of bits of her favourite boozer. "They must be off their heads," said Dr Mick. Maybe.

"Marianne, dahhling! Lovely to see you!" shouts some nice arty type as I fight through the huge crowd at Hoxton Square's Standpoint Gallery. When I finally get to see them, the exhibits are pretty impressive. The photographer, Richard Elliot, has captured an ashtray complete with a fag butt and the bar of a Victorian pub for two of his pictures. Nice.

Moving on, I stumble into one of the pub interiors created by Sophie Newell. There's a four-legged round table surrounded by three red velvet chairs. I count 14 glasses of lager, a crumpled packet of 10 fags and an ashtray with 18 fag butts in it. There's also a pub corridor with lime-green walls, wood panelling and an Axminster carpet.

Brilliant – a table, a floor and a wall, but this is art, boyo, and the exhibits act as "visual keys through which an audience can access common social experiences."

With that useful observation in mind, I'm off to catch Stephen Perkin's film of a pint glass. A pint of lager on a wall with the lyrics to *Yesterday* etched on it. Bubbles rise, and that's it – roll over, Tarantino.

Having seen *The Local*, I'm with Dr Mick on this one. Still, it makes a nice change for the humble rub-a-dub-dub to be elevated to the giddy heights of the art world, even if it's a bit like revisiting the scene of last night's crime against your liver. So what's going to be next for these artist fellas – the kebab house?

NIALL HAMPTON

The Standpoint Gallery, 45 Coronet Street, London N1, until April 19. Phone 0171 739 4921 for details.

MUZIK
the ultimate dance music magazine

"The girls just won't leave me alone. I've lost count of the number of times they've offered to shag me straight. I tell them I'm gay but that just seems to make it more of a challenge"

Tony De Vit
the real queen of hearts

MUZIK
EXPOSING THE SORDID UNDERBELLY OF CLUB CULTURE
THEN GIVING IT A DAMN GOOD TICKLE

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News at Net

Who needs newspapers? You can find all the lies you need on the Internet

News. It's crazy isn't it? Every day new stuff happens and it's never quite the same as stuff that happened before. Sometimes we hear about it, and sometimes it's put into a shredder by bent newsmen content only to hold onto their own pants even if it means deceit. Always read between the lines – it will save your pets from death.

Of course, if you love yourself then e-mail us at adam_porter@ipc.co.uk and tell us what you think. Not forgetting www.uploaded.com

ABCNEWS.com
GO TO NEWS SUMMARY
monday
March 2, 1998
news now
click for current news summary
DIANA
1961 - 1997
TOP STORY
Bodyguard: Diana Was Awake
In his first interview since the crash that killed Princess Diana, bodyguard Trevor Rees-Jones says Diana was conscious and talking after the accident. Also, officials today released copies of her will. Click here for more.

REUTERS
The Business of Information

Reuters is one of the world's most famous news-gathering organisations. It's a load of shite because it concentrates on financial news. Human-being news is pretty passé these days, as people only want to read about insurance details, securities and the future pants market. At least the people who pay want to read it... Vole garbage in the massive burrow of news. It is, of course, at **http://www.reuters.com/**

The BBC has a decent approach to news, even if it can be a bit boring. They update their

BBC NEWS

website quite a lot and have actual news on it, as opposed to financial news. They have a huge world news site which most places don't have, and they stick all their major news stories onto cork boards for you to steal the drawing pins. You can watch some of their better TV news bits with one of those little Real Video things we were talking about last month. Jolly good, old chap, lovely. Cup of tea, anyone? It's at **http://news.bbc.co.uk/hi/english/world/default.htm**

Sportsweb is another arm of the giant Reuters organisation, but unlike their news bits the sports bit is a fine thing. There is comprehensive coverage of most sports, and unlike most Yank-based stuff their footy coverage is a lovely thing to behold, with plenty of detail for the anoraks and loads of worldwide stuff. Fore, Mr Spunky cricket chef. It can be found at **http://www. sportsweb.com/**

SPORTSWEB WHERE THE WORLD COMES TO PLAY

One World is a news organisation that has a more people-led agenda. That means they put up all the nasty disturbing stuff that the other news providers try to avoid, and they're more international. They can be a bit tardy putting up their latest stuff, but that's probably because no one pays them very much. A pretty good job all in all, they are at **http://www.oneworld.org/**
Some reports come from a similar company called IPS, who can be found at **http://www.ips.org/**
These people do very up-to-date reports from all around the world, but if you want a daily update you have to subscribe. However, they will vary their rates according to what you do – for example, if you

oneworld
a community of over 150 leading global justice organisations under one roof

are a student – or what country you are in. Impressive.

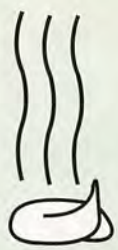
ABC news from America is much as you would expect. Their site comes with dingly bells on their trousers in a kind of American Web morris-dance thing, but there is little of substance. Their map of nuclear proliferation tries to pretend America is surrounded by nuke-states when of course America has more nukes than the rest of the world put together. They don't even mention South America, where the USA's client states have never needed clever weapons to make human mash and tomatoes out of their own civilians. This lot are at **http://www.abcnews.com/** – pure propaganda. Likewise CBS, who are at **http://www.cbs.com/navbar/**

news.html. In fact they are even worse, if anything. But if you really want to be led by the nose by Americans, try **http://www.intellectualcapital.com/** and **http://www.policy.com/**
Gee whiz, siree. Yup, sure is.

One of the major Internet buzz things a year or so ago was the idea of 'push' technology. This is where huge herds of information are corralled together in large buses then prodded with electricity to get them to come down the phone line. They do this willingly. Pointcast is a bit of software from **http://www.**

News vs Rotting Monkey Shit

V



What's the best?	NEWS	ROTTING MONKEY SHIT
You can rub it on your face as an exfoliant	Only Paxman can rub the news 5/10	Yes 10/10
It's basically poo	Yes 10/10	Yes 10/10
Done by monkeys	Yes 10/10	Yes 10/10
Nice in a choccy croissant	Too crunchy 2/10	Superb 10/10
Big red bums	When shot in the arse 5/10	Yes 10/10
Final score	32/50	50/50

So there we go again. This time we prove beyond doubt that Rotting Monkey Shit is better than News. Also, News is rubbish on the garden.

pointcast.com/ which acts as a screensaver or news 'puller'. It pulls news down the phone line onto your desktop. Again very American, and you have to read between the lines, but it does have frequent updates.

if you want to see something not American, try **http://www.irna.com/** which is the Islamic Republic's News Agency. It also has one of the most comprehensive lists of other news agencies that we found. It puts the news from a slightly different perspective, which came as a massive surprise to us.

There are also all sorts of different news agencies around. You could try some of these:

Cubapress at **http://www.cubapress.com**

The Lithuanian News Agency at **http://www.elta.lt**

Himalayan News Service at **http://www.himonews.com/**

Australian Press at **http://aap.www.com.au**

China News Service at **http://www.chinanews.com**

Jordanian News Agency at **http://accessme.com/Petra**

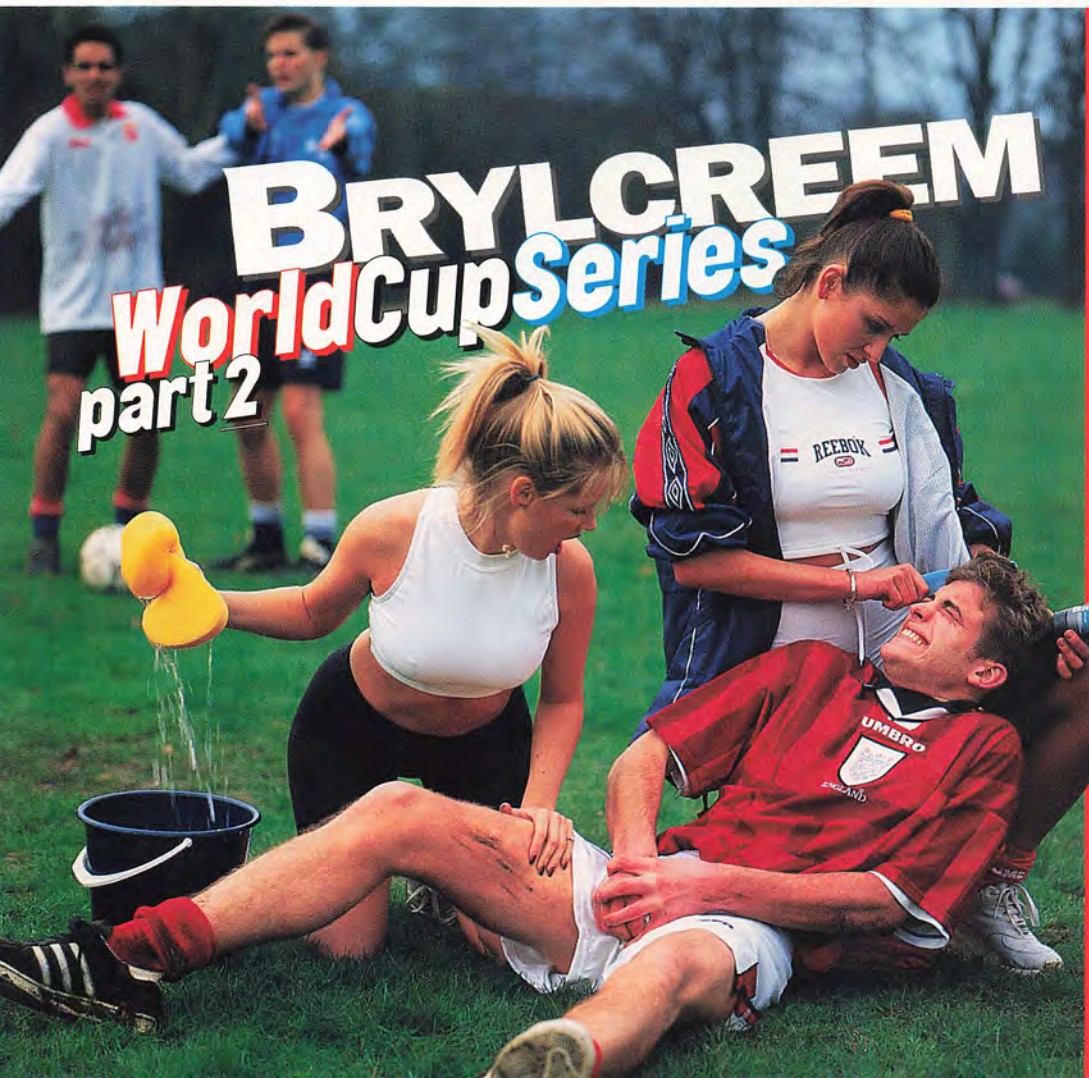
Serbian Press Agency at **http://www.suc.org/news/srna**

African News Agency at **http://wwwafric anews.org/pana/**

COMPETITION

Would you like to swing on a star? Carry moonbeams home in your car? Of course you would, and thanks to the lovely people at Activision your dreams of space travel, monorails and food in tablet form could soon become a reality. You see, because they're so excited about the launch of their new game *Battlezone* (which is set in space), they're offering to fly you and a guest to Orlando in Florida for a week. While you're there, you'll get to visit the Kennedy Space Centre (where they keep the space shuttle, innit?) They won't put you into orbit but they will throw in a hotel for the rest of the week, so you won't have to sleep at the airport. Not bad, eh? Simply send your entries to the 'I Badly Need A Holiday' competition at loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS with the answer to the following question: What does NASA stand for? a) Nuke Antichrist Satan's Arse; b) Nuggets After Statutory Antifreeze; or c) National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

ACTIVISION.



LOADED PROMOTION

Brylcreem Boys Watch Out For...

The Stinging Tackle

Now we're not saying that a wayward ball in the tackle isn't going to smart a bit, especially when it's delivered by some of our less sporting opponents, but these lads have to remember they're representing their country and presentation is vital when you're in the spotlight. The bench always comes up with the goods, a comb, Brylcreem Wet Look gel, and a couple of comforting, if not slightly damp, sponges. All you need to put you straight. The new Grey Styling range from Brylcreem features Gels, Waxes, Creams and Sprays.

Brylcreem, supporting you all the way.

England 2 Tunisia 0

THANKS TO REEBOK

Game of the month

"Oi! You're in my parking space!" (*Battlezone*)

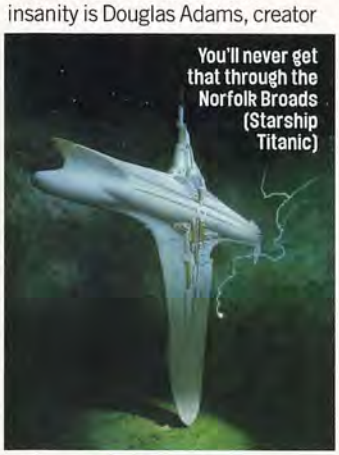
Tanked up

An arcade classic revamped for today's would-be Rommel

Battlezone, PC-CD ROM, £39.99
Christ, it's 18 years since *Battlezone*, the original Atari tank game, rocked seedy arcades and moody minicab offices all over the country. Anyone who ever grabbed hold of those two sweaty handles (after clicking up loads of credits with one of those gizmos that your mum used to use to light the cooker) must still have the occasional green-tinted nightmarish flashback. Remember that big missile coming at you, buzzing like a deranged hornet and threatening yet another public humiliation? Anyway, things have come a long way since the days when a few green lines were considered state of the art. The game has now been transformed into a kind of *Quake*/*Dark Reign* hybrid, which means: you've got a big gun to shoot; you control lots of other people with big guns; and you're in control of the mining/building process that produces more big guns.

Basically, you're running the whole show and the action is fast and confusing but totally compelling. There are 30 missions spread over seven different planets and moons, with Internet and network play for up to eight people. Rinsin'. **Verdict:** 8.837/10
MIKE KARIN

Starship Titanic, PC-CD ROM, £44.99
Starship Titanic starts off with a brand new luxury spaceship demolishing your house. After speaking to a rambling robot who beckons you on board, things get even weirder. Behind all this insanity is Douglas Adams, creator


You'll never get that through the Norfolk Broads (Starship Titanic)

of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy*, so it comes as no surprise when you have to converse with a deranged parrot in order to find out why the ship got lost on its maiden voyage. Bloody huge in storyline and eye-popping in graphics, this should whittle away your mind and social life as you find yourself locked in a surreal world. Characters will argue the toss about existential philosophy or misdirect you to the ship's toilets, depending on how nicely you address them. **Verdict:** 9/10

Brahma Force, Playstation, £39.99
Shoot-em-up chaos from the safety of a mechanised assault-robot gizmo that lets you target four independent enemies. Apparently that's very good. With loads of complex levels and a half-decent plotline, the whole thing's designed to give you blisters on your fingers. **Verdict:** 8.3/10

Gran Tourismo, Playstation, £39.99
Heavily branded racing game that includes the likes of Nissan and Honda. This means loads of cars but no collision graphics (can't have big companies' products smashing up all over the place). The replay mode, handling and sheer bloody speed of this will have you hooked. Try the Dodge Viper for kicks but watch it on the bends. **Verdict:** 8/10

Gex 3D: Enter The Gecko, Playstation, £39.99
A bit like *Enter The Dragon* except it's a computer game. And there's a lizard. And there are no rice flails. In fact it's nothing like that at all. It's about a 3D gecko with a Leslie Phillips voiceover, running about

A night on the reptiles (*Gex 3D: Enter The Gecko*)

like the coolest amphibian around. Comparisons to *Crash Bandicoot* and *Croc* are closer to the mark, and the lizard's bollocks it is too. **Verdict:** 8.2/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

Sim Safari, Mac/PC-CD ROM, £39.99
Safaris cost a mint. That's unless you go to Windsor Safari Car Park and drive around aimlessly for a couple of hours before running over some monkeys and splitting

Would a lion beat a crocodile in a fight? Find out (*Sim Safari*)

up with your missus. Sim Safari takes the pain out of immersing yourself in the animal kingdom.

As with every other 'Sim' game you'd care to mention, the whole process of creating a kingdom is here in detail. You start with a plain plain, add water, weeds, insects, birds, then finally larger stuff like meerkats, leopards and rhinos. At the same time you start building a hotel to make a bit of cash, and hire and fire staff from the local village.

Like all Sims it turns you into a megalomaniac capitalist, and you end up grizzling to yourself at 2am about locusts. It's interesting for a week, right up and until your lions die because you've just blown your last $100,000 on a luxury dining room instead of 400 impalas. **Verdict:** 7/10
PHIL ROBINSON

House Of The Dead, Saturn, £39.99 (£49.99 with gun)
A house-full, mind you. Not just the garage or the shed – a full castle, moat and courtyard job. And the dead love it so much, they object to you poking round the place even though you asked the estate agent's permission. Forget asking – shoot their arms and legs off and make their heads burst. **Verdict:** 8.9/10
PT

3-D Pets: Koi-Koi/PC Pup, £4.99 each

Grinning like a deranged maniac, Koi-Koi the Japanese fish swims around a huge and completely 3-D environment, demanding food, endless games of noughts and crosses, classical music and telly. His other hobbies include chasing a screaming worm around and turning yellow through lack of oxygen. Good ways to kill him are too many anti-algae tablets, sleep deprivation and going on holiday without activating the babysitter function.

The PC Pup (cuter and slightly less psychotic looking) is equally good and, when you get fed up with him, will die spectacularly after performing the 'dance of death' using the stereo in the living room. A lotta fun for a fiver. **MK**

Here comes rubble

loaded destroys a dirty great building and it's all legal!

"Fuck me!" A bowel-loosening explosion blows the supports from a 10-storey building far too close to where **loaded** is standing. The whole lot crashes in on itself without stirring the grass outside the boundary fence. The demolition crew look justifiably smug. **loaded** looks impressed. And relieved. Having just fingered the trigger end of the detonation unit, I feel I've survived some rite of passage. More so than puberty anyway.

The building in question was a 40-year-old, 4,000 ton former power-station bunker in Yorkshire. Close up, underneath to be precise, 100 kilos of MOD gelatine dynamite – enough to give Parliament a face-lift – made it clear we shouldn't be hanging around when the klaxon went off.

I'd been persuaded to dress up like a tit (again) to help plug Nintendo's *Goldeneye* so we could get close to a real explosion instead of a pixellated one, courtesy of Controlled Demolition Group. Charles Moran's internationally renowned company had been called in to blow the power station down. ("Not up – that's what the IRA do," he's careful to point out.)

But wasn't he worried about the locals? Downwind is a quaint church and hamlet affair... "Oh, we've told them about it. Said don't hang your washing out. Some clients want to keep the publicity quiet but we can't fork out when some old dear thinks the sky's falling in and croaks it."

Today the power station's chimney, only 30 yards away from the main building, doesn't even get scratched. You may have stuck a banger somewhere it didn't belong once but I'll bet you've never done anything like this, not even virtually. All wildlife and pets within a five-mile radius of the site must have shat themselves stupid.

PIERS TOWNLEY

There's a chance to do some virtual damage as we have five copies of Goldeneye *going. Names will be drawn out of a hat and laughed at. Usual address.*

PHOTOS: NEALE HAYNES

loaded'S STEP-BY-STEP GUIDE TO BLOWING THINGS UP

Note: Do not try this at home. Wear a hard hat at all times. Black tie not compulsory.

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SUN 23RD AUGUST LEEDS

SAT 22ND AUGUST LEEDS
SUN 23RD AUGUST CHELMSFORD

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6-7 **LEEDS** City Varieties Music Hall 0113 243 0808
8 **HIGH WYCOMBE** Swan 01494 512000
9-10 **TAUNTON** Brewhouse Theatre 01823 283244
11 **SWINDON** Wyvern Theatre 01793 524481
13 **ABERDEEN** Music Hall 01224 641122
14 **KIRKCALDY** Adam Smith Theatre 01592 260498
15-17 **GLASGOW** The Cottler Theatre 0141 287 5511
19 **BRISTOL** Bierkeller 0117 929 9008
20 **DARTFORD** Orchard Theatre 01322 220000
21 **IPSWICH** Corn Exchange 01473 215544
22 **CRAWLEY** Hawth 01293 553636
23 **HAY ON WYE** Hay Festival 01497 821299
24 **BRIGHTON** Gardner Arts Centre 01273 685861
25 **READING** Hexagon 0118 960 6060
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28 **NORTHAMPTON** Derngate 01604 624811
29-30 **MANCHESTER** Dancehouse 0161 237 9753
31 **KILKENNY FESTIVAL** 056 63837

JUNE

1 **KILKENNY FESTIVAL** 056 63837
2 **SHEFFIELD** Lyceum 0114 276 9922
3 **DERBY** Assembly Rooms 01332 255 800
5 **REDHILL** Harlequin Theatre 01737 765547
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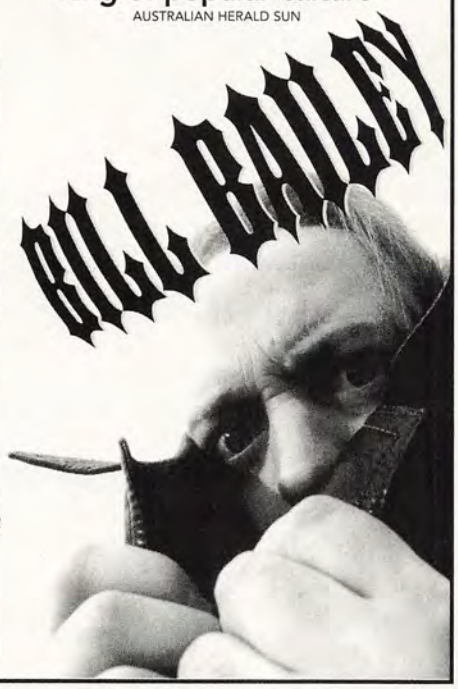

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DJs. Saturday 23rd May: Midday-6am.

Earth — Outdoor Stage/Universal: **Offside, Freddy Fresh, Bob Jones, Psychonauts, Simon Shurey.**

Universe — No Limits: **Alan Chamberlain, Deep Dish, Paul Van Dyk, DJ Q, Alex Reece, Sasha, Tony De Vit.**

Saturn — Pumping House/In association with Radio One Essential Mixmag: **Basement Jaxx, Carl Cox, Derrick Carter, Paul Oakenfold, Danny Rampling, Pete Tong, Tim Westwood.**

Neptune — Eclectic/Experimental: **DJ Assault, Jon Carter, DJ Face, DJ Dave Garrad, Howie B, James Lavelle, Gilles Peterson.**

Sun — Psychedelic Trance: **Steve Johnson, Aaron Liberator, Chris Liberator, Julian Liberator, Mike Maguire, Sid Shanti, Tsuyoshi Suzuki.**

Mars — Detroit: Hard music from a hard city: **DJ Bone, Mike Clark, Jay Denham, Robert Hood, Mike Huckaby, Jeff Mills, Stacey Pullen, DJ Rolando.**

Jupiter — Happy Hardcore/In association with Hogzone & Bristol Exposure: **Brisk, Scott Brown, Bunjy, Billy Bunter, Dougal & Hixxy, Force & Styles, Scorpio & Producer, Seduction, Sharkey, Slipmatt, Mark Smith, Spinback, DJ Sy, Vibes.** MCs. **Charlie B, Magika & Stixman, Joe Peng, Rude.**

Moon — Techno: **Mat Carter, Dave Clarke, Jon Cooke, DJ Hell, James Ruskin, Gayle San, Surgeon, Frank De Wulf.**

Mercury — Contemporary Circus/Chill out: **Matthew Hawtin, Steve Millar, Jake Redford, Clarke Warner.** **Pussyfoot Featuring:** DJs. **Spacer, Sie. Mike Benson, Pam Hogg.**

Uranus — Comedy: **Full Comedy Line-up to be announced.**

DJs. Sunday 24th May: 1pm-11pm.

Earth — Outdoor Stage/Universal: **Del'Agua, Earl Gateshead, Gilles Peterson, Adam Freeland.**

Universe — No Limits: **DJ Cam, Dimitri from Paris, Mat Carter, J Saul Kane, James Lavelle, The Dreem Teem.**

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Neptune — Drum & Bass: **Fabio, Feline, Mickey Finn, Grooverider, DJ Hype, Kenny Ken, Randall, DJ Rap.** MCs. **Joe Peng, Moose, Stevie Hyper D.**

Sun — Spiritual Trance: **Mark Allen, DJ De Niro, Mark Sinclair, Tin Tin.**

Mars — Deep U.S House/Future Jazz: **Marshall Jefferson, DJ Sneak & Doc Martin, L.A. Williams.** **R. Solution Featuring:** DJs. **Dego, Kirk De Giorgio, Stretch.**

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Moon — Techno: **Joey Beltram, Carl Cox, Trevor Rockcliffe, Mark Dale, Billy Nasty, Sven Väth.**

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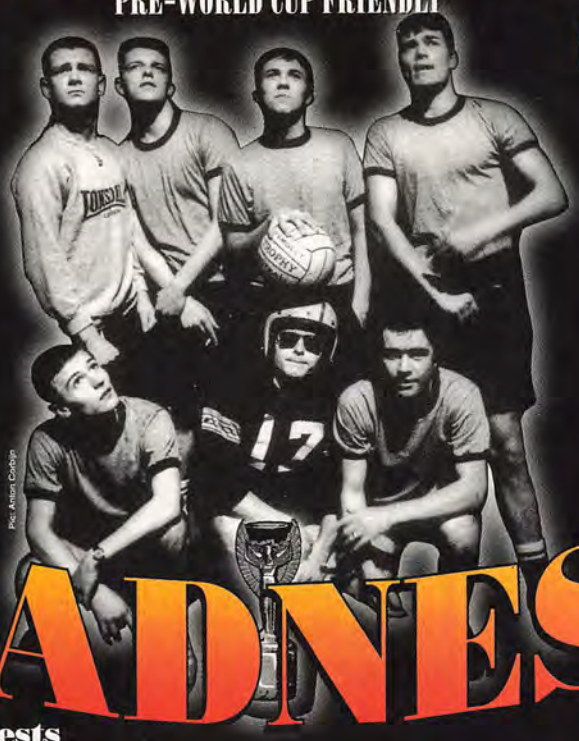

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23 NOTTINGHAM	SAM FEY'S
24 DERBY	THE LOFT
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17	CROYDON	Ashcroft Theatre	0181 688 9291		
18	BELFAST	Arts Theatre	01232 316900		
21	HIGH WYCOMBE	Wycombe Swan	01494 512000		
22	SHEFFIELD	City Hall	0114 2789 789		
23	NORTHAMPTON	The Roadmender	01604 604222		
25	LIVERPOOL	Neptune Theatre	0151 709 7844		
26	HULL	Hull Truck Theatre	01482 323638		
29	CATFORD	Lewisham Theatre	0181 690 0002		
30	GUILDFORD	Civic Hall	01483 444555		

May

1	KINGS LYNN	Corn Exchange	01553 [illegible]
2	COLCHESTER	Arts Centre	01206 577301
3	SWANSEA	Grand Theatre	01792 475715
6	SWINDON	Wyvern Theatre	01793 524481
7	REDHILL	Harlequin Theatre	01737 765547
8	ST ALBANS	Alban Arena	01727 844488
9	NOTTINGHAM	Mad Dog Club	0115 9411048
10	EASTBOURNE	Winter Garden	01323 412000
13	SOUTH END	Cliffs Pavilion	01702 351135
14	PAISLEY	Arts Centre	0141 887 1010
15	EDINBURGH	Queens Hall	0131 668 2019
16	GLASGOW	Royal Concert Hall	0141 332 6633
17	ABERDEEN	The Lemon Tree	01224 642230
18	[illegible]LING	MacRobert Arts	01786 461081
21	CARDIFF	Sherman Theatre	01222 230451
22	LEICESTER	Y Theatre	0116 2 556507
23	MAIDSTONE	Corn Exchange	01622 758611
24	EDMONTON	Millfield Theatre	0181 807 6680
28	BURY ST EDMUNDS	Theatre Royal	01284 769505
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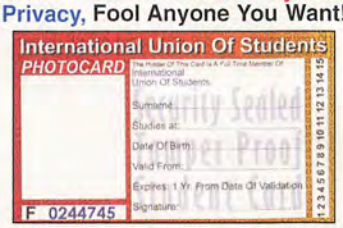

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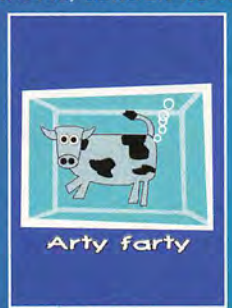

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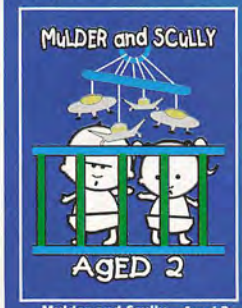

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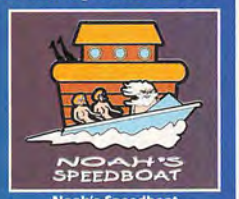

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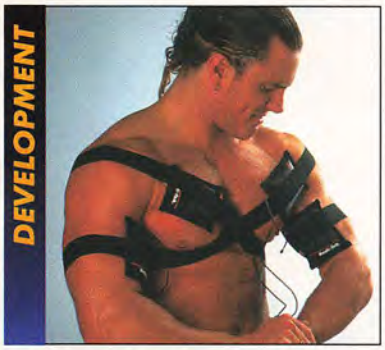

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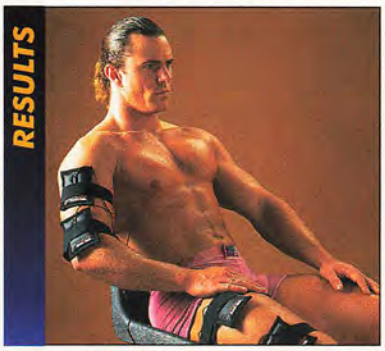

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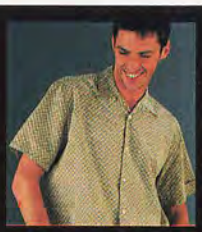

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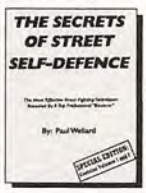

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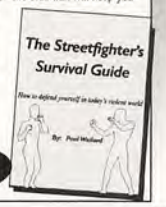

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'How to take a woman to orgasm every time - and have her ache for more' is the title of an explosive new book by leading American Author Cheryl Kramer. The book *doesn't* tell you about how to attract females, the art of conversation, whether or not you should talk about religion or politics on a first date or what scent to wear. There are a million sex manuals (full of waffle) on the market that do this. It comprehensively covers one topic - how to take a woman to orgasm. You may say this sounds too clinical, too methodical, and perhaps the bedroom isn't the place for such "rules". Rubbish! The surefire techniques taught are so simple, yet staggeringly effective, after learning them you can add your own improvisational extras. Fast, highly effective methods of preventing premature ejaculation are also explained. The book clearly explains how to recognise and deliver not one but several types of intensely explosive orgasms in your lover (including multiple orgasm). Any heterosexual male who truly values the woman in his life cannot be without this essential investment. Although the emphasis is focused on women. This new edition also contains a chapter on how men themselves can achieve multiple orgasm (now a scientifically proven phenomenon). Read it to believe it. Another new chapter deals with "The G-Spot", giving full details on this elusive, and (until now), mysterious female "hot spot". Most men are definitely inept lovers, but through no fault of their own - it feels good to him, so he reckons it feels good to her...but it doesn't! You can't blame him, how is he to know any better? The girlfriends aren't much help. So the men keep pushing, and the women keep faking. This is your chance to be different from "most men". Good lovers are so rare most women don't know what one is. Just the fact that you are reading this shows that you are willing to learn how to give her the best love she's ever had (this is no exaggeration). After reading this book, you'll be a different person. You'll wonder how you ever did without it! Sex-wise, we honestly believe this is the best investment you will *ever* make. Cheryl's method has made thousands of couples very, very happy, and probably prevented just as many couples breaking up. We are so confident of this miraculous system that we ask customers to write in and tell us how they got on! Amazingly over 70% do! Here are a few excerpts:

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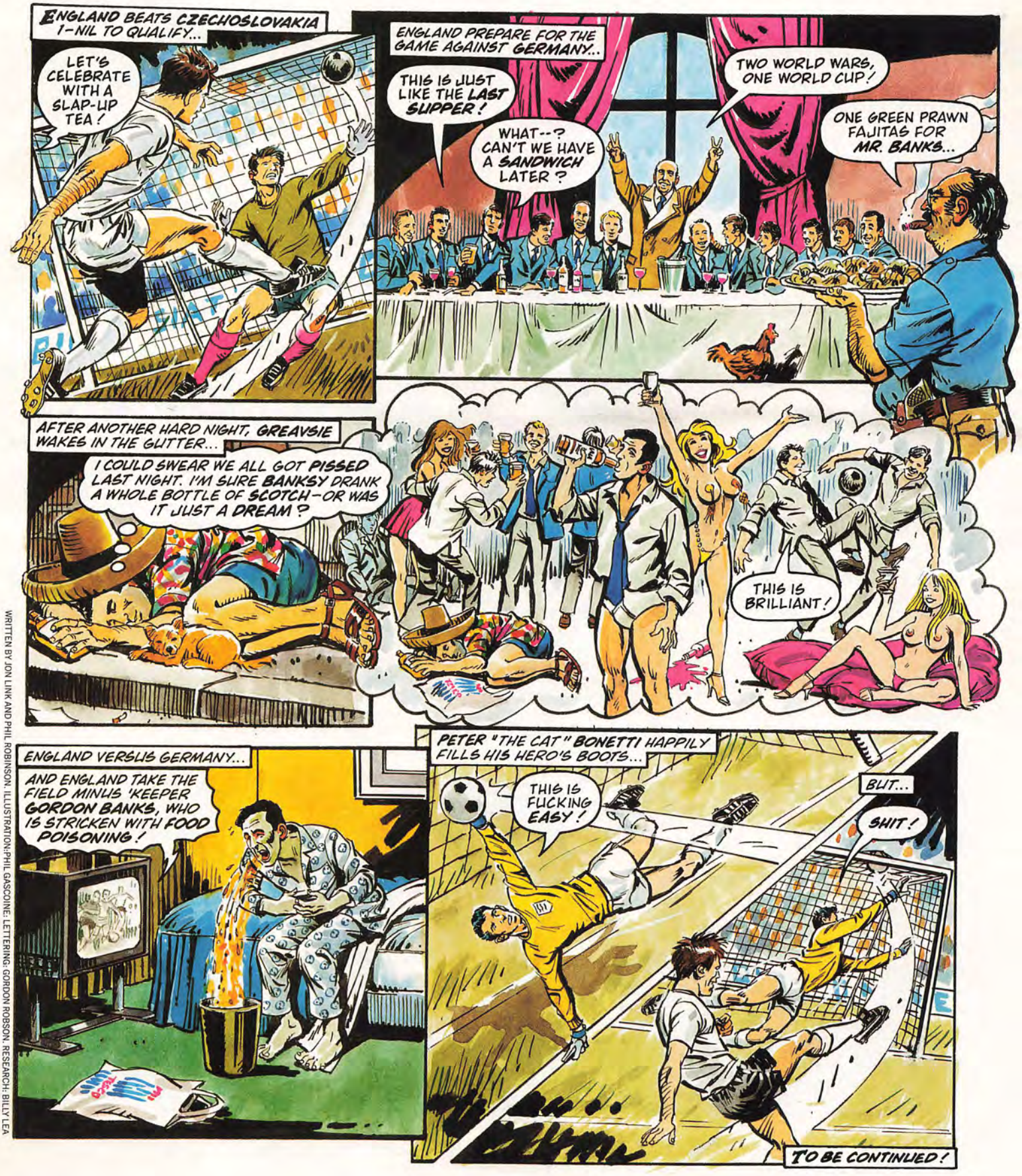
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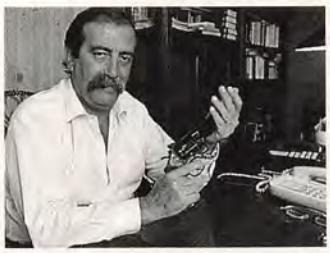
THIS IS FUCKING EASY!
BUT...
SHIT!
TO BE CONTINUED!

WRITTEN BY JON LINK AND PHIL ROBINSON. ILLUSTRATION: PHIL GASCOINE. LETTERING: GORDON ROBSON. RESEARCH: BILLY LEA

Dr Mick



(A doctor's surgery on an industrial estate just outside Luton ...)

Dr Kendall Spatts (psychiatrist to the stars): Show the fat oaf in please, Anne... I trust you've frisked him for weapons. Oh really? Well tell him if it goes off while he's in my office he's paying for any damage... yes... yes... Well look, I saw what it did to Japan... OK, send him in...

Dr Mick: Alright squire. I've only got 15 minutes so put your paw print on the sheet and I'm back in business, you're 50 quid the wiser and everybody's happy. How's the wife?

Dr Kendall Spatts: Still dead, Dr Mick. Take a seat. I've been looking at your notes from last time you visited us.

DM: Ah yes. Terrible business. Apologies once again.I see you've managed to get the stain out of the carpet.

KS: No it's a new carpet. In fact we lost pretty much everything in the fire. Anyway. Now as you know government regulations require me to pass you fit to continue practising as a doctor. You do still want to be a doctor don't you?

DM: Course I do. Oldest profession in the world after prostitution, and who'd pay 10 quid for my fat arse on their face?

KS: Hmm. Let's keep it simple. I'll start off with a quick psychometric test. I show you some ink blots, you tell me what they remind you of. All pretty straightforward.

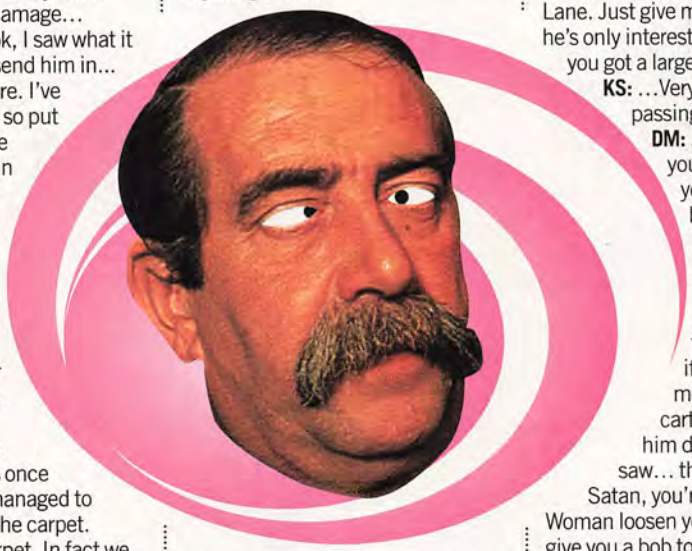
DM: Fire away fatso, I've got my lucky pants on today.

KS: What does this remind you of?

DM: A buffalo wearing sunglasses upstairs on a bus.

KS: No not that one, this one.

DM: Hmm. Nope. Doesn't look like anything to me.



KS: Well, it's obviously a tree isn't it?

DM: You've seen it before. I'm thinking on my feet here.

KS: I see we've drawn a blank here. Let's try section two – basic hypnotism.

DM: Whoa! Hang on, you're not going to tell me I'm a postman's dog or something and have me crawling round on the carpet. I had all that off McKenna. Quite funny at the time, now whenever someone whistles I roll over to get my tummy tickled.

KS: No, this is perfectly standard procedure. Now keep your eyes on my watch. You are feeling sleepy...

DM: Is that a Rolex?

KS: Very sleepeee...

DM: ... Only if it's one of those Jap ones you'll be needing batteries within a couple of months. Might be able to sort you out there. I'll have a word with a chap of mine up Brick Lane. Just give me the nod. Course he's only interested in bulk. Have you got a large shed or garage?

KS: ...Very, very sleepy... passing back in time...

DM: ...Eergh, bring out your dead, bring out your dead! Ah yes, 'e be getting the Benson's Leprosy, madam... 'e's falling apart... I'll give you tuppence for each of 'is arms if I can take 'em with me now... I've got the cart outside. You hold him down I'll steady the saw... that's it. Cheers. By Satan, you're a feisty one. Woman loosen your blouson and I'll give you a bob towards the funeral.

KS: Yes. You're not actually under at all are you?

DM: Yes I am. Go on, test me.

KS: Who is your King?

DM: Oh come on, give us an easy one to start off.

KS: Look you're obviously not under.

DM: Bollocks.

KS: Right, I can see we're getting nowhere here. Let's try word association and try to stop mucking about. Now I say a word and you say the first thing that comes into your head. Ready?

DM: Aren't you going to click your fingers or something?

KS: I told you you're not under.

DM: Bus!

KS: I haven't started yet.

DM: Otter!

KS: Oh, for goodness sake.

DM: Hats and slippers! That's your lot, my minds gone blank.

Anne (the secretary): Can I get you gentlemen a cup of coffee?

DM: Away foul tart! I'll wager we've not the money nor the inclination to undertake a lengthy session of your executive relief!

Anne: You what?

DM: You heard.

KS: Not now, Anne.

DM: Ha, ha! Get 'em off, ye saucy vixen!

Anne: I'm calling my husband!

DM: Ah yes, bring us your pimp! We'll negotiate a fair expense. I'll start the bidding.Two goats and a sheckel of hams. What say you, plump priest?

KS: Er... look, that's enough. You'll have to excuse him Anne, he's regressed to a former life.

DM: You've changed your tune, fatso.

KS: I think we've all heard enough. Now when I count to three I want you to wake up. 1–2–3...

Anne: Avast, Ye pair o' leprous dogs! Come on then I'll split your lip!

KS: Oh Christ, Anne... please not on the carpet!

DM: Oof!

Anne: Oof!

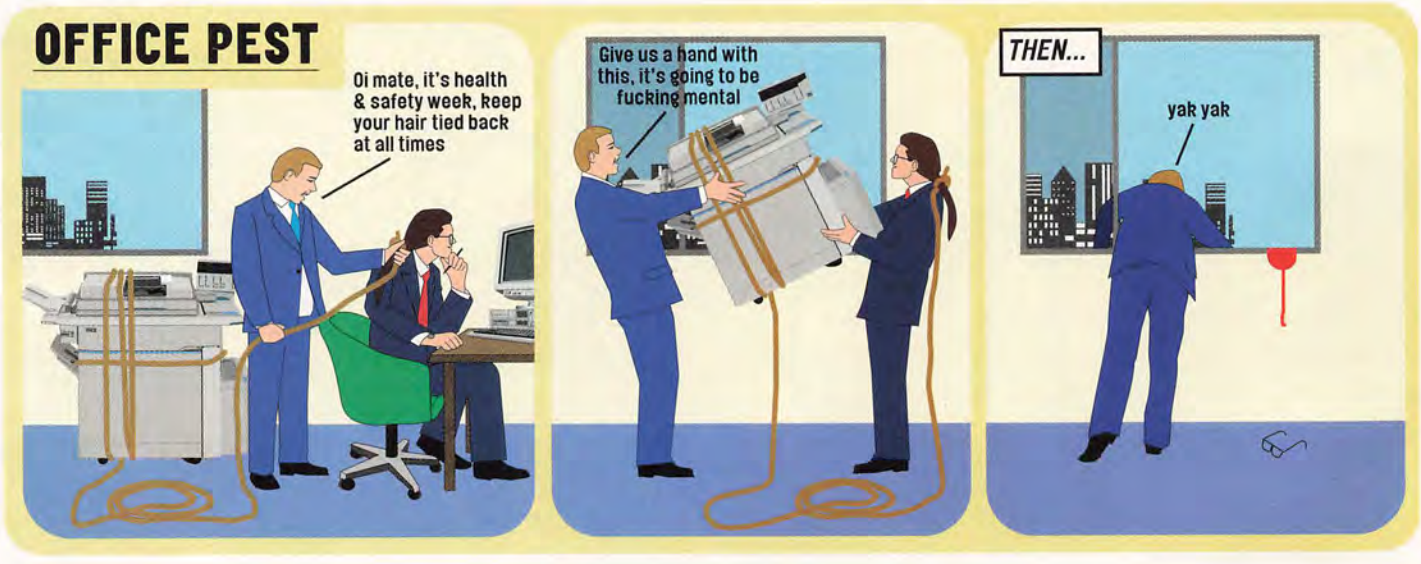
KS: Oof!

DM: Leave off, I'm not under any more!

Anne: Bus! Otter! Hats and Slippers!! Aaghhaha!

KS: Oh for crying out loud! Here, take your licence and go!

DM: Cheers. Nice one. OK if I take a couple of blanks? I'll let myself out.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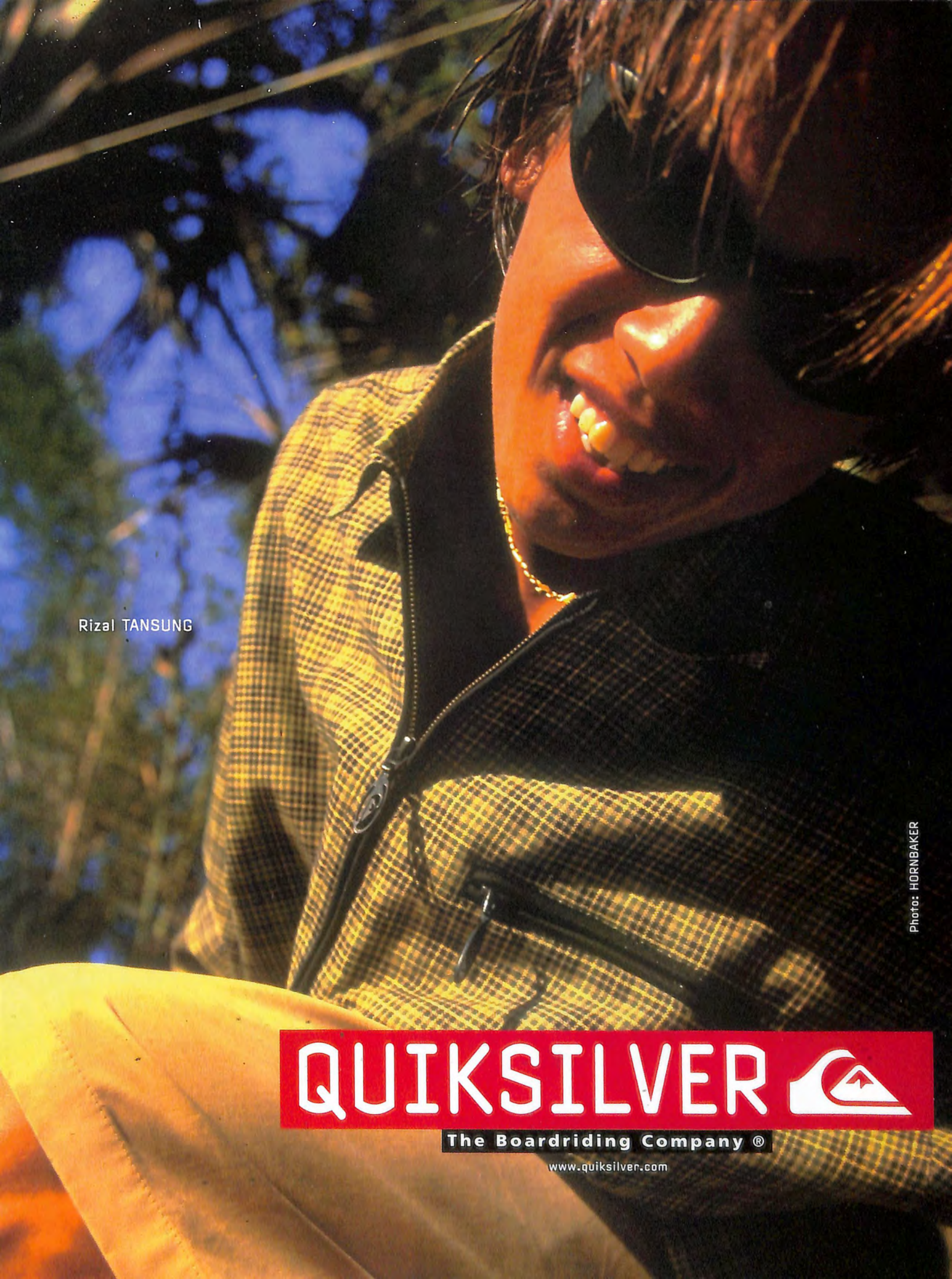
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